

STRONG SELECTION
for
PUBLIC READING

MARY EMILY REDINGTON
HERBERT CARLYLE LIBBY



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STRONG SELECTIONS

FOR

PUBLIC READING



COMPILED BY

MARY EMILY REDINGTON

(Graduate of the School of Expression, Boston.)

EDITED BY

HERBERT CARLYLE LIBBY

(Harvard 1904)

For the use of Students in Fitting Schools
and Colleges.

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P R E F A C E .

THOSE who have had to do with the publishing of this volume believe they have performed an acceptable service for those students in our high schools, academies and colleges, who are interested in the art of public speaking, by arranging in convenient form for their use, some of the best public readings obtainable. They would take this opportunity of pointing out the fact that had they been denied the use of the material which was granted them through the courtesy of authors and publishers, the compilation of this volume would have been impossible. For these courtesies they wish to express their heartfelt thanks, and at the same time to record their grateful appreciation of the good wishes extended them by the several authors and publishers. Their debt of gratitude to Professor Mathews, already large, is greatly increased by his introductory contribution.

INTRODUCTION.

THE recognition of public reading as a legitimate art is not yet complete, but is none the less growing. The day has passed when extravagant gesture and emphasis and violently tragic literature can be regarded as indispensable for those who would attempt to interpret literature before audiences of any culture. Naturalness has come to be regarded as the chief charm of a reader, and even dialect must be kept well subordinated to more important literary elements. In such a revolution as these facts imply there has naturally arisen a need of selections for reading that are possessed of real literary worth. These, however, can hardly be out of keeping with the rapidly changing literary tastes of the country at large. Poetry has yielded largely to the short story, and highly wrought literary products have disappeared before the literalism of various schools of realism and the daily newspaper. The public reader is thus in somewhat desperate need. On the one hand is the demand for something possessed of dramatic power, and on the other, a public that demands simplicity and human interests. Where can the reader find material to satisfy both demands?

It seems as if this volume of selections meets the requirements both of the reader and of the listener. The range of choice is wide, the authors are thoroughly representative of recent literature, and selection has been made by one who knows by actual experience the requirements of the situation. It is seldom one sees an equally representative collection of excerpts from current American literature. It is to be hoped that the book will find immediate and hearty welcome from the members of a steadily advancing profession. Its general use would also do much to remedy the mechanical and often unwilling work so often found in the public reading courses in our schools and colleges.

SHAILER MATHEWS.

The University of Chicago.

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The Great College-Circus Fight.

By J. L. WILLIAMS.

With the permission of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Great College-Circus Fight.

WHEN it was known that a circus was coming to visit the town where a large university is situated, the president and faculty feared lest there might be another serious affray such as had happened the year before, between the circus men and the college boys; and they felt that they must do all in their power to prevent it. Jack Stehman, the foot-ball captain, was sure to be a ringleader in the affair, and to him the president determined to make a personal appeal.

"Mr. Stehman," he began, "I'm afraid I shall have to trouble you to help me in this affair. I mean that you have more control over this body of men than I have. I mean that I can forbid their making trouble, but you can prevent them from making it. Among those coming to this town to-morrow are some of the wildest types our country produces. They will certainly carry arms; there will be a riot, bloodshed, perhaps death. Think what it means to all of us. Think what it means to the fair name of the university. Mr. Stehman, this body of men will do just about as *you* direct them. How are you going to direct them?" And the president hurried away abruptly.

"Well," thought the big foot-ball player, "I never knew before how white that man was. The faculty don't talk that way to me as a rule," and he smiled a little at certain grim recollections of faculty meetings.

Now, unfortunately, the boys had laid all their plans, and Stehman felt that it was too late to withdraw honorably; but for the final completion of their plans a meeting had been called for that day at noon, and Stehman resolved to go, and to do all in his power to prevent what the boys had made up their minds to do.

When the hour arrived, all the boys were present, and many were the eloquent speeches made. Only one man, a very quiet and studious fellow, spoke against it. Then Stehman arose,

"Now, fellows," cried a shrill, enthusiastic voice, "let's have three good rousing cheers for Captain Stehman. Are you ready? Hip! hip!" The cheers made the windows rattle. Stehman looked about the room.

"You won't cheer me when you hear what I have got to say. I started the rumpus last year, and now I wish—I wish I hadn't. I wish I had minded my own business." He paused and wiped his brow, then went on: "If you fellows make trouble to-morrow, you will be doing the worst thing that could happen to the college. I am heartily opposed to passing this resolution." There was deep silence now. Then Stehman said so emphatically that no one could misunderstand: "I am going to do all in my power to prevent what you fellows seem to have made up your minds to." He hit the desk a blow. It was like thunder out of blue sky. He did not know how to make a speech, and the horrible stillness in the room was making him feel sick. Then he burst out:

"You fellows are acting like a lot of kids; you're hot-headed; you're rattled; you make me tired."

Now in order to make hot-headed kids do as you want them to, you should tell them anything but that they are kids and hot-headed. A loud, sneering voice now came from the far corner: "Coward!" was what it said. It was the first hostile tone directed towards Stehman, and it paralyzed him. He looked about the room confusedly, and then sat down, defeated.

Then Ignance Holland got up. He had always been jealous of Stehman's popularity, and now he saw a chance to get up in the estimation of the college world by stepping on his rival's head.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:" he began in his well-modulated voice, "It is our duty to wipe out the disgrace of last year and prevent its being repeated—prevent our Alma Mater from being plunged into deeper disgrace. Last year Reddy Armstrong was almost killed by a cruel blow on the head at the hands of a half-civilized Mexican. Is it or is it not our duty to avenge him? Let those who will, skulk at home; but let all who are true sons of their glorious Alma Mater come forth and avenge the honor of our college. Mr. Chairman, I call for the resolution."

The Chairman jumped up. "All in favor—" And then came a thunderous "Aye." "Contrary minded?" "No!" shouted

Stehman. There were not twenty voices that joined with him, and these were feeble. The meeting was adjourned.

The day of the exhibition of Cherokee Charlie's Grand Combination of Stupendous Western Wonders and Mexican Cow Boys dawned bright and clear. It was a delightful, innocent-looking morning, and soon after chapel groups of more or less studious students began to gather on the main street. There were concealed lumps under their coats. Suddenly some one shouted: "Here they come: here they come: Ah!" The calliope had started up, and now the procession turned the corner. At the head of the cavalcade, in western costume, rode Cherokee Charlie. His small eyes glittered when he saw the students. He knew what to expect, and during the past week he had given careful instructions to his men; in fact, there had been daily rehearsals which had nothing to do with the regular performance.

Now the students began walking along the street beside the procession. The parade moved along for a while in silence,—an ominous silence, considering that a solid stream of students was stretching out along the street, parallel with the parade.

"All right now, fellows," whispered Holland. "Spread the word down the line." The calliope had stopped. "Now, then, all together," shouted Holland. Out of several hundred coat pockets came an assortment of the products of market-gardening and the poultry business. The next instant they began whizzing through the air at Cherokee Charlie's Grand Combination. The students were carefully strung out along the whole line, so that—except for the four-in-hand in the lead, on which sat the "Coterie of Western Beauties," the whole cast of performers was receiving attention at once.

But this was merely a prelude. Holland's strong voice began again: "Now's the time, fellows. At 'em! rush 'em! rush 'em!" With loud yells the whole line of collegians suddenly turned out upon the street and charged in upon the cavalcade, shouting and hooting vigorously. They pulled bridles, threw the remainder of the ammunition in the showmen's faces, slapped the horses' heads, pulled the cow boys' stirrups, and tried to upset the smaller wagons.

Now Cherokee Charlie and his lieutenants had in their day ridden against worse things than college students. "Ride

through the crowd," said Cherokee Charlie in a matter-of-fact way, and they pulled hard on the bit, turned their horses' heads, dug in their spurs, and began charging the students. The latter, being on foot, were obliged to fall back. "All right," shouted Cherokee Charlie, "I guess we'll go on with the parade now.

But at this moment, Holland shouted: "Do 'em up, fellows, do 'em up!" He picked up a sizable stone from the street and let drive at Cherokee Charlie. Others, being excited, followed Holland's example. Stones began flying. Some of them hit the horses. Cherokee Charlie rushed over to the college side of the street, whipped out his revolver, and in the apparently careless manner of the old-fashioned westerner—fired. Whether purposely or not, he fired high, but the report thrilled like murder. Meanwhile the cowboys were gathering in close rank, and two or three more shots had gone echoing down the street. But just then another noise was heard—the sudden scuffle of horses' feet and the clatter of wheels. It was the four-in-hand, carrying the coterie of western beauties, and here it came straight down the street, gaining speed every second. The eyes of the horses showed plainly what was the matter; they had taken it into their heads to run away.

The crowd was scattering right and left. The western beauties were screaming. The coach was swaying from side to side; the women were clinging together. Every one was thinking about the next corner. There the horses would probably try to turn, the tents being in that direction. This meant that the top-heavy vehicle would go over; lamp-posts, pavements and cobble-stones would do the rest. Everybody was now crowding into the street again to see what would happen.

This is what happened. Just before the galloping horses came even with the lower campus gate, out from the driveway shot a long, strong runner, scudding over the ground with remarkable speed. It was Jack Stehman. That was just the way he ran on the foot-ball field. Every one took in the situation. He was going to make a tackle far more difficult than the one which saved the game last fall. "But if the leaders should veer off as he jumps" thought every one. And now he was making one of his famous dives through the air. His feet had already left the ground when the leaders, suddenly seeing him, veered off to the other side. It was just as all had feared, but just as Stehman

had counted upon. The captain's sure, strong arms met about the neck of the horse—and every one gasped. "He's got 'em, he's got 'em!" shrieked some one. "He's stopping them: down they go: Lord!"

The coach slacked so suddenly that the rear wheels lifted up, came down with a bang and stopped. But Stehman did not spring up. The whole university came crowding down the street toward him,

"Stand back; give him air—give him air, I tell you. Will you fellows keep the crowd back? He's all right now. You're all right now, aren't you, Jack?" The captain opened his eyes. "Yep" he said, then closed them again as they carried him to the drug store.

"He's all right, fellows, he's all right," cried some authoritative voice coming out of the drug store. Jack, within, opened his eyes, blinked, and asked faintly: "What are they cheering for?" "You" said Reddy Armstrong, joyfully. "That was the nerviest stunt ever done in this college."

How the Storm Came.

How the Storm Came.

SHALL I tell you how the storm came?
Just a whisper, nothing more.
But the sultry, silent heat,
Which all day along the street
Had lain like death,
Was broken by a breath
Of sweet salt freshness from the shore.
And the dusty leaves
Of the old gray poplar, sere and dry,
Just stirred in the breeze;
And we said, "'Twill bring the boat in by and by."
But Granny said, "'Twill bring a gale, or signs fail!"

Shall I tell you how the storm came?
Sudden! Strong!
Like a panther on its prey!
And adown the bay
The black cloud grew and spread:
In the lurid light and red,
The lilies all the garden path along
Gleamed strangely pale and white—
White like ghosts just a moment and were gone,
Snatched away by the black night
Which dropped from the black sky
And shut us in,
Alone with the roar
Of the breakers on the shore,
And the din
Of the angry screaming north wind rushing by.
But we said, "The boat is new,
It will ride the tempest through,"
And we feared to look each other in the eye.

Shall I tell you how the storm came?
In rush of angry rain,

Which beat upon the pane,
In wind which shook the window, screaming shrill;
Then, a silence!—awful!—still!
When we heard our own hearts beat
As we huddled close together on the floor,
And listened down the street
For the step which never came;
Then the thunder of the tempest broke once more,
And we started at each crash,
And we shuddered at each shock,
And every ghostly knock.
And Minnie fell asleep with the tears upon her cheek,
And I held my mother's hand,
And I heard her pray,
Whispering o'er and o'er the self-same prayer alway:
"God! bring my boy, my darling, safe to land!"

Shall I tell you how the night passed?
The long, long hours and slow,
Brought no ray of moon or star.
From afar
Came nothing but the wailing of the blast,
And the gale's voice, wild and high,
Seemed to cry:
"Lost! Lost! Lost!" and then die
In a sob which made the very life-blood chill;
And I heard my mother moan,
Rocking to and fro,
"Will it never, never go?
Will the day-light never come,
And bring my darling home?
Oh! God! it is hard to do nothing and sit still."
When, sudden in the roar,
Wide open flew the door,
And I gave a shriek,
For in the flickering glare
He was there!
And his laugh, clear as note
In the blackbird's velvet throat,
And we felt the salt sea-spray
On his dear, brown cheek!

A Man of Putty.

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

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of HENRY HOLT & Co., Publishers of "Cheerful Americans." With
the special permission of CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

A Man of Putty.

SOME two weeks ago I left my office in New York and took the train for the place in the country where my family are summering. My family consists of my wife, Mrs. Docey, Miss Irene Docey and Miss Annie Docey. Hitched near the depot I found a horse and wagon awaiting me. I climbed into the Concord wagon and had driven a mile on my way when I saw ahead of me a well-put-up man of about thirty years of age. He was good looking and had acquired that ease of manner that comes to those who are accustomed to have their own way in all things. I have no such ease of manner, alas the day.

The pedestrian stopped and waited for me to come abreast of him. Now it happened that just before I met him my horse had gone lame, and I was of two minds as to whether or no I ought to get out and walk to relieve the beast of some of his burden. When I saw the man stop I knew that I must refuse him a ride, and I went over in my mind various ways of couching my refusal. As I came up to the stranger he turned and said:

"How do, Summer Resident? You're just in time. I was beginning to think the cars never ran on this road."

Before I could tell him of my horse's lameness he had jumped into the wagon.

"I'm sorry—" I began.

"Sorry?" said he. "Sorry for anything on a day like this when earth and air and sky are uniting in a trio whose harmony is ravishingly sweet? This is no day to be sorry, Summer Resident. What sin is it that makes you sorry?"

My dignity was offended, but I can never make a man understand when my dignity has received a stab. He always seems to think it cause for laughter. So I plopped the words out quick: "My horse has gone lame and I was going to get out at the beginning of this hill."

"Oh, that's what you were sorry for? Now, my dear Mister

Man, you simply must not treat me as company. Take your little constitutional up the hill and I will drive slowly, and when we have reached the level you must get in again."

He stopped—and I actually got out. Well, it was as much on account of the horse as anything. "I'm getting out," said I, with just a vestige of dignity, "because I think the horse has too heavy a load."

"The act does you credit," said the stranger with an approving smile. "Now that you speak of it I believe that the horse *is* limping and I guess it is because he has a stone in his foot. You just lift his forefoot and see."

Now I hate to touch a horse, having been born and brought up in the city, but there was something in this man that compelled me to lay aside fear, and I lifted the horse's foot, and, sure enough, there lay a stone firmly embedded. I got the stone out, but not before the horse had stepped on me and given me a painful bruise that brought the tears to my eyes.

"What, crying a day like this?" said my Young Man of the Sea. "What's personal pain, man, to the thought that you have relieved the horse? Now climb in and we will make the old fellow show his metal."

I got into that carriage feeling that the stranger was actually kind to allow me the privilege. I read him for what he was then and nothing that has happened since has made me change my opinion. He was a masterful man and I am not. I marked him for a man who, if shipwrecked on an uninhabited island in the South Pacific, would be king of that island in six months.

I sat down, he applied the whip, and the horse leaped forward at a pace I had never suspected was within his ability.

"Why, *this* is no plug," said he. "When I saw you coming I said he was a plug. Pardon my freedom, but *you* supplied the plug quality. A horse is not so much what his component parts are, as he is what gets to him through the reins. The reins are telegraph wires and you, the driver, send messages to the horse. *You* say, 'Old-horse-You-are-lame-and-not-strong-Take your-Time-Answer.' And 'Old Horse' answers by drooping his head and ambling. *I* step into the telegraph office and I say, 'My-horse-Git-up-and-git-No-answer-required-No-back-talk-of-any-kind.' And he goes."

"I dare say you are right," said I, amused in spite of myself.

"When do you dine, noon or night?" asked he, looking at his watch.

"We dine at night," said I, wondering what was coming next.

"That's good. This day and this drive have given me the appetite of a god. I dined at the hotel in the town back there but I wouldn't know it. Going to have any company to-night?"

"No, not any," said I unsuspectingly.

"Wrong," said he, bursting out into a laugh so hearty and infectious that I laughed with him. "Wrong, for I am going to dine with you."

"Well, really, you seem to have no trouble in asking for what you want," said I, and that was all I could say.

"Why, no," said he; "of course I have no trouble asking for what I want. As I take it, we are put into the world and are given to understand that we are entitled to as much of the world as we can get. I began life as a poor boy in the country. My parents died when I was ten and I was cast on the world knowing how to read, with the multiplication table mine, with a good natural fist and plenty of good humor that would stand strains. I could read, write and cipher and *couldn't* get angry, and the rest was easy. I can read a little better now and *have* read a good deal; I can write my name to a check for \$50,000, which shows that I understand addition pretty well, and I have two hundred pounds of good nature as against the sixty I had when a boy of ten. So there you are. Not that you'll count you worthy such a guest, but that my presence dignifies your feast, to paraphrase somebody—blest if I know who. Is this where we get out?"

I may not be believed, but by this time I should have been sorry to see the man go on his way. He interested me. I recognized in Mr. Tolmach a man who was not hidebound by conventions, and I thought that an hour or two of him would be in the nature of entertainment for us all, so I legalized his self-invitation by seconding it graciously.

He was the life of the feast when we all assembled in the dining-room. He had indeed been everywhere and he had brought something away from every place. He knew the point of view appropriate to each place he had visited in this and the old country, and I was sincerely glad that I had picked him up. Just about the time that I supposed he was going to rise and

take his departure he suggested that we take a walk, and as Anna did not care to make one of the party Mrs. Docey and I walked side by side, and he and Irene walked ahead. I said to Mrs. Docey, "When is this man going?" and was surprised to have her reply, "I don't care if he *never* goes. I like him. Irene likes him, too, and that is more to the point. If I can read character at all he is fundamentally a nice man and a manly man, and he is very fond of Irene. It is a case of love at first sight with him."

"Then the sooner he is out of sight the better," said I.

We had now come to a wood road, and I took the opportunity to draw Mr. Tolmach aside. "I don't want to seem rude," said I, "but the last train from Barkinton leaves at 8.20. If you are thinking of going to—"

"I gave up that thought just about the time the roast was served. I will admit that I forced myself upon you in the road and I have no intention of forcing myself still further, but if you cannot accommodate me for the night perhaps you can tell me of some farmer who does not object to a boarder—"

Mrs. Docey came forward at this juncture and said:

"If Mr. Tolmach cares to accept—"

There was no help for it now if Mrs. Docey had come to his aid, so I interrupted and said:

"Why-er-yes, we'd be-er-pleased to have you stay overnight. There's a train that connects with one for the West in the morning."

"It's very kind of you," said Mr. Tolmach, speaking to me but looking at Irene.

Mrs. Docey slept peacefully that night, but I did not. I wished that I had whipped up or ever I had seen the odious Mr. Tolmach. At breakfast every time I looked at either Irene or Mr. Tolmach I felt a twinge of pain. After breakfast Irene appeared at the door and said:

"Mr. Tolmach, if you really want to see the old-fashioned garden I'll take you there."

Again that twinge, but I did not stop them, although I knew that an old-fashioned garden is one of the best places in the world for love-making. I tried to interest myself with a current magazine, but my eyes saw nothing but the picture in the garden: the tall and graceful Irene and the type of American

resolution at her side. A half-hour later Mr. Tolmach entered.

"Well, this is another of those days Browning talks about, isn't it?" said he.

I told him tartly that I didn't know that Browning talked about any days; that I didn't pretend to follow Browning, but that there was too much east wind to suit me.

He took no notice of my ill nature but seated himself in an easy chair and reached over for a cigar. I smoked feverishly; he as calmly as a stage detective. I looked out of the window at the hills twenty miles away. Oh, if he would only go over those hills and vanish in the illimitable purple!

He looked at me full in the face and said: "Well, there's no use of mincing words or of wasting 'em. I'm hard hit. If any one had told me last night that the little man in the Concord wagon drawn by a limping horse was going to carry me to where they would make a target of my heart I should have refused to get in, for I supposed that I was a confirmed bachelor and gloried in the supposition. But I felt like imposing myself on you because I picked you out for an easy mark, and here I am, and I want to tell you that your daughter satisfies all my ideas of what a woman should be. Now I expect you to say no because you don't know whether I was born yesterday or have been a criminal in five or six previous existences, but I'm going to give you time to verify me. I'm going to let you call up the Governor of this State who happens to be my brother-in-law, and if you are not satisfied with his recommendation I can connect you with solid business men. If you are convinced that I am what I say I am, a successful man of business who is just entering on his first bit of romance, I'll take to-morrow's train for Columbus and I'll arrange my business so that I can leave it indefinitely and then I'll come back here and make a father-in-law of you in ten minutes by the clock. I have asked your daughter and she is willing to abide by your decision even if it is adverse. She also said something about waiting. But there won't be any need of waiting, and I know what your decision will be just as I knew yesterday that you would bring me home to dinner. This is all I have to say, and now if you'll give me the telephone book I'll show you what number to call up."

I weigh one hundred and ten pounds and he weighs at least two hundred. If I had taken him and flung him he would not

have gone far. He would have come back; so I determined to submit gracefully. He showed me the telephone number of the Governor of Connecticut, and I called him up. I told him who I was and he gave the following replies to my questions:

"Know Mr. Tolmach—Jack Tolmach? Of course I do. He's my brother-in-law—my wife's brother. Good as wheat. Fine as silk. Why?"

"He wants to marry my daughter."

I heard laughter. "Well, I can recommend Jack. He's self-made and he's always had his own way, but he gains his will gracefully."

"Oh, yes, I know that. Well, then, you would advise me to let them get married?"

"Why, of course that rests with you, but Jack is all right. He's a good boy and will make a good son." I caught the ring of immoderate laughter and then I was cut off.

I felt that to refuse my sanction after Mr. Tolmach had received this clean bill of health would be churlish, a thing that I always try to avoid; so I called Mr. Tolmach in. He came, his countenance radiant. He looked at Irene and her face kindled as the evening star kindles after the glance of the sun. I determined to give her away with dignity. I went over to her and kissed her. Then I kissed her mother. Then I shook hands with Tolmach and said, with just a touch of a quaver in my voice:

"Go to Columbus and prepare for another vacation."

The "Little Fellow."

By ANNIE L. HANNAH.

Reprinted from SABBATH READING.

The "Little Fellow."

JACK and his grandfather lived on the embankment above the railroad, a good many miles from anywhere. Jack was little and young and lame. But how Jack loved that railroad! Then the trains! He knew to the minute at what hour each was to be expected and from which direction; and he had a bowing and smiling acquaintance with all the engineers and firemen, who had come to call him the "Little Fellow."

But it was the young physician, who lived in the nearest village, some ten miles away, who was Jack's greatest and most precious friend. He was big and strong, and yet so gentle and tender that Jack looked up to him and worshipped him with all the strength of his loving little heart.

It was this kind friend who had pointed out the splendid constellations, telling how the same great God had made them and the little boy; and how that little boy had been put into the world for some great and good purpose. Once during one of the drives which they often took, the doctor told Jack a wonderful secret, and showed him a picture of a most beautiful young lady. She had great tender eyes which looked into Jack's with such a loving glance that the little fellow suddenly bent his head and pressed his lips to the sweet pictured face. At that the young doctor laughed, a low little laugh, and, holding the boy close and firm with his strong arm, he told him that he was going away for a few weeks, but that when he came back the beautiful lady would be with him.

One day, a week later, a farmer, coming from the post-office, dropped into Jack's hands a letter! the very first which had ever come to him. And such a beautiful letter as it was! It ended by saying:

"And now, my little man, in ten days or so we shall be at home, and then I will bring my dear wife to see you. Till then, goodbye. Always your loving friend,

Gerald Haywood."

Happy little Jack! He begged his grandfather for the calendar and began checking off the days: ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two. Only two more sunsets to watch; only twice more to see the Great Dipper swinging across the sky.

It was the evening of the eighth day that Jack sat watching the sun sinking behind a low range of hills. The sun dropped away out of sight, and one by one the stars came out. Across the moors came the sweet call of a whippoorwill, and drawn by it, Jack struck out toward the sound.

But when under the great arching sky, he flung himself down upon his back beside a little thicket, and lay tracing out some of his beloved constellations. Deeper and darker grew the blue sky. The soft night breezes came sighing across the moors, fanning with their gentle breath the sleeping child sheltered beneath the tall fronds of the feathery ferns. Finally the little child turned, then opened his eyes and lay quiet, listening to the sound of voices close behind him.

Where was he? Who was that talking? But before he had time to rise, or even to move, some words fell upon his ears which froze the blood in his veins and held him spell-bound. He never afterward could tell exactly what they were; he only knew that from what the two men said, he understood that a great stone had been, or was to be rolled upon the track just beyond a curve a mile away; that in the confusion following the wreck they, the men, were to rob the express cars and as many of the passengers as possible.

Before he could collect his scattered senses the men had passed on, just avoiding stepping on him as they went, and he was left with every nerve in his little body tingling and throbbing with anguished excitement. What should he do? How was he to prevent this dreadful thing!

He glanced up at the stars, his clock by night. When the last star in the Scorpion's tail touched the top of Gray-cap Mountain the night express would pass, and once passed, there would be no salvation from destruction. What was to be done? Only one thing. Only one single thing! He must take the lantern and go down and stand on the track and wave it to stop the train before the curve was reached.

Suppose that they should not see him in time! Suppose that

the great, dreadful, rushing thing should come crashing down upon him, grinding him to pieces! Never to see his beloved friend again! Never once to look into the living eyes which he had loved in the picture! No! no! no! He could not do it! But he must! He shuddered; then hobbled quickly on across the space between the thicket and the cottage into the house. With hands still shaking he took down the lantern, lighted it, then went quickly away.

There was a low thunder in the distance. Jack lifted his ashen face to the skies, and his lips moved; then he swung himself out into the track, and with the lantern hung on the head of the crutch, waved it to and fro, blinded by fear. On, on, on came the great glowing eye! Had they seen him? Was she slowing down? He could not tell; everything was growing dark! Was he going to fall? Poor little Jack! Poor little cowardly Jack!

"Why, if it ain't the 'Little Fellow'! Dead swooned away, too! Nothing the matter here! Jack and Dan, you run on down to the curve and take a look. He ain't one to play shines like this for naught. And some of you fellows make haste and see if there is a doctor aboard, and fetch him here!"

In an instant everything was wild confusion. A doctor who had answered to the call, came and kneeled beside the little prostrate form.

"Jack!" he cried. "Little Jack!"

The men who had been sent around the curve returned upon a hand-car, with white, scared faces. A great rock had been found upon the track, and the flagman bound and gagged, lying in his house. The train, with no one could tell how many lives, had been saved by the little crippled lad lying there so still and white before them.

When Jack's eyes opened, it was to look straight up into the eyes which he had seen only in the picture. But Jack knew them in a moment and said, almost in a whisper, "My Doctor's beautiful lady!" He did not know but that for him, the "Doctor's beautiful lady," nay, the Doctor himself, might have been lying cold and dead. But presently, when the young man, taking him into his own arms, whispered it to him, with his cheek resting on Jack's soft curls, then the boy raised his head.

"Maybe," he said in a glad little whisper, "maybe it was for that He put me here. Oh, I hope it was for that!"

"Perhaps; He knows," the young Doctor made answer. "For that, and for other good, and brave, and beautiful acts, my precious little man!"

"I'm glad!" said Jack, with a fluttering little sigh. "So glad!"

The Commodore.

By JUSTINE INGERSOLL.

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The Commodore.

I REMEMBER him as well as though I had seen him yesterday—my grandfather, the Commodore. His ship, the Grampus, was a full-rigged man-of-war. She lay at anchor off the Navy Yard, over which the Commodore was in command.

Wherever the Commodore went he carried an old black clasp-knife and a piece of pine wood; and as he whittled he hummed in a monotonous voice, which seemed to start somewhere under his cap and come down through his nose, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." This was his favorite tune.

Mrs. Catherine Cull had been my mother's nurse, and now was mine and my baby sister's, who was just two months to a day when something occurred, and she came very near never being a day older. Nurse Cull, as was her custom, had left the little creature, sound asleep under the mosquito-netting of her bassinet. The afternoon was hot and drowsy. Nurse Cull, I fancy, must have dropped off herself, in the next room, for she asserted, on the honor of an honest woman, that she heard no sound from the nursery, but that, at five o'clock, when she put down her sewing to take the baby up, she found the cradle empty. Then there was a hue and cry, not only up the street, but down the street. The man in the sentry-box, the marines on dress parade, the men in the brass band, everybody in the Yard,—men, women and children—turned out in the hunt. My poor mother grew wild-eyed and wan as she went here, there, and everywhere, to return to the empty cradle. Her white face must have scared even my grandfather, when he came home from a long afternoon down the bay.

"What is it, Polly, my girl?" he said. My mother could only wail out, "My baby,—oh, my baby!"

I did not tell you, I think, that on land the Commodore was one of the most absent-minded of men. But at sea no one ever caught him napping. A sudden rush of recollection at the sight of my mother sent the blood from his face, until it was as white

as her own. He jerked the time-piece from his fob pocket. It lacked fifteen minutes to the sunset gun.

We all thought he had gone stark, staring mad when he ran down the stairs, three at a time, and out at the door, no hat on his head, his hair streaming, and tore down the road like one possessed. The men in the ship's boat which had fetched him ashore were well on their way back, but his whistle, loud and shrill, brought them to with a vengeance, and in a jiffy he had leaped into the stern sheets and was commanding the men to pull as they had never pulled before.

"A twenty-dollar gold piece to every Jack Tar of you, if you get me within speaking distance of the ship before *that*"—shaking his fist in the face of the great dog-day sun which was fast sliding into the water—"goes down!"

His voice, ringing out like a trumpet, was the only sound except that of the oars in the rowlocks. No one, not even my mother, knew exactly what terrible thing was impending, but every one surmised that it must have something to do with the missing baby.

Under the sharp, strong strokes of the sailors the boat slid over the glassy sea as fast as a fish could swim. The Commodore's eyes glared at the great red ball rolling down toward the water's edge as though he would fix it stock-still in the sky.

We on the dock could see the gunner come on the ship's deck, his figure standing out black and grim against the crimson west. Nurse Cull caught the glass, which my mother had no strength to hold, and, looking through it, saw that the gunner carried his iron rammer, bag of powder, and wad of cotton.

The sun grew redder and bigger as it neared the heaving water-line. There was not the length of an oar between sea and sun when we could see my grandfather spring to his feet in the boat and roar something at the men who were pulling for dear life. The tone was so terrible that we could hear it even on shore. The sailors bent their backs till their noses were flattened on their knees and the ribbons on their caps stood out straight behind. And then, with a pull that lifted the boat clean out of the water, with a tremendous spurt they brought it well up to the ship's side. Again did the Commodore thunder out something in that awful tone, this time to the man that was

about to ram the charge into the black mouth of the cannon, so that he let everything fall upon the deck.

The great red disk of the sun was now drawing itself under the waves. But before it had quite disappeared my grandfather had cleared the bulwarks of the *Grampus* and snatched from the black mouth of the gun a something long and white and fluttering,—something which at a distance looked like a bolster-case, but which caused my poor mother to faint dead away.

A great crowd had gathered on the dock by this time, and oh, what a shout they sent up! “The baby! the baby! the baby is saved! Hurrah for the baby! With a three times three and a tiger for the baby!”

This brought my mother to, and I remember how she laughed and cried and kissed me, and how all the women had their handkerchiefs out, and the men, too. Then across the water came the great boom of the sunset gun,—for the first time in its history just one minute after the sun had dipped below the horizon. This was the signal for the sky to unfurl itself like a rose, and, blown by some invisible wind, to disperse in little clouds, which floated rosy and pink in the golden twilight. So that, in my childish fancy, I thought the good angels were scattering rose leaves upon the boat which was bringing my little sister back to us.

She lay in my grandfather’s arms, with her long white dress floating out in the breeze, and his cheek pressed against hers. Then, as the boat came dancing over the waves, the marine band struck up the Commodore’s favorite tune, *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, and to its spirited measures, he landed his precious cargo.

Selection from "The Black Douglas."

By S. R. CROCKETT.

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Selection from "The Black Douglas."

THE morning had broken when the door of the prison-house was opened, and a seneschal appeared. He saluted the brothers, and in a shaking voice summoned them to come forth.

When they rose to follow the seneschal, Earl William put his hand affectionately on his young brother's shoulder and kept it there. In this wise they came into the great hall. Upon the dais sat Crichton the Chancellor and Sir Alexander Livingston. Behind were crowded all the hangers-on of a court. But of men of dignity and place only the Marshal de Retz, ambassador of the King of France, was present.

The Douglasses stood silent, haughtily awaiting the first words of accusation. It was the Chancellor who spoke first, in his high rasping creak.

"William, Earl of Douglas, and you David, called the Master of Douglas," he began, "you are summoned hither by the King's authority to answer for many crimes of treason against his royal person and above all for swearing allegiance to another monarch, even to the King of France. And now, Earl Douglas, what answer have you to these things?"

The Earl laughed a little mocking laugh. "I plead nothing," said he. "I do not even tell you that you lie. But I do ask you, Marshal de Retz, as a brave soldier and the representative of an honorable King, what you have done with the Lady Sybilla?"

The Marshal de Retz smiled. "May I, in return, ask my Lord Earl of Douglas and Duke of Touraine what is that to him?" he said.

"It matters to me more than life, and almost as much as honour. The Lady Sybilla did me the grace to tell me that she loved me. And I in turn am bound to her in life and death."

"Listen," the Marshal said, "hear this, my Lord of Touraine: the Lady Sybilla intended nothing else than your deception and destruction. She it was that advised you to come hither that we

might hold you in our hands. For her sake you obeyed. What think you of the Lady Sybilla now?"

William of Douglas with one sudden bound was over the barrier and upon the dais. Almost his blade was at the Marshal's throat, and but for the crossed partisans of two guards, he had died there and then by the dagger of William Douglas. As it was, a score of men-at-arms approached from behind, and forced the young man back to his place.

"Bring in the Lady Sybilla," said the Marshal.

They opened the door at the back of the dais and through it there entered the Lady Sybilla. Instantly the eyes of William Douglas fixed themselves upon her, but she did not raise hers nor look at him. An angel of light coming through the open door of heaven could not have appeared more innocent and pure.

"Sybilla," hissed de Retz, "is it not true that ever since you met the Earl of Douglas you have deceived him and sought his doom? You led him on with love on your lips and hate in your heart. You kissed him with the Judas kiss. You led his soul captive to death by the drawing of your eyes?"

In a voice that could hardly be heard the girl replied:

"I did these things! I am accursed!"

"You hear, William of Douglas," said the Ambassador, "you hear what your true love says!"

Then it was that, with the calm air and steady voice of a great gentleman, William Douglas answered, "I hear, but I do not believe."

Then, while all watched eagerly, the Marshal rose from his seat to his full height.

"Girl—look at me!" he cried.

But Sybilla was looking at the Earl, and her eyes were great and grey and vague.

"Listen, my true Lord, and then hate me if you will," she said: "Listen, William of Douglas. Never before have I found in all the world one man true to the core. I did not believe that such an one lived. Hear this and then turn from me in loathing:

For the sake of this man's life, to whom, by the powers of hell, my soul is bound, I came at the bidding of the King of France and of this man, to compass the destruction of the Earl of Douglas. It is true that at Castle Thrieve I deceived you, knowing well that which would happen, and for the sake of the

evil wrought by your fathers, I was glad. But afterwards at Crichton, when I told you that I loved you, I did not lie. I did love you then. And by God's grace I do love you now—yea, before all men I declare it. Once for a season of glorious forgetting, all too brief, I was yours to love, now I am yours to hate and to despise. I tried to save you, but though you had my warning you would not go back or forget me. Now it is too late!"

"My lady," William Douglas answered her, gently, "be not grieved for a little thing that is past. That you love me truly is enough. I have not lived long, but for your sake I can die as well as any! That you have loved me was my crown of life. Now it remains but to pay a little price soon paid, for a joy exceeding great."

But the Chancellor had had enough of this. He rose and said: "William of Douglas, you and your brother are condemned to instant death as enemies of the King and his ministers. Soldiers, do your duty. Lead them forth to the block!"

The girl suddenly threw herself across the platform and fell into her lover's arms.

"William, once I would have betrayed you," she said, "but now I love you. I will die with you—or by the great God I will live to avenge you!"

"Hush, sweetheart," said William Douglas, touching her brow gently with his lips. "Fear not for me! Death is swift and easy. I expected nothing else. That you love me is enough! Dear love, fare thee well!"

But the girl heard him not. She had fainted.

* * * * *

It was a scene dreary beyond all power of words to tell it, when into the courtyard of the Castle of Edinburgh they brought the two noble young men forth to die.

The young Lords of Douglas came out looking brave and handsome as bridegrooms on a day of betrothing.

High above upon a balcony appeared the Chancellor and the tutor. The Marshal de Retz it was, who, with a fiendish smile, conducted the Lady Sybilla to see the end. But it was a good end to see, and nobler far than most lives that are lived to four-score years.

The brothers embraced as they came to the block, kneeled down, and said a short prayer like Christians of a good house. The executioner motioned first to David. An attendant brought him the heading cup of wine.

"Drink it not," said Earl William, "lest they say it was drugged."

And David Douglas bowed his head upon the block, being only in the fifteenth year of his age.

"Farewell, brother," he said, "be not long after me. It is a darksome road to travel so young."

"Fear not, Davie lad," said William Douglas, tenderly, "I will overtake you ere you be through the first gate."

He turned a little aside that he might not see his brother die, and even as he did so he saw the Lady Sybilla lean upon the balcony paler than the dead.

Then when it came to his turn they offered the Earl William also the heading cup.

He lifted the cup high in his right hand with a knightly and courtly gesture. Looking towards the balcony whereon stood the Lady Sybilla, he bowed to her.

"I drink to you, my lady and my love," he cried.

Then, touching but the rim of the goblet with his lips, he poured out the red wine upon the ground.

* * * * *

And then passed the gallantest gentleman and truest lover in whom God ever put heart of grace to live courteously and die greatly, keeping his faith in his lady even against herself, and holding death sweet because that in death she loved him.

Teckla's Lilies.

Reprinted from THE GOSPEL BANNER.

Teckla's Lilies.

IN the words of Mrs. Perryto herself, "It all came of her being taken with a cleaning fit." She had gotten one corner of the floor nicely wetted when her eye fell upon the dresser.

"While I'm at it, I've more'n half a mind to clean out that dresser," said she, and she began to drag forth the contents of the box. "As sure as life," she went on, "Maud Ellen, if here ain't your onion flowers!"

"My!" cried Maud Ellen, "I 'most forgot 'em, an' what would Teckla have thought?"

"Maud Ellen, how you talk!" cried Mrs. Perryto. "Seein' as Teckla's dead, how'd she be a'thinkin' anything?"

But Maud Ellen went on: "I remember what Teckla said jus' as well as if 'twas yesterday." Said she, 'Maud Ellen, I won't be here to go to Holy Innercents another Easter, an' I'm going to give *you* my lilies, an' I want you to go an' take 'em next year fur me. Count up a six weeks afore Easter,' said she, 'an' put 'em in water, and set 'em on the window-sill.' "When *is* Easter, Mumsey Perryto?"

That lady eyed her little daughter reflectively, then she said, "Pin your little shawl over your head an' run across to Mis' Tipping's, Maud Ellen. She'll know about Easter, seein' ez she allers gets the eggs ready weeks aforehand for the bakery winder."

So Maud Ellen handed the baby over to her mother and ran over to Mrs. Tipping's bakery. That lady made out that Easter would be "six weeks from come next Sunday." Which point being settled, Maud Ellen went home and summoned an audience of play-fellows.

"Now," said she, "yer all on yer remembers Teckla?" "Yer all on yer remembers how last Easter her father had to carry her to Holy Innercents, 'cause she couldn't walk. Well, Teckla tol' me all about it. The doors come open suddent-like, she

said, an' in they marched, children and children. A-carrying' flags, she said, an' flowers, an' singin' an' marchin'. An' all bein' mostly in white, 'twas like angels, which Teckla says is the finest an' most stylishest thing children *can* be. An' a man who was a-standin' there among them flowers, all white, even his dress, he put his hands on her head an' he says, says he, 'God's blessin' on yer, my child,' an' Teckla said with that blessin' on yer, yer can go straight ter heaven; an' seein' as this Easter she'd be there, we was to take her lilies an' get the blessin' an' come on up there. Now all on yer as is goin' hold up yer hands!"

Every grimy hand in the company, from that of Perkins Perryto, Junior, the youngest, to Katia Chapinski's, the eldest, went up, amid a noisy acclaim of voices.

From the moment of planting the lilies grew, and one after another sent up a slender green blade into the sunlight.

"But we've got to sing when we march," said Maud Ellen one day. "She said there was music, too," added Maud Ellen to herself, quite softly, stroking a green blade with a tender hand.

Herr Hoffmeister blinked his red little eyes and cried "Herein," as a knock came at the door of his room under the tenement roof, and Maud Ellen entered.

"You remember Teckla," she began, confidentially, raising her soft eyes to the old man's bleary ones. Herr Hoffmeister nodded, and his face softened. Yes, yes, he remembered Teckla, who had loved the music of his violin so well—the little Teckla who had died in the dreary little room next to the old musician's.

"Ya, ya; but what for you ask me of Teckla?" the old man answered.

Maud Ellen pressed close against his knee. "I can do the flower part, 'cause Teckla tol' me how. But won't you help do the singin' part, Mr. Hoffmeister, an' the fiddlin'?"

And later, when the old musician went down the rickety steps he held Maud Ellen's hand in his, and as he left her at her mother's door, he said:

"Und you haf the children on hand, mein liebchen; und it shall be like singing of the leedle vuns in der faderland ven I vas young. It shall be Luther's grand old hymn I vill teach them, the same as I sang it ven I vas von leedle child."

Maud Ellen did her best, and daily marshalled her forces, with such of their interested parents as had nothing else to do, and as the green blades of the lilies divided into long slender leaves, the tenement advanced in its musical education.

"Take yer places," Maud Ellen would command, "just's if 'twas Easter an' this yere street wus Holy Innercents. Now, Mr. Hoffmeister, play. Gladiola, if yer ain't a-goin' ter see ter them twins yerself they shan't march. Go on now; I'm a-goin' ter march ter that hole in the street and back. Arthur Garfield Perryto, sure's yer tie that tin can ter Mike I'll tell Mumsey. Now—no, wait till that fishman gets by. Now, Mr. Hoffmeister, we're ready. All on yer sing!" And they did sing!

On Easter morning at the Church of the Holy Innocents the music from the great organ rose and swelled amid the vast arches as if struggling to carry its meed of praise straight to heaven. As the doors of the church were swept open, it rose to a glorious swell that shook the church, then died to a throbbing undertone. And now came the sound of far-off voices singing, that grew and rose and neared, until through every door, up every aisle came processions of children.

"Jesus Christ is risen today, Allelulia!"

they sang, while their garlands filled the air with heavy perfume. Up, down, in, out, around the great church, marched the white-robed children. "Allelulia!" they sang. They laid their fragrant burdens down. "Allelulia, Amen!" and again the organ swell died into silence, and the service began.

But as from amid the palms a white-haired man arose and stretched out his hands above the congregation to pray, a single one of the heavy doors swung open, and music, the sweet clearness from a single violin pierced the silence, and, turning, the people saw an old man standing in the open door and playing. And again they heard the sound of many voices singing. A second procession passed in.

Maud Ellen led—in an old white curtain dress. Her eyes were like stars above her pink cheeks, and in her arms was a pot of Easter lilies. To the memory of Teckla she carried it; and the old musician played—playing as he had not played in years, his eyes closed in rapture. Behind Maud Ellen marched the children of the tenement. One of Teckla's fragrant lily blooms was in each eager hand. Unmindful of rags or of congregation, with

their eyes on the soaring lilies their leader carried—how they sang! It was Luther's grand hymn that fell from their lips, and as they sang, the wondering congregation of Holy Innocents sat still and listened.

Up the long aisle they went, and standing on the steps amid the palms, gazing into the kindly face of the white-robed man, they finished their song. And then Maud Ellen, smiling up into his face, held out her pot of lilies. Why should she be afraid—was not everything just as Teckla told her it would be? So she smiled.

"We've come to get a blessing', please," she said simply, and looked up.

And the old clergyman, he whose life had been spent in trying to get into the lives and hearts of just such little ones as these, understood, and stretched out his hands. He put them on the rough little head of Maud Ellen. "The blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always—his children! Amen!"

The Sorrows of War.

With the permission of the ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The Sorrows of War.

THREE hundred yards to the rear of the little township of Modder River, just as the sun was sinking in a blaze of African splendor, on the evening of Tuesday, the 12th of December, a long, shallow grave lay exposed in the breast of the veldt. To the westward the broad river, fringed with trees, ran murmuringly; to the eastward the heights, still held by the enemy, scowled menacingly; north and south the veldt undulated peacefully. A few paces to the northward of that grave fifty dead Highlanders lay, dressed as they had fallen on the field of battle; they had followed their chief to the field and they were to follow him to the grave.

The plaids dear to every Highland clan were represented there, and as I looked, out of the distance came the sound of the pipes; it was the general coming to join his men. There, right under the eyes of the enemy, moved with slow and solemn tread, all that remained of the Highland brigade. In front of them walked the chaplain with bared head, dressed in his robes of office; then came the pipers, sixteen in all, and behind them, with arms reversed, moved the Highlanders, dressed in all the regalia of their regiments, and in the midst the dead general, borne by four of his comrades.

Out swelled the pipes to the strains of "The Flowers of the Forest," now ringing proud and high until the soldiers' heads went back in haughty defiance and eyes flashed through tears like sunlight on steel; now sinking to a moaning wail like a woman mourning for her first born, until the proud heads dropped forward till they rested on heaving chests, and tears rolled down the wan and scarred faces and the choking sobs broke through the solemn rhythm of the march of death. Right up to the grave they marched, then broke away in companies, until the general lay in the shallow grave. Only the dead man's son and a small remnant of his officers stood with the chaplain and the pipers while the solemn service of the church was spoken.

Then once again the pipes pealed out, and "Lochaber no more" cut through the stillness like a cry of pain, until one could almost hear the widow in her Highland home moaning for the soldier she would welcome back no more. Then, as if touched by the magic of one thought the soldiers turned their tear-damp eyes from the still form in the shallow grave toward the heights where Cronje, the "Lion of Africa," and his soldiers stood. Then every cheek flushed crimson, and the strong jaws set like steel and the veins on the hands that clasped the rifle handles swelled almost to bursting with the fervor of the grip, and that look from those silent, armed men spoke more eloquently than ever spoke the tongues of orators. For, on each frowning face, the spirit of vengeance sat, and each sparkling eye asked silently for blood.

God help the Boers when next the Highland pibroch sounds. God rest the Boers' souls when the Highland bayonets charge, for neither death, nor hell, nor things above, nor things below, will hold the Scots back from their blood feud.

At the head of the grave at the point nearest the enemy the general was laid to sleep, his officers grouped around him, while in line behind him his soldiers were laid in a double row, wrapped in their blankets. No shots were fired over the dead men, resting so peacefully, only the salute was given, and then the men marched campward as the darkness of an African night rolled over the far-stretching breadth of the veldt.

To the gentle woman who bears their general's name the Highland brigade send their deepest sympathy. To the mothers and the wives, the sisters and the sweethearts in cottage home by hillside and glen they send their love and good wishes—sad will their Christmas be; sadder the New Year. Yet, enshrined in every womanly heart from Queen Empress to cottage girl let their memory lie, the memory of the men of the Highland brigade who died at Magersfontein.

The Mascot of Battery B.

By LLOYD OSBOURNE.

With the permission of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. With the special
permission of LLOYD OSBOURNE.

The Mascot of Battery B.

BATTERY A had a mascot goat and Battery D a parrot, but I guess we were the only battery in the brigade that carried an old lady! Filipino, nothing! But white as yourself and from Oakland, California, and I don't suppose I'd be here talking to you now if it hadn't been for her.

Benny was her son, you know, the only son she had, and Benny and I were chums, but nobody knows what that word means till you've kept warm under the same blanket and kneeled side by side in the firing-line. I was so common and uneducated that I wonder what Benny ever saw to like in me, for he was a regular mamma's boy and splendidly brought up.

One day while we were lying in a trench and firing for all we were worth, I suddenly saw that look in his face that a soldier gets to know so well.

"Benny, you're shot!" I yelled out.

"Shot, nothing!" he answered, and then he keeled over in the dirt. Then as I leaned over him, he whispered, "Good-by, Bill, I guess you'll have to rustle for another chum!"

That was his last words and he said them with a kind of a smile.

I was sitting down to write to Benny's mother when I looked up, and what in thunder do you suppose I saw? The old lady herself—powerful, grim and commanding. She walked straight up to where I was and said: "William, William!" like that.

I guess the hospital must have appeared kind of cheerless, for lots of the wounded were lying on the bare ground, and it was a caution the way some of them groaned and groaned.

"And it was in a place like this that my boy died?"

"There's the very cot, ma'am," I said.

She said something like, "Oh, oh, oh," under her breath. Then, rolling up her sleeves, "William," she said, "those boys aren't getting proper consideration. If it was dogs they couldn't be treated worse. William, I'm going to see what one old

woman can do, and as for asking, they'd say 'no,' for they don't allow any women except at the base hospitals."

I didn't have a chance to come back till along sundown, but, my stars! even in that time there had been a change. Benny's mother had been getting in her deadly work. The contract surgeon took it all so well. He was a splendid young fellow, and what the old lady said went! But Captain Howard hated the sight of a petticoat and was dead set against women anywheres, and the doctor said the old lady had to keep out of sight, and you can reckon how much dodging she had to do to keep out of the captain's sight. Then it got whispered around that she was our mascot and carried the luck of the Battery.

But of course it couldn't be kept up forever—I mean about the captain—and sure enough, one day he caught her riding on a gun-carriage while he was passing along the line.

"Good Lord!" he said like that. "Madam, do you belong to this column?"

"Unofficially I do."

"Might I inquire where you came from?"

"Oakland, California," she said.

"And is this your usual mode of locomotion? Riding on a gun?"

The old lady, now as bold as brass, allowed that it was.

"Scandalous!" roared the captain. "Scandalous!"

She ran up her little parasol and looked the captain in the eye. "Yes, I do belong to this column, and I guess it would be a smaller column by a dozen if it hadn't been for me in your field hospital. Or twenty," she said. "Or maybe more," said she.

This kind of staggered the captain. It was plain he didn't know just what to do. We were hundreds of miles from anywheres and there were Aguinaldos all around us.

"When we strike the railroad, home you go," said he.

"We'll see about that," said the old lady.

"Holy smoke!" he said, galloping off very fierce and grand.

Well, it was perfectly lovely what happened next. You can guess what her feelings was that night when the captain went down with fever. It was like getting money from home! So the old lady give a whoop and took him in charge. My! If she wasn't good to that man, and as for coals of fire, she regular slung them at him! And when the captain grew better—he was

that meek he'd eat out of your hand, and she called him "George" and "my boy," and you might have taken him for Benny and she his ma.

There was nothing too good for the old lady after that. The Queen of England couldn't have been treated with more respect. We had a pull at headquarters now, and she had a heart that big that it could hold the officers and us, too.

But one afternoon she was suddenly taken very bad; and instead of better she grew worse and worse.

"You must save her, Marcus," said the captain, holding to the doctor like he was pleading for her life. "You must save her, Marcus. You must do everything in the world you can, Marcus," and then he sat down and regularly cried. And I tell you he wasn't the only one that cried neither, for the boys idolized the old lady and there wasn't no singing that night or cards or anything. I was on picket and it was a heavy heart I took with me into the dark; and when they left me laying in the grass, and nobody nearer nor a hundred yards, and that behind me, I felt mortal blue and lonesome and homesick and like I didn't care whether I was killed or not. It was midnight when I went out, and I don't know what ailed me that night—but somehow I couldn't keep the sleep away; and I'd go off and off though I tried my best not to; and I would kind of drown, drown, in sleep. And you must remember it had been a hard day and the guns had stuck again and again in the mud, and it was pull mule, pull soldier, till you thought you'd drop in your tracks. Oh, I am not excusing myself. I've seen men shot for sleeping on guard and I know it's right. Then, just as I was no better nor a log, lying there, a coward and a traitor and a black disgrace to the uniform I wore, I suddenly waked up with somebody shaking me hard—and I jumped perfectly terrible to think it might be the captain on his rounds. Oh, the relief when I saw it was nothing else than the old lady, she kneeling beside me in the starlight.

"William, William!" she said, sorrowful and warning. And just then the grass rustled in front of me and I saw rising like a wall rows on rows of Filipino heads! My, but didn't I shoot and didn't I run, and the bugles rang out and the whole line was rushed, me pelting in and the column spitting fire. We stood them off all right and my name was mentioned in orders and I was promoted sergeant. But it wasn't *that* I was going to tell.

It was about the old lady, though I didn't learn it till the next day.

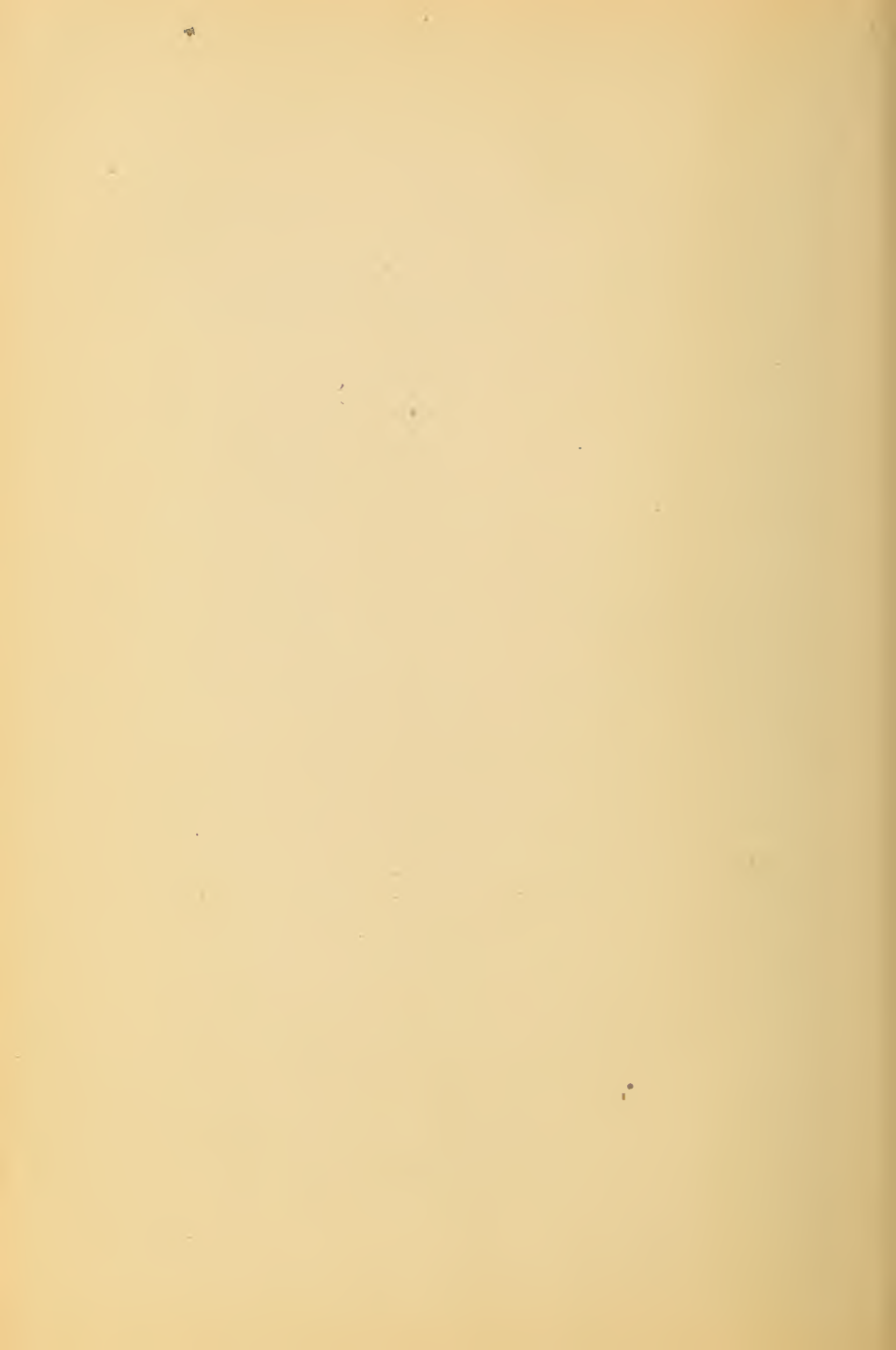
She had died at a quarter of midnight and had laid all night on the captain's bed.

Now what do you make of that?

Christmas Eve at the Gulch.

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

Reprinted from SABBATH READING.



Christmas Eve at the Gulch.

THE mines had been shut down for six weeks, and money in the camp was scarce.

In the cabin of Sandy Carson there was a little girl—the only child in the camp—very ill. Sunny-haired Nellie Carson, whom the miners had loved, petted and spoiled since the first day of her arrival, steadily grew worse until the whole camp spoke in whispers.

The miners knew that Dr. Dick would save Nellie if human skill could avail; he hung over the little sufferer's bed and watched the fluttering breath, and felt the little hot wasted hand. His patient was delirious, and as he leaned over her she began muttering:

"Is it Christmas yet, mamma? You said I could have a doll when Christmas came, and I want it so bad, mamma; isn't it Christmas yet?"

Dr. Dick lifted his head and stared about helplessly. It was Christmas Eve. By morning he believed the moment would come that was to decide between life and death. If only the doll could be there to lay in her hand when consciousness came, there was just a chance, a bare chance, that the decision might be life.

"Have you the doll?" he asked anxiously of Mrs. Carson.

"No, I have never bought it. Nellie was taken ill and I did not remember; and, oh, Dr. Dick, we have scarcely money for food."

Half an hour later Dr. Dick went over to the Red Light Hotel.

"Boys, is there any one here that will ride over to Green Valley to-night?"

Green Valley was a good twenty miles away, and the road was believed to be impassable. A gang of outlaws infested one part of the road and the stage had been fired on.

Presently a boyish figure stepped out facing Dr. Dick. "What's wanted at Green Valley?" The boy could not be more than seventeen. He was supposed to be a runaway, and had

drifted into the camp from nobody knew where. The men had christened him the "Kid," and when little Nell came he had become her slave.

"Well," said Dr. Dick, slowly, "to-morrow will be Christmas, and the child has been promised a doll; she is talking and raving about it, and I thought if we had the doll—a big one—to put right before her—that, perhaps—"

The boy wheeled, facing the listening men.

"Who's got a horse?" he demanded. "Get me a good horse and I'll be out of here in three minutes."

"I've got the best horse in camp," said one. "I'll have him here by the time you're ready."

"The Kid will need money—chip in, boys," said another, holding out his hat. The coins rattled into it, but when the hat, heavy with silver, was handed to him, he passed it to the doctor.

"Give that to her folks," he said. "They need it. I'll pay for the doll myself." And with a word to the restless mare, the boy darted away into the night and rain.

* * * * *

The last clerk in the big general store at Green Valley was just ready to close for the night. It was past eleven, when a sound came to him from far down the street. It was the splash of horse's hoofs. The horseman was turning directly towards the store, and presently called out to the staring clerk.

"Get out the biggest and finest doll you've got, quick!"

The "Kid" was a mass of mud and staggered a little as he walked.

"I've ridden over from the gulch since seven, and I've got to get back by day-light with that doll. Hurry up with it. The biggest and the highest priced one you've got. It's for a little girl that's about to die, and Dr. Dick thinks it may save her if we get it there in time."

The largest box held a fully dressed doll.

"I'll take this one," said the "Kid."

"That doll is \$15.00," said the clerk, hesitating.

"If it costs \$150.00, I want it," answered the "Kid" sharply. "And I want it in a hurry. Tie it around me high up as you can—there, that'll stay, I guess. Now take your pay and tie that sack to my belt. That'll do; good-night."

He hurried out to where the big mare was standing in the rain. "We've got to try it again, Nance, old girl," he said. "We had a hard pull coming over and it'll be worse going back, but we've got to get there; Nellie Carson's got to have this doll to-morrow morning. She'll die if she don't get it, Nance, and we're not going to let Nellie die if we can help it."

A minute later he was dashing down the street into the blackness that lay between him and the little girl who was battling with death in Sandy Carson's cabin.

There was a fairly good stretch of road for some distance out of the Valley and they were making good headway. Then they entered the heavy woods and the road became slippery. And all at once he found himself saying a prayer: "God help me to reach the Gulch," he whispered. "God help me to reach Nellie in time. Good Nance!" he said, patting her neck, "good, beautiful Nance."

There was better going here again and for another five miles they did very well. Just beyond there was a stretch of hilly, rough road, and it was there that the Green Valley stage had been fired on. Suddenly the mare gave a snort and plunged so quickly to one side that the "Kid" was almost unseated. Then his breath stood still, for he heard men's muffled voices, then a sharp, quick call of "Halt!"

He drove his heels against the mare's sides, and Nance, tearing her head free, dashed forward, and then he heard horses' hoofs behind him in pursuit.

"Good Nance, beautiful Nance," he whispered. "You can do it, Nance! You can do it! O God, if you will help Nance to beat these cut throats, I will be a better boy. Only help Nance to get there *in time!*"

Suddenly from behind came two sharp reports on the night. The "Kid" felt his right shoulder shrink with a fierce pain for a moment and grow numb.

"Nance! O Nance! they have shot me!" he moaned. "The cowards have shot me."

The mare had bounded forward at the shots and was now running wildly.

"Keep it up, Nance; keep it up. I'll hang on if I can. O God, help me to hang on!"

He bound his hands to the saddle with the bridle rein, and then

the night and the roar of the waters, and the sound of the distant hoofs, whirled and mingled and blended into blackness and silence.

* * * * *

A group of men stood outside the Carson cabin, waiting. Dr. Dick came to the door just then. "She is between life and death," he whispered. "If only the boy would come."

Then far down the dim road came the sound of horse's hoofs and out of the woods came the mare. She was a mass of mud and upon her back hung another mud-covered object which made no movement or sound. Then they saw that his hands were tied to the saddle.

They saw the package containing the doll, and cutting it from him, handed it to Dr. Dick, who turned with it and went into the house.

When he came out, he said briefly. "The boy is hurt, There was blood on the package." He kneeled down in the dim light and laid his ear to the "Kid's" heart. "Carry him over to the Red Light Hotel. Quick!" he commanded.

* * * * *

Three hours later the sweet Christmas sunshine was streaming into the room where the 'Kid' was lying. The boy, opening his eyes, did not realize at first where he was. Then he said, faintly:

"Did I make it in time, Doc? and—and will she—will she get well?"

"Yes, my boy, you saved her. She will get well. And you will get well, too, 'Kid.' God bless you!"

And not one of the silent listening group outside but repeated fervently, "God bless him. God bless the 'Kid.' "

Selection from The Little Minister.

By J. M. BARRIE.

With the permission of the publishers, H. M. CALDWELL CO.

Selection from The Little Minister.

THE dog-cart bumped between the trees of Caddam, flinging Gavin—the little minister—and the doctor at each other. Within a squirrel's leap of the woods an old woman was standing at the door of a mud house listening for the approach of the trap that was to take her to the poorhouse.

Nanny was not crying. She had redd up her house for the last time and put on her black merino. No one has heeded her much these thirty years, but Nanny Webster was once a gay flirt, and in Airlie Square there is a weaver with an unsteady head who thought all the earth of her. Down in Airlie Square he is weaving for his life, and here is Nanny, ripe for the poorhouse, and between them is the hill where they were lovers. That is all the story save that when Nanny heard the dog-cart she screamed.

No neighbor was with her. They feared to hurt her feelings. For a week they had been aware of what was coming, and they had been most kind to her, but that hideous word, the poorhouse, they had not uttered. Her suffering eyes cut scars on their hearts. So now that the hour had come they called their children into their houses and pulled down their blinds.

"If you would like to see her by yourself," the doctor said eagerly to Gavin, "I'll wait with the horse. Not that I feel sorry for her. We are doing her a kindness."

They dismounted together, however, and Nanny, who had run into the house, watched them from her window.

McQueen said, glumly, "I should have come alone, for if you pray she is sure to break down. Mr. Dishart, could you not pray cheerfully?"

"You don't look very cheerful yourself."

"Nonsense, I have no patience with this false sentiment."

The door stood open, and Nanny was crouching against the opposite wall of the room, such a poor, dull kitchen, that you would have thought the furniture had still to be brought into it.

Only the round table and the two chairs and the stools and some pans were being left behind.

"Well, Nanny," the doctor said, trying to bluster, "I have come, and you see Mr. Dishart is with me."

Nanny rose bravely. She knew the doctor was good to her, and she wanted to thank him. I have not seen a great deal of the world myself, but often the sweet politeness of the aged poor has struck me as beautiful. Nanny dropped a curtesy, an ungainly one maybe, but it was an old woman giving the best she had.

"Thank you kindly, sirs," she said; and then two pairs of eyes dropped before hers. "Please to take a chair."

Both men sat down, for they would have hurt Nanny by remaining standing. Some ministers would have known the right thing to say to her, but Gavin dared not let himself speak. He was only one and twenty.

The doctor thought it best that they should depart at once. He rose.

"Oh, no, doctor," cried Nanny.

"But you are ready?"

"Ay! I have been ready this twa hours, but you micht wait a minute. Hendry Munn and Andrew Allardyce is coming yont the road, and they would see me."

"Wait, doctor."

"Thank you kindly, sir."

"But Nanny, you must remember what I told you about the poo—about the place you are going to. It is a fine house, and you will be very happy in it."

"Ay, I'll be happy in't but, doctor, if I could just hae bidden on here though I wasna happy!"

"Think of the food you will get; broth nearly every day."

"It—it'll be terrible enjoyable."

"And there will be pleasant company for you always, and a nice room to sit in. Why, after you have been there a week you won't be the same woman."

"That's it! Na, na; I'll be a woman on the poor's rates. Oh, mither, mither, you little thocht when you bore me that I would come to this!"

"Nanny, I am ashamed of you."

"I humbly speir your forgiveness, sir, and you micht bide just

a wee yet. I've been ready to gang these twa hours, but now that the machine is at the gate, I dinna ken how it is, but I'm terrible sweer to come awa'. Oh, Mr. Dishart, it's richt true what the doctor says about the—the place, but I canna just take it in. I'm—I'm gey auld."

"You will often get out to see your friends."

"Na, na, na, dinna say that; I'll gang, but you mauna bid me ever come out, except in a hearse. Dinna let onybody in Thrums look on my face again."

"We must go," said the doctor, firmly.

She took the bonnet from her bed and put it on slowly.

"Are you sure there's naebody looking?" she asked.

The doctor glanced at the minister, and Gavin rose.

"Let us pray," he said, and the three went down on their knees. It was not the custom of Auld Licht ministers to leave any house without offering up a prayer in it, and to us it always seemed that when Gavin prayed, he was at the knees of God. The little minister pouring himself out in prayer in a humble room may have been only a comic figure, but we were old-fashioned, and he seemed to make us better men. But to-day Nanny came between him and his prayer: Had he been of God's own image, unstained, he would have forgotten all else in his Maker's presence, but Nanny was speaking, too, and her words choked him. They were such moans as these that brought him back to earth:

"I'll hae to gang—I'm a base woman no to be mair thankfu' to them that is so good to me—I dinna like to ask them to take a roundabout road, and I'm sair afraid a' the Roods will see me—If it could just be said to poor Sanders when he comes back that I died hurriedly, syne he would be able to haud up his head—Oh, mither!—I wish terrible they had come and ta'en me at nicht—It's a dog-cart, and I was praying it micht be a cart, so that they could cover me wi' straw."

"This is more than I can stand," the doctor cried.

Nanny rose frightened. "I've tried you, sair, but, oh, I'm grateful, and I'm ready now."

They all advanced towards the door without another word, and Nanny even tried to smile. But in the middle of the floor something came over her, and she stood there. Gavin took her hand, and it was cold. She looked from one to the other,

"It's cruel hard," muttered the doctor. "I knew this woman when she was a lassie."

The little minister stretched out his hands. "Have pity on her, O God!" he prayed.

Nanny heard the words. "Oh, God," she cried, "you nicht!"

God needs no minister to tell Him what to do, but it was His will that the poorhouse should not have this woman. He made use of a strange instrument, no other than the gypsy girl, who now opened the mud house door. The gypsy had been passing the house and it was only curiosity, born suddenly of Gavin's cry, that made her enter. Nanny, too distraught to think, fell crying at the gypsy girl's feet.

"They are taking me to the poorhouse; dinna let them, dinna let them."

The gypsy girl's arms clasped her, and the gypsy kissed a sal-low cheek that had once been fair. No one had caressed Nanny for many years, but do you think she was too poor and old to care for these young arms round her neck? When the gypsy turned with flashing eyes to the two men she might have been a mother guarding her child.

"How dare you!" she cried, and they quaked like malefactors.

"You don't see—" Gavin began, but her indignation stopped him.

"You coward!" she said.

Even the doctor had been impressed, so that he now addressed the gypsy respectfully.

"This is all very well," he said, "but a woman's sympathy—"

"A woman!—ah, if I could be a man for only five minutes!"

She clenched her little fists, and again turned to Nanny.

"You poor dear, I won't let them take you away." She looked triumphantly at both minister and doctor, as one who had foiled them in their cruel designs.

"Go!" she said, pointing grandly to the door.

Then to the gypsy Gavin said, firmly:

"You mean well, but you are doing this poor woman a cruelty in holding out hopes to her that cannot be realized. Sympathy isn't meal and bedclothes, and these are what she needs."

"And you who live in luxury, would send her to the poorhouse for them. I thought better of you!"

"Tuts! Mr. Dishart gives more than any other man in

Thrums to the poor, and he is not to be preached to by a gypsy. We are waiting for you, Nanny."

"Ay, I'm coming," said Nanny, leaving the Egyptian. "I'll hae to gang, lassie. Dinna greet for me."

But the Egyptian said, "No, you are not going. It is these men who are going. Go, sirs, and leave us."

"And you will provide for Nanny?" asked the doctor, contemptuously.

"Yes."

"And where is the siller to come from?"

"That is my affair, and Nanny's. Begone, both of you. She shall never want again."

"I won't begone," the doctor said, roughly, "till I see the color of your siller."

"It is not possible to-night, but to-morrow I will bring five pounds; no, I will send it; no, you must come for it."

"I suppose you are suddenly to rise out of the ground as you have done to-day."

"Whether I rise out of the ground or not, you will meet me to-morrow about this hour at—say the Kaimes of Cushie?"

"No," said the doctor, after a moment's pause; "I won't. Even if I went to the Kaimes I should not find you there."

"How can a vagrant have five pounds in her pocket when she does not have five shillings on her back?"

"You are a cruel, hard man," the girl said, beginning to lose hope. "But see, look at this ring. Do you know its value?"

"Mercy on us!" Nanny cried; "I believe it's what they call a diamond."

"See, I will give it to you to hold in hostage. If I am not at the Kaimes to get it back you can keep it."

The doctor took the ring in his hand and examined it curiously.

"There is a quirk in this," he said at last, "that I don't like. Take back your ring, lassie. Mr. Dishart, give Nanny your arm, and I'll carry her box to the machine."

Now all this time Gavin had been in the dire distress of a man possessed of two minds, of which one said, "This is a true woman," and the other, "Beware!"

"You trust me," the gypsy said, with wet eyes; and now that he looked on her—

"Yes," he said, firmly, "I trust you," and the words that had

been so difficult to say were the right words. He had no more doubt of it.

"Give him the ring then, lassie," said McQueen.

She handed the minister the ring, but he would not take it.

"I have your word," he said; "that is sufficient."

"So be it," said the doctor. "Come, Mr. Dishart!" and together they went, leaving Nanny with the gypsy girl who had saved her from the poorhouse.

A Lost Sensation.

By P. Y. BLACK.

With the permission of GINN & Co., Boston; also of PERRY MASON & Co.,
Boston. With the special permission of P. Y. BLACK.

A Lost Sensation.

GLEN left the great newspaper building one evening in a disturbed frame of mind, for the city editor had hinted that men on other papers were finding all the good things. He had not gone a block before he was aware of an eager voice hailing him. It was that of a rosy and excited boy of twelve years, a child of the curbstones.

"Well, Petey," the reporter called cordially, "what can I do for you?"

"Say," cried Petey, "d'you want to take in de show!"

"What show?"

"Daddy Smith's benefick. I'm de manager, I am, an' it aint no fake show, you bet. You want to come an' put it in de pape. See? Here's yer ticket.

"Dere's goin' to be de Injun Maiden. Den dere's goin' to be all de new songs up to date, same as at de teayter, an' Hairy Mick de shoeblack's goin' to give a skirt dance. You ever seed him? He's great. 'Dmission t'ree cents fur only dem dat haint got a nickel. Dat's de press ticket fur you"

"But I think, Petey, if it's a benefit, I ought to pay for my seat," said Glen, solemnly, giving the boy half a dollar. "Now who is Daddy Smith, and why is he to have a benefit? Is he a boy?"

"Naw! Daddy's an ole man an' a gent'mun, he is, an 'orful well eddicated. He knows mos' ev'ryt'ing, daddy does. He's good to us. See? He lets all de boys wot is nice boys come up to his room, an' den we's good times; an' he tells stories, an' makes you want to be a hero an' die like Abram Lincoln, and have all de dude peoples cry at de fun'ral."

"I aint de same feller as I was, 'fore daddy took hold of me. I'se learned things, I has; an' I tell you mister, I'se a good man now. We're all diff'runt—daddy's boys."

"But, say, mister, dere ought to be de presin—de presintashun in de pape, an' I guess you can come wid me after de show an'

see dat, 'cause I'se got to make de speeches. We want to do dis t'ing in style. See?"

The entertainment was entirely orderly and passed off with great success. Petey joined Glen when the programme was finished, with a face glowing with satisfaction.

"I'se got a dollar an' sixty cents," he said radiantly, "'an' de half-dollar you give me. Say, dat'll pay daddy's room rent fur more'n a week. De kids has 'p'inted me a dallygit to give de coin to Daddy Smith. You come wid me an' see de presenshun. "And oh, I say, mister, you make the speech and the presenshun, too. I ain't no Chauncy Depew!"

"Nonsense," laughed Glen.

They ascended together the greasy stairway of an old house in a humble quarter, climbing until they reached the topmost story. Resting on a cot in a corner a man reclined, a book still between his fingers, while four youths were scattered about the little room.

The boy, rushed, with a whoop of delight, into the open arms of the man.

"Say, Daddy!" he cried, "de reporter saw de show, an' it'll all be in de pape. See? Daddy, dis 'ere's de pape man, wot's a nice feller."

The man turned his moist and happy eyes at last from the little boy and looked at Glen, and then there came a silence in the room, and a chill, when the two men met, for the newspaper man recognized at once, in this "daddy" of the boys, a criminal, an untried felon, a fugitive from justice!

"I know you, Morrow!" he exclaimed. "You swindler!"

He reached for the handle of the door, but found himself confronted by an angry lad.

"Take that back!" cried the boy. "Who's you 'calling a swindler?"

Glen threw himself against the wall for defence, but the lads darted at him from every direction, and tripped him up, so that he fell heavily on the uncarpeted planks. The newspaper man had been severely handled before the old man could rise from his bed and run to them.

"Boys!" he cried; and at his voice they stopped their work with immediate submission.

"Forgive the boys!" he said gently. "They are good lads, and

mean well. You irritated them by calling me that. But—you were quite right. I am Morrow."

"Do not think me a hypocrite," said the man, "because I teach these lads. I should be glad if you would believe that I am different from what I was. I have been ready for this," he said, "but I am sorry—sorry for the boys. They believed in me, and they were doing so well. They love me, and God knows I do my best for them."

Glen left the room slowly and descended to the street. He thought of what credit this exclusive story of the capture of a great embezzler in the morning paper would bring him with his editors and comrades, and he was young, and such golden chances were few. It would be his story exclusively—a notable "scoop."

Glen walked on slowly. The combat in his breast was hard, ambition and revenge and self-gain opposed to mercy alone. Suddenly, from the shadows of the deserted, narrow street in which he walked, a hasty, angry figure darted and barred the way. It was Petey.

"I'se bin watchin' yer," he cried. "Aint you ashamed? Yah! Ye're too mean to live! Where yer goin'? Goin' to bring de cops on a old man as never hurt nobody? Aint you ashamed?"

"I wish I'd never seed you. I t'ought you was nice. It's my fault takin' you to de show, an' now de cops'll get daddy, an' it's no more use to be heroes an' Abrum Lincolns. I'll go back to me fader, an me fader'll t'ump me an' I'll run an' do it again."

"Do what again?" said Glen.

"Steal!" sobbed Petey. "Same's I did 'fore daddy made a man of me!"

Glen felt very troubled. Justice and duty were two grand words, but they seemed to him of small meaning just now, if they spelled ruin to these lads, struggling to be good.

Glen turned his back on the distant lamp of the police headquarters. "Come!" he said. "Let's have a talk with daddy," and together they walked back and in at the silent entrance of the tenement. But the room was empty.

"Daddy's skipped!" whispered Petey. "He's drowned himself!" and then without further explanations he darted out, with the reporter at his heels.

The night was dark, but at the end of the pier, against the blank gray of the wide river, they faintly saw a solitary figure.

"It's daddy," cried the boy.

At the shout, the man on the end of the wharf rose to his feet, and Glen saw his white face, fearful and desperate. The fugitive saw them also, and turned to the river. With a cry he leaped, and Glen heard the splash as the body struck the water. But Petey dived like a rat after his friend. The boy seized the man by his collar.

"Mister! De boat!" Petey gasped, and Glen, searching, saw a little boat at the end of the pier. He lowered himself swiftly into it and sculled to the struggling pair. With violent exertion he succeeded in dragging the drowning friends into the boat, and sculled back to the wharf. Soon he had pulled them to safety on the flooring of the pier; and then Glen turned to the boy.

"God bless you, Petey," he said. "If daddy is worth so much to you as that, take him."

"Smith," he said, "Daddy,—as the boy calls you,—that was a very foolish thing to do, and wrong. In the first place, if you meant to kill Morrow, the man you and I once knew, it was unnecessary. I learned something to-night—Petey told me. That man is dead. Between you and me and Petey, he was no good. But Petey told me something else to-night. When that rascal died there was born another man—quite a new man, you know, and as different as possible from Morrow. He does a wonderful lot of good in a humble way. It was very wrong to try to kill that man, daddy. Kill him? Why I even know of some," and Glen put his arm round Petey's neck, "who would risk their lives to save *that* man."

The boy was looking from one to the other, at first in doubt, but now with a joyful face.

"An' you aint goin' to bring no cops, are you?" he cried.

"I'm going straight home, Petey," said Glen, "and I leave Daddy Smith in your charge. Run! If either of you catch cold, I'll wallop you, Petey."

"I tol' yer he was a nice man!" cried the boy.

Glen watched them trot off into the darkness; the boy's face was radiant with gratitude.

"I am afraid," Glen muttered, "I am a very bad citizen and, as a newspaper man, an abject failure."

The Identification of "Bronco Jim."

By GEORGE ADE.

With the permission of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. With the special
permission of GEORGE ADE.

The Identification of "Bronco Jim."

JAMES Tibbetts went away from Musselwhite in 1873 as a well-behaved agriculturist. He came back in 1883 as "Bronco Jim," wearing the white hat of the Western cavalier. His uneventful years in and about Musselwhite were matters of record, but his ten years in the west were enveloped in mystery, which Jim sometimes sought to deepen rather than dispel.

The tantalizing part of it was that no one in Musselwhite could successfully contradict any of the tingling narratives with which Jim whiled away the long winter evenings and the long summer days at Talbot's store. There was no denying that Jim had been "out west" somewhere for ten years and that he came back with a white hat and a revolver of prodigious size, and immediately installed himself as chief story-teller.

For fully a month after his return, in 1883, "Bronco Jim" chafed and champed for the open range, the swish of the lariat and the cheerful bark of the six-shooter. Sometimes the fever would get into his blood and he would have to go into the vacant lot back of the Fredericks' livery stable and shoot at a mark. Very often he would say to the line of admirers perched behind him, "Boys, s'posin' that door was a Sioux." Then he would fire six shots in rapid succession at the inoffensive door propped up about fifty feet distant, each shot taking immediate effect. This dramatic performance had a wonderful charm for the boys of Musselwhite. But more wonderful still, was the story of how he had won the passionate affection of a chief's daughter, thereby incurring the deadly hatred of the chief, and being compelled to make a desperate ride for life right through the hostile country with bullets zipping all about!

Could any one blame "Bronco Jim" for repeating many times certain words spoken to him by Nelson A. Miles: "I want this here dispatch to git through on time, Jim, and you're the only one I can trust to git 'er through."

One name studded most of the narratives—the name of Choctaw Bill. Jim did not say that he and Choctaw Bill had slept under the same blanket every night for five years, but that such a degree of intimacy existed was to be inferred from the easy and familiar manner in which he made reference to the famous scout.

When Jim was not present at the daily gathering in Talbot's store "Doc" Clevison, the town homeopath, frequently would express the conviction that Jim was a colossal liar. "Doc" Clevison had but few ambitions in this life. One of them was to expose "Bronco Jim"—to show him up to all of Musselwhite as a fraud and a pretender. One evening "Doc" Clevison looked across at him seriously and asked, "Jim, did you ever run across a Sioux chief by the name of Blue Thunder?"

"Never knew him very well," replied Jim. "Saw him once or twice in the Snake River country."

"What kind of a lookin' fellow wuz he?" asked "Doc."

"Tall and light-complected," said Jim. "I think he wuz a half-breed."

"It's funny that you'd remember him so well," said "Doc" deliberately, "becuz there never wuz any chief of that name. I thought the name out myself."

A painful silence ensued, with "Bronco Jim" looking very hard at "Doc" Clevison.

"There *wuz* a chief by that name an' I knew him as well as I know you," said Jim; "but he wuzn't a Sioux—he wuz a Brule."

How was "Doc" Clevison to demonstrate, being put upon the defensive, that there never had been a chief named Blue Thunder? The victory lay clearly with "Bronco Jim."

At last "Doc" Clevison's opportunity came. Choctaw Bill's Wild West Show and Traveling Exposition of Life on the Plains was billed to appear at Logansport. When Jim learned that Choctaw Bill was to appear in Logansport he did not manifest the keen enthusiasm that might have been expected of one who had the opportunity to renew hallowed associations.

"Goin'?" asked Bill Gunning.

"Nope—don't believe I will," replied Jim. "It's an old story to me. Besides, it's a mighty poor imitation of what we went through out there. I don't see no particular fun in gallopin' around in front of a lot of women and children, an' breakin' glass balls an' so on."

"Won't Choctaw Bill be expectin' you?" asked "Doc." "He knows you live here, don't he?"

"Last time I saw Bill we had a few words; nothin' very serious, but I don't know as I'd care to make up with him unless the first move came from him."

"Jim, he'd be tickled to death to see you," said "Doc." "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay your way over an' take you into the show if you'll agree to go."

"Well, I'll think it over." And that evening for the first time in years Jim seemed disinclined to tell of Choctaw Bill and life in the Indian Country.

By diplomatic persistency, "Doc" induced Jim to promise to go to Logansport. When the fateful morning came "Doc" Clevison lead him to the station. Jim made no outward sign of being happy. Not when he arrived at the station platform and was loudly greeted by Bill Gunning and Henry Talbot and Baz Williamson, all of whom seemed to be in a condition of almost hysterical gayety. They were overjoyed at the prospect of being witnesses to the meeting of "Bronco Jim" and "Choctaw Bill."

Now fortunately for James Tibbetts he had a nephew—a ripening attorney with a local shrewdness. Homer Tibbetts was at the station and overheard the gleeful comments of the conspirators and saw the unmistakable look of gloom on his uncle's face and understood the situation.

At 11.30 the great Choctaw Bill, seated in his private tent, received the card of Mr. Homer Tibbetts, attorney-at-law. He suspected that Mr. Tibbetts wanted two free tickets, but he consented to see the gentleman.

The future U. S. Senator seated himself on the camp-stool pointed out by the remarkable character with the overflow of hair and the eagle eye.

"I'll come right to the point," said Homer Tibbetts. "Did you ever know a man named Jim Tibbetts?"

"Tibbetts? Tibbetts?" repeated Choctaw Bill. "It seems to me that a fellow by that name used to work on my ranch in Nebraska."

"It's my uncle Jim and he knows you a good deal better than you know him. I don't suppose that any other man in the

United States has given you half the free advertising that you've got out of my Uncle Jim. We will admit, Mr. Choctaw Bill, that my uncle is the infernallest liar that ever drew the breath of life. But he has been a good liar—a consistent liar, and in all of his lies you have appeared to advantage. Well, he's up here to-day and he's got with him a lot of doubting Thomases who expect to bring him around to see you and thereby show him up. So I'm appealing to you to be a good fellow. I want you to recognize him when you see him. Call him by name. Recall a few incidents of the Sioux war and then offer him a ticket to the show. It's all right. He's got his ticket."

Choctaw Bill smiled a grim and sympathetic smile.

"I never went back on a friend," he said.

"Uncle Jim is getting on in years. His whole future as a liar is now in your hands. You can save him from disgrace and humiliation."

"Give me a few pointers," said Choctaw Bill, picking up a pad of paper.

Meanwhile the conspirators loaded "Bronco Jim" onto a trolley-car and he rode out to the show lot, overburdened with the dull horror of an impending crisis.

Ashen pale, a helpless thing carried along into the maelstrom of Fate, "Bronco Jim" approached the private tent of his old friend and camp-mate, Choctaw Bill.

The flaps of the tent parted and the buckskin hero, at a swift signal from the attorney-at-law, was holding "Bronco Jim" by the hand.

"Jim Tibbetts, put her there!" he exclaimed. "It's good for sore eyes to see you again. Miles was asking about you the other day. I told him that you'd probably run up from Musselwhite to see me. You saved my life more'n once and I figured that you'd be here to-day if you had to walk the whole distance."

Jim stood and listened with a ghastly smile, but "Doc" Clevison and the others were too much stunned and blinded to observe his confusion.

To this day "Bronco Jim" will sit apart from the others trying to explain to himself the miracle. It is all a vast mystery to him. But he has the satisfaction of knowing that any story he may choose to tell has the hall-mark of authority. He was identified by Choctaw Bill.

Selection from Pheidippides.

By ROBERT BROWNING.

Selection from Pheidippides.

FIRST I salute this soil of the blessed, river and rock!
Gods of my birthplace, demons and heroes, honour to
all!

Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return!
See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no spectre that speaks!
Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me, Athens and
you,

“Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for aid!
Persia has come, we are here, where is She?” Your command
I obeyed,

Ran and raced: like stubble, some field which a fire runs
through,
Was the space between city and city: two days, two nights did
I burn

Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up peaks.
Into their midst I broke: breath served but for “Persia has
come!

Persia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute, water and earth;
Razed to the ground is Eretria—but Athens, shall Athens sink,
Drop into dust and die—the flower of Hellas utterly die,
Die with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid, the
stander-by?

Answer me quick, what help?

Lo, their answer at last!

“Ponder that precept of old, ‘No warfare, whatever the odds
In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is unable to take
Full-circle her state in the sky! Already she rounds to it fast:
Athens must wait, patient as we—who judgment suspend.”
Athens,—except for that sparkle,—thy name, I had mouldered
to ash!

That sent a blaze thro' my blood; off, off and away was I back,
—Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the false and the
vile!

Yet "O Gods of my land!" I cried, as each hillock and plain,
 Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing past them again,
 "Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honours we paid you
 erewhile?"

Such my cry, as, rapid, I ran over Parnes' ridge;
 Gully and gap I clambered and cleared till, sudden, a bar
 Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking the way.
 There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he—majestical Pan!
 Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head, moss cushioned his hoof;
 All the great God was good in the eyes grave-kindly—the curl
 Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's awe
 As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs grand I saw.
 "Halt, Pheidippides!"—halt I did, my brain of a whirl:
 "Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?" he gracious began.
 "Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn, have faith
 In the temples and tombs! Go, say to Athens, 'The Goat-God
 saith:

When Persia—so much as strews not the soil—is cast in the sea,
 Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks with your most and
 least.'

While, as for thee—" But enough! He was gone. If I ran
 hitherto,

Be sure that the rest of my journey, I ran no longer, but flew.
 Parnes to Athens—earth no more, the air was my road;
 Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no more on the razor's
 edge!

Pan for Athens, Pan for me! I too have a guerdon rare!
 Then spoke Miltiades. "And thee, best runner of Greece,
 Whose limbs did duty indeed,—what gift is promised thyself?
 Tell it us straightway,—Athens the mother demands of her
 son!"

Rosily blushed the youth: he paused: but, lifting at length
 His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered the rest of
 his strength

Into the utterance—"Pan spoke thus: 'For what thou hast
 done

Count on a worthy reward! Henceforth be allowed the release
 From the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in praise or in pelf!"

I am bold to believe, Pan means reward the most to my mind!

Fight I shall, with our foremost, wherever this fennel may
grow, —

Pound—Pan helping us—Persia to dust, and, under the deep,
Whelm her away forever, and then,—no Athens to save,—
Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the brave,—
Hie to my house and home: and, when my children shall creep
Close to my knees,—recount how the God was awful yet kind,
Promised their sire reward to the full—rewarding him—so!”

Unforeseeing one! Yes, he fought on the Marathon day:
So, when Persia was dust, all cried “To Akropolis!
Run, Pheidippides, one race more! the meed is thy due!
‘Athens is saved, thank Pan,’ go shout!” He flung down his
shield,

Ran like fire once more: and the space ’twixt the Fennel-field
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs through,
Till in he broke: “Rejoice, we conquer!” Like wine thro’ clay
Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died—the bliss!

So, to this day, when friend meets friend, the word of salute
Is still “Rejoice!”—his word which brought rejoicing indeed.
So is Pheidippides happy forever,—the noble, strong man
Who could race like a god, bear the face of a god, whom a god
loved so well,

He saw the land saved he had helped to save, and was suffered
to tell

Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously as he began,
So to end gloriously—once to shout, thereafter be mute:
“Athens is saved!”—Pheidippides dies in the shout for his meed.

Selection from The Doctor's Daughter.

By SOPHIE MAY.

With the permission of LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers.

Selection from The Doctor's Daughter.

MARCH, having come in like a lion, was going out like a tiger. Dr. Prescott had just finished his morning calls, and] was urging his horse homeward. Marian was at the bay-window, watching for him.

"I'm so glad you've come, papa!" she cried. "Mr. Dickey has had a fall; sent an hour ago. But do come in and have your dinner first."

Dr. Prescott ate a hurried dinner and then said: "Now kiss me, and good by. Let us see. It will be lonely for you and little brother, this afternoon, in the storm; you'd better speak to Robert, when he brings the mail, and ask him to study here this evening."

"O, ho, who's *scat?*", said Benjie.

"Not our youngest, surely," said his father, laughing. "Good by, my children."

And in another moment Dr. Prescott was out again in the wildness of the storm.

Marian, alone with Benjie, found the afternoon dull. Night set in, and her father had not returned. That was nothing very strange; but where was Robert, that he did not come with the mail? She sent Benjie for apples, and he came back shouting gleefully,—

"Cellar's afloat! Tubs a-swimming!"

"Is it possible? Well, if we can't have apples, little brother, we'll have something better."

So they boiled molasses candy in a basin over the coals.

But still Robert did not come. The clock struck nine. Benjie curled down upon the rug, to listen to the story of Jack and the Beanstalk, and in two minutes was fast asleep. Marian put more wood on the fire, and went to the window to look out. Nothing but blackness. She dropped the curtain, laid Benjie on the sofa, and came back to her seat in her mother's low rocking-chair. There was no sense in being nervous; but the wildness without and the stillness within combined to be very oppressive.

The clock struck ten. It was clear that Robert was not com-

ing; he never did come as late as ten. Marian stirred the fire, and wrapping herself in a shawl lay down beside Benjie on the wide, old-fashioned sofa. Her father would be sure to come soon. Strange what had kept Robert.

She no longer heard the wind, though it still shook the house; nor the clock, though it struck eleven, then twelve. Still Marian slept. Suddenly there fell a great calm. The North wind stopped and held his breath. It may have been to listen to the hoarse roar of many waters. The river, which had been only little Bassett yesterday, had swollen now to monstrous size, and was rushing headlong over its banks. On, on, with the might of a conqueror, gathering force as it goes, the mad river dashes and takes to itself all that comes in its way.

Now for a revel, for Bassett, the conqueror, the demon, rushes thundering down stream. Boom! Crash! It goes, shrieking.

Marian started up broad awake, every nerve vibrating, as if from an electric shock. A roar like Niagara filled the room. She threw up the window and looked out.

It was a dream, and she knew it. A dream? O, yes! The Atlantic Ocean never rolled up to the door-yard before. Strange she couldn't wake!

Look! the fence at the foot of the garden was quite under water. The flood was coming nearer. Marian could see it creeping up the south slope in the door-yard, faster, faster! There was but one alternative—to rush to the hill behind the house, or drown.

"O, Benjie, Benjie, wake up!" cried she, shaking him frantically.

"Let me 'lone," growled Benjie.

"But you must get up, Benjie, little brother. We're going to be drowned! Do you hear?"

Benjie was fast asleep again.

"What shall I, *shall* I do?" groaned the poor sister.

Seizing him in her arms, she half led, half dragged him to the west door, and out on the porch.

Horror of horrors! A stream came "rushing amain down" through the valley, cutting them off from the hill. Benjie, awake at last, clung to her waist, moaning, "Mamie, Mamie!" too frightened to cry.

"Papa 'n' aunt Flora no business to gone off and left us," wailed Benjie. "Why don't somebody see to us?"

"Hush, little brother," said Marian. "God is right here. Don't be afraid. Hark! There is poor Zephyr neighing in the stable. If I go to her and let her out, perhaps she can swim. Benjie, you can go up stairs and ring the big dinner-bell out of the window. Somebody will hear it, and know we're in trouble, and come for us, perhaps."

"Yes, I'll go," said Benjie, bravely.

Marian threw a cloak over her head, and rushed to the barn. She lifted the latch, and groped her way to Zephyr's crib. It seemed as if the knot would never unloose; and, while Marian worked at it, the loud ding-dong from the chamber window ceased; Benjie had thrown down the dinner-bell in despair. She could hear his frightened cry,—

"Mamie! Mamie! O, do come, Mamie!"

"Coming, Benjie!"

At the last desperate twitch the knot gave way. With a white, fixed face, Marian went into the house, and would have drawn Zephyr also; but the half-crazed animal paced, snorting, up and down the porch, and as the water broke over it, plunged or was borne out into the stream.

"Benjie, dear, O little Benjie," said Marian; "somebody will think of us; somebody will come."

"They must 've heard the bell," said Benjie. "I rung, 'n' I rung, 'n' I rung. Folks in Boston heard; couldn't help it, I rung so hard."

"Benjie, we must go up stairs; the water is over our ankles. We won't drown till the last minute; we'll keep a brave heart, little brother."

"Now we'll look on life from upper windows."

Lights were gleaming from all the neighboring houses, making intersecting paths of flame upon the moving sea. Marian could dimly see men running down the street, and hear them calling to one another.

"Help! Help!" she shouted, while Benjie screamed, "Fire! Fire!"

Nobody heard, nobody answered.

Inch by inch the water was creeping up the stairs. The ice without beat against the house with a dull click. Then came a

crashing of glass down stairs. The flood was breaking into the lower windows. Benjie screamed.

"Darling, don't cry," said Marian, with trembling faith. "You know that God cares for the little sparrows even."

"Yes, he used to; but he don't care a thing about my martins," sobbed Benjie, as the martin-house was borne swiftly past.

Marian did not answer. She only drew her little brother close to her heart, and waited. For what?

A heavy cloud sailed across the moon. Marian watched it with a strange fascination, while Benjie clung to her with a clasp that was absolute pain.

"Dr. Prescott! Marian!"

The voice came to her from the darkness without. She sprang up with a joyful cry,—

"O, Robert, I *thought* you would come! Where are you? I can't see."

"Here, under the window. How many are there in the house."

"Only Benjie and I."

"Go across to your room. Get out on the roof of the porch. We'll row round and take you off."

The boat with its two misty figures glided out of sight.

She heard the splashing of oars, and climbed out upon the slippery roof of the porch. Next came Benjie.

"Move cautiously, for heaven's sake, Marian," cried Robert. "Be cool, and there's no danger."

In the middle of the short journey Benjie's courage failed.

"I'm scat, Mamie; I'm awful scat! Don't let's go. Do come back."

"I will go away and leave you alone, Benjie," said Robert, sternly, "if you cry any more. Here, Marian, steady yourself by this."

And he reached up to her the blade of an oar, while with his left oar he fought back the flood.

Marian reached Benjie down to Robert, who stowed him away in the bottom of the boat.

"Now, Marian."

And she slid down into Robert's arms.

"Safe, safe," thought she, with an exultant thrill. "I thought God meant it to be so; but I wasn't sure."

Fenwick Major's Little 'Un.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

With the author's special permission.

Fenwick Major's Little 'Un.

(Edinburgh student lodgings of usual type. Roger Chirnside, M. A., with many books about him, seated at table. Jo Bentley and "Tad" Anderson squabbling at the fireplace.)

(Loquitur Roger Chirnside.)

LOOK here, you fellows, if you can't be quiet, I'll kick you out of this! How on earth is a fellow to get up 'head-aches' for his final, if you keep making such a mischief of a row?

(Starting to his feet.) Lay down that book, Bentley! Do you hear? Lay down that book! No, it's not because it is a Bible.

Why am I so stung up about that book? Tell you fellows? Well, I don't mind knocking off a bit and giving you the yarn. That Bible belonged to Fenwick Major. I entered with Fenwick Major when I came up as a first year's man in arts. He came up to college with me. Third-class carriage—our several maters at the door weeping—you know the kind of thing. Fenwick's governor prowling about in the background with a tenner in an envelope to stick in through the window.

His mother with a new Bible and his name on the first leaf. So we came up. Fenwick Major's name stands next to mine on the University books.

Well, Fenwick Major and I got through our first session together. We were lonely, of course, and we chummed some. First go off, we lodged together. But Fenwick had hordes of chips and I had only my bursary, and none too much of that. Fenwick wanted a first floor. I preferred the attic, and thought a sitting-room unnecessary. So we parted. I envied, but luckily had no money.

Well, the short and the long of it is that Fenwick Major began to go to the dogs, the way you and I have seen a many go. Oh, it's a gay road—room inside, and a penny all the way. But there's always the devil to pay at the far end. I'm not preaching, fellows; only you take my word for it and keep clear.

Yet, in spite of the dogs, there was no mistake but Fenwick Major could work. His father was a parson—white hair on his shoulders, venerable old boy, all that sort of thing. Had coached Fenwick. So he got two medals that session, and the fellows—his own set—gave him a supper—whisky-toddy, and we'll not go home till morning—that style!

They were all in court the next day. Most of the fellows gave their right enough names, but they agreed to lie about Fenwick's, for his father's sake and his medals. So Fenwick went home all right with his two medals. His father met him at the station, proud as Punch. His mother took possession of the medals; and when she thought that Fenwick Major was out of the way, she took them all round the parish in her black reticule basket, velvet cases and all, and showed them to the good-wives.

Then Fenwick Major went back to Edinburgh, as he told his father, to read during the summer session, and when he came up again in November, Fenwick Major was going it harder than ever. Then he gave up attending class much, only turning up for examinations. He had fits of grinding like fire at home. Again he would chuck the whole thing, and lounge all day and most of the night about shops in the shady lanes back of the Register.

Fact was, we felt somebody ought to speak to Fenwick—so all the fellows said. But of course, when it came to the point, they pitched on me, and stuck at me till they made me promise.

So I met him and said to him: "Now, look here, Fenwick, this is playing it pretty low down on the old man at home and your mother. Better let up on this drinking and cutting round loose. It's skittles any way, and will come to no good!"

I think Fenwick Major was first of all a bit staggered at my speaking to him. Later he came to himself, and told me where to go for a meddling young hypocrite.

"Who are you to come preaching to me, any way?" he said.

And I admitted that I was nobody. But I told him all the same that he had better listen to what I said.

But after that, Fenwick Major never looked the way I was on.

He drank more than ever; and there was the damp, bleached look about his face that you see in some wards up at the infirmary.

But right at the close of the session we heard that the end had come. So, at least, we thought. Fenwick Major had married a barmaid, or something like that. "What a fool!" said some. I was only thankful that I had not to tell his mother.

But his mother was told, and his father came to Edinburgh to find Fenwick Major. He did not find the prodigal son, who was said to have gone to London. At any rate, his father went home, and in a fortnight there was a funeral—two in a month. Mother went first, then the old man. I went down to both, and cursed Fenwick Major and his barmaid with all the curses I knew.

I never thought to hear more of him. Did not want to. He was lost. He had married a barmaid, and I knew where his father and mother lay under the sod.

One night I was working here late. There was a knock at the door. The landlady was in bed, so I went. There was a laddie there, bare-legged, and with a voice like a rip-saw.

"If ye please, there's a man wants awfu' to see ye at Grant's Land at the back o' the Pleasance."

I took my stick and went out into the night. I stumbled up to the door, and the boy showed me in. It was a poor place—of the poorest. The stair was simply filthy. But the room into which I was shown was clean; and there on a bed, with the gas and the dawn from the east making a queer light on his face, sat Fenwick Major.

He held out his hand.

"How are you, Chirnside? Kind of you to come. This is the little wife!" was what he said, but I can tell you he looked a lot more.

At the word a girl in black stole silently out of the shadow, in which I had not noticed her. She had a white, drawn face, and she watched Fenwick Major as a mother watches a sick child that is going to be taken from her up at the hospital.

"I wanted to see you, old chap, before I went—you know. It's a long way to go, and there's no use in hanging back even if I could. But the little wife says she knows the road, and that I won't find it dark. She can't read much, the little wife—education neglected and all that. Precious lot I made of mine, medals and all! But she's a trump. She made a man of me. Worked for me, nursed me. Yes, you did, Sis, and I *shall* say

it. It won't hurt me to say it. Nothing will hurt me now, Sis.

"Look here, Chirnside, the Little 'Un can't read; but, do you know, she sleeps with my old mother's Bible under her pillow. I can't read either, though you would hardly know it. I lost my sight the year I married (my own fault, of course), and I've been no better than a block ever since. I want you to read me a bit out of the old Book."

"Why didn't you send for a minister, Fenwick?" I said. "He could talk to you better than I can."

"Don't want anybody to speak to me. Little 'Un has done all that. But I want you to read. And, see here, Chirnside, I was a brute beast to you once—quarreled with you years ago—"

"Don't think of that, Fenwick Major!" I said. "That's all right!"

"Well, I won't, for what's the use? But Little 'Un said, 'Don't let the sun go down upon your wrath.' 'And no more I will, Little 'Un,' says I. So I sent a boy after you, old man."

And then I read three or four chapters of the Bible—out of Fenwick's mother's old Bible—the one she handed in at the carriage window that morning he and I set off for college. I actually did, and this is the Bible.

When I had finished, I said—"Fenwick, I'm awfully sorry, but fact is—I can't pray."

"Never mind about that, old man!" said he; "Little 'Un can pray!"

And Little 'Un did pray; and I tell you what, fellows, I never heard any such prayer. That little girl was a brick.

Then Fenwick Major put out fingers like pipe-staples, and said—

"Old man, you'll give Little 'Un a hand—after—you know."

I don't know that I said anything. Then he spoke again, and very slowly—

"It's all right, old boy. Sun hasn't gone down on our wrath, has it?"

And even as he smiled and held a hand of both of us, the sun went down.

Little brick, wasn't she? Good little soul as ever was! Three cheers for the little wife, I say. What are you fellows snuffing at there? Why can't you cheer?

Red-Head's Story of the Feud.

(From STRINGTOWN-ON-THE-PIKE.)

By JOHN URI LLOYD.

With the permission of Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers.



Red-Head's Story of the Feud.

RED-HEAD, a quiet, peculiar boy from the mountains, while attending the village school at Stringtown-on-the-Pike is found to be carrying a pistol, contrary to the rules of the school. On being called out by the teacher and forced to give up the weapon, he pleads passionately for its return, and relates the following story of his life.

"I'm from the moun'ns, I am. I don't know jest how we'uns came ter live thar, an' et don't make no diff'r'nce. Our house w'an't no great shakes, et jest hed two rooms an' a mud chimney. Thet's all.

"Dad said, said he, one day when I wah a little thing,—'don't none ov yo' children cross the divide. Keep this side ov Bald Hill, fer that's a feud 'twixt Holcombs and we-uns."

"When brother Jim and I could hold a gun he taught us all 'bout shootin' an' grew monstrous proud ov us. One day I heerd him say ter mam thet he didn't care ef the feud war on ag'in. But he kept tellin' me'n Jim ter keep this side ov Bald Hill, jest the same, an' we did."

"But one day we started a young deer, an' et run fer the divide. We didn't notice whar et run, an' befoah I knew et, we war goin' down the moun'n tother side ov Bald Hill. Jim war ahead an' mighty close on the deer, when bang went a gun in the thicket, an' Jim dropped."

Here the boy stopped, hung his head, and drew his coarse sleeve across his eyes. "'Scuse me, teachah, I ain't used t' talkin', an' et makes me tired t' speak so long."

In a moment he resumed; "A minie ball hed gone in jest above one ear an' out jest below tother. I couldn't do nuthin' fer Jim, an' so I drapped him an' sneaked fer the thicket.

"Mam an' dad an' little Sis war sittin' at the table eatin' supper when I stepped inter the door, 'Whar's Jim?' mam axed.

"'Shot!'

"Dad got up an' pinted ter Bald Hill. 'Hev yo' boys crost the divide?"

“‘Yes.’

“‘Es he dead?’

“‘Yes. He’s lying jest over the hog-back.’

“Dad turned ter the fire-place an’ took down his big b’ar gun. I’ll bring Jim home. Yo’ folks keep in the cabin till I come. Don’t yo’ go out.’

“But dad didn’t come home that night. ‘Bout daylight I war waked by a knock on the door. Mam took down the ir’n bar an’ let dad in; he hed Jim in his arms. ‘The feud’s on,’ he said. ‘Thar’ll be a grave dug ‘cross the hill too when we bury Jim. Et war a long shot, but I caught him through the winder.’

“Well, teachah, we buried Jim in our row, an’ next day Sam Holcomb war buried in thern. Then we all got ready ter kill an’ be killed.

“One night mam war shot by a ball that come through the winder. She wa’n’t killed dead, but she couldn’t live long, an’ she knowed et. ‘Red,’ said she ter me, ‘take good care ov little Sissie. An’ Red, make me one promise,’

“Go on, mam, I’ll do et.’

“Don’t yo’ let up on the feud, Red. Et must be ter the end.’

“Yo’ needn’t make me promise that; I’ll fight et out.’

“‘I’d die happy ef your dad were livin’ ter help yo’.’

Here the teacher interrupted. “You say that your father had been killed?”

“Yes; I didn’t mention et, but he had been shot down ‘bout a month befoah.

“Next mornin’ I shut Sis in the cabin an’ sneaked over ter Jones’ an’ axed him ter come an’ bury mam: an’ I tell yo’, teachah, things war monstrous quiet ‘bout our place fer a time after thet. Sis hed l’arned ter keep still an’ stay in the house.

“She war only ‘bout three years old, but she had seen some bad days, teachah, an’ hed lots ov sense fer sech a little thing. Jim war shot, dad war shot, an’ mam war shot, but thar wa’n’t but one Holcomb left. An’ it war Sis er me next ef I couldn’t git him first!”

“I war too little ter use the big gun, an’ hed ter trust to the pistol er the light rifle, an’ et wa’n’t fair now, fer Tom Holcomb war the tallest man I ever seed, an’ he shot with a Springfield musket. I hedn’t much chance, fer I hed ter slip in an’ out the

cabin an' watch fer my own life an' care fer Sis an' try ter git a bead on Holcomb. But 'twa'n't no use, things war ag'in me.

"I slipped out one mornin' through the back door ter git some meal, fer thar wa'n't a bite ov bread in the place, an' when I came back the front door war wide open. I crept inter the house the back way, an' thar in the open door, huggin' her little rag doll, sat Sissie. I could see the head of the doll over her shoulder. The sun was shinin' bright in her face, her back war toward me, her little head leaned ag'in the side ov the door, an' she looked es sweet es a pictur. 'Sis,' I said, 'Sissie, yo' mus-sent sit in the door; Tom Holcomb 'll git you, Sis.' But she didn't say nuthin'. 'Guess she's asleep,' I thought, an' slipped ter her side an' jumped at her an' cried, 'Boo! Boo!' But she didn't move. The little thing hed opened the door ter sit in the sunshine, an' a bullet the size ov your thumb hed ploughed through her chest an' out her back. Et war a shame ter shoot sech a chunk ov lead through sech a little bit ov a girl. Thet bullet war big 'nough ter kill a b'ar.

"I picked her up an' laid her on the bed, an' then took an' old satchel an' put a few things inter et (I hedn't much) an' carefully wrapped up the little bloody doll, an' put thet on top. I hain't got nuthin' else now ter mind me ov Sissie but thet doll. I barred the front door an' slipped out the back way, out an' over the spur ter Jones' house. I took my pistol—thet's the very pistol (he pointed to the weapon on the table) an' left the guns an' everything else."

"'Et ain't fair,' I said ter Jones; 'Holcomb's too big fer me.'

"'Goin' ter run away?' said Jones.

"'No; goin' ter go away ter grow bigger. Tell Tom Holcomb thet ef he wants me I'll be in Stringtown-on-the-Pike.'"

"'An' ef he don't foller yo'?"

"'When I'm big 'nough ter handle a Springfield gun, I'll be back ag'in. Tell him the feud's on till one er the other ov us es shot.'

"'An' Sissie! Air yo' goin' ter leave Sissie?' said Jones.

"'She don't need me no longer. Yo'll find her on the bed in the cabin. Bury her in the row, 'longside ov mam. I shan't go to the buryin' fo' I can't run no risk ov old Holcomb's gun.'

"'Thet's all, teachah.

"'Holcomb's a dead shot, teachah, an' my head's a good

mark. Thar ain't much chance. Please give me back my pistol an' give me leave ter carry et, fer I needs et bad. I hain't no other friend this side ov the graveyard in the moun'ns. Ef I fights any ov these 'ere boys, I'll use my fists er a stick er a stone. I promise that I'll not use a gun 'lessen Holcomb comes. Ef he does, et'll mean the endin' of the feud one way er tother. an' ef I hain't no gun et'll be his way, sure. I'm a bad boy, teachah, es yo' folks looks at me, but yo' hain't seed things es I've seed 'em. Yo' wa'n't raised in the moun'ns, an' none ov yo' hain't no feud ter fight out. Please give me back my gun. I'll jest set on the fence and won't bother nobody."

When Independence Was the Stake.

By ADELE E. THOMPSON.

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When Independence Was the Stake.

I, a plain serving-maid, could not march with my father and brother to join the Continental army, but being only a girl must perforce remain at my service with Esquire Rowland. In those earlier years of the Revolution there was a sharp conflict 'twixt the old loyalty men had held for the King and the love of liberty that was like a mighty rising tide.

Mistress Sarah Rowland was the toast of the young men of Lewes and all the region round, and one afternoon she came cantering up the drive homeward, with a stranger on a red roan horse riding by her side. He had a bearing of easy grace, and his carriage suited his dress, the blue and buff uniform of a Continental officer.

"Here, father," called Mistress Sarah, in her clear voice, "I have entreated a guest, our friend Colonel Caesar Rodney, an' it please you."

Caesar Rodney!—my own eyes opened wider at the name—one of Delaware's delegates to the Continental Congress, endeared for his sturdy patriotism to patriot hearts throughout the state. But Mistress Sarah! I marveled at her. She was Tory to her heart's core; yet, looking at Colonel Rodney, it seemed not strange that being a woman she should count him worthy of her charm.

Mistress Sarah, with a little curtsy and with the white plume of her riding-hat curling against her white throat, her habit gathered in one dainty hand, led them into the house.

With evening I went out to take up a web of linen. As I knelt by the tall garden hedge folding the linen I heard steps on the other side, and then Mistress Sarah's voice.

"I asked you to meet me here as we have a guest in the house you may not care to meet, one Caesar Rodney."

"Caesar Rodney! What cursed luck brings him here now? With that smooth tongue of his he can mold men like wax to his will! The King hath not a greater enemy in all Delaware; there should be a price on his head!"

"Yes. He is sitting over the wine now with my father, and we are almost persuaded to put the cockade in our hats and cry 'Liberty forever!'" Then she smote her soft hands together. "Never! My father may temper and trim as he will, but I say, 'Long live the King!'"

Peeping through the hedge I saw that it was an English Captain. He turned from his unquiet pacing. "Mistress Sarah Rowland, you have a shrewd wit. Keep Caesar Rodney. The Continental Congress is a pestilent body, and nobody knows the mischief it may do. Use the weapons you have; charm him as you so well know how; hold him to your side—the longer the better."

And a baby might have envied the innocence of her soft voice as she answered, quietly, "I am but a simple girl, but I promise I will do the little I can."

In the days that followed there were many when Colonel Rodney was abroad, urging, persuading, and all with the result that wavering hearts were turned again to the patriot cause.

But whatever way he rode, Sarah Rowland's starry eyes, like magnets, ever drew him to her side. It was a silken leash, but one strong enough to hold that noble heart.

That was a day when mails were few and uncertain; but one day a courier handed in a letter for Colonel Rodney. I had but time to read "Haste, with speed," when Mistress Sarah came running down the stair. "Give it to me," she said, sharply, "and remember, all letters are my charge!"

Somewhat later and another letter came. This time she was first, but glancing over her shoulder I saw below the superscription, "Important, haste!"

So the long June days, filled with sunshine and roses, passed away, and the second of July had come, when a messenger, dust-covered and with his horse afoam, came spurring up the drive and flung himself off at the door. "Is Colonel Rodney within? I must see him instantly," he demanded.

"Is it Colonel Rodney you would see?" I started, for it was Sarah Rowland's clear voice at my elbow.

"Mistress, he is wanted at once in Philadelphia, and I was bidden to ride as for my life till I found him and had put this letter in his hands," and as he spoke he drew it from his breast.

"I will at once seek Colonel Rodney out and deliver it to him."

"But I was charged to give it into his own hands."

She smiled her sweetest smile. "Your caution is well, my good man, but I have Colonel Rodney's trust. No hand save mine, I promise you, shall touch the letter till he has it—and you look spent and weary." She slipped a gold piece into his hand. "Let this be for your refreshing."

"God's truth, mistress," bowing over her hand, "your smile sweetens the gift. If Colonel Rodney win the like often I wonder not at his lingering." And leaving the letter in her slender fingers, he mounted his horse and galloped away.

Presently Colonel Rodney entered from the garden; but of the letter there was never a word. Then it was that a sudden resolution came to me, and slipping softly up I boldly stepped inside her chamber. On the window-seat lay an unfolded letter, which the first glance showed me was the one I had so lately seen. Its import was that though Colonel Rodney had given no heed to the letters already sent, now, for God's sake and the Colonies', to make haste, for never could he be more needed. Then it recited briefly that the resolution introduced by Lee for the independence of the Colonies was still before Congress; that at its consideration on June 8th and July 1st the two delegates present from Delaware had voted the one for, the other against, the resolution; that a third ballot had been ordered for July 4th, when Delaware's vote was necessary to secure its unanimous adoption, and unless he was in his seat that vote would fail.

Colonel Rodney was walking up and down before the door, lightly humming a tune. "Here is a letter, sir; I found it in Mistress Sarah's room," I stammered. "Read it; it concerns you. Not an hour ago a messenger came riding as for life and gave this into her hand for you."

As he read his face grew like marble in its white sternness. "John," he called to a serving-man, "saddle my horse at once—instantly!" He laid his hand on my shoulder: "My good girl, you have done your country a great service this day."

As he was speaking I heard a door open, and then Sarah Rowland's light step. As she saw the open letter in his hand she paused, while her face grew white as the lute-string gown she wore.

"Mistress Sarah Rowland," and I shivered at the clear coldness of his voice. "I never expect to look on a fairer face than

yours; I hope I may never see a falser," and he struck the open letter in his hand.

As by an effort she rallied herself. "If I have been over-jealous for you, forgive me," she urged. "We shall all be subjects of the King again; why should you risk your life? For my sake stay—for my sake!" Her face was aglow with pleading passion as she held out her arms. For an instant I fancied she had swayed him, but it was only for an instant.

"Stay? No; not if I had a hundred lives instead of one at stake!" Then, as a spasm of pain crossed his face, "An hour ago you held my heart in your keeping, but when trust goes love flies; from now I pledge mine to my country." With that he flung himself out of the door and onto his waiting horse, and through the silence sounded the lessening ring of the swift hoof-beats; and listening, Sarah Rowland stood, her proud head, that had never drooped before, bent low, and the red roses held so tightly that one by one the petals fell like blood-drops at her feet.

So began Caesar Rodney's famous ride. I need not tell how the miles sped behind him; the July sun grew high and hot, the horse white with foam; how through the lengthening sunset shadows the country-folk noticed a faint and weary man bent in his saddle spurring onward toward Philadelphia.

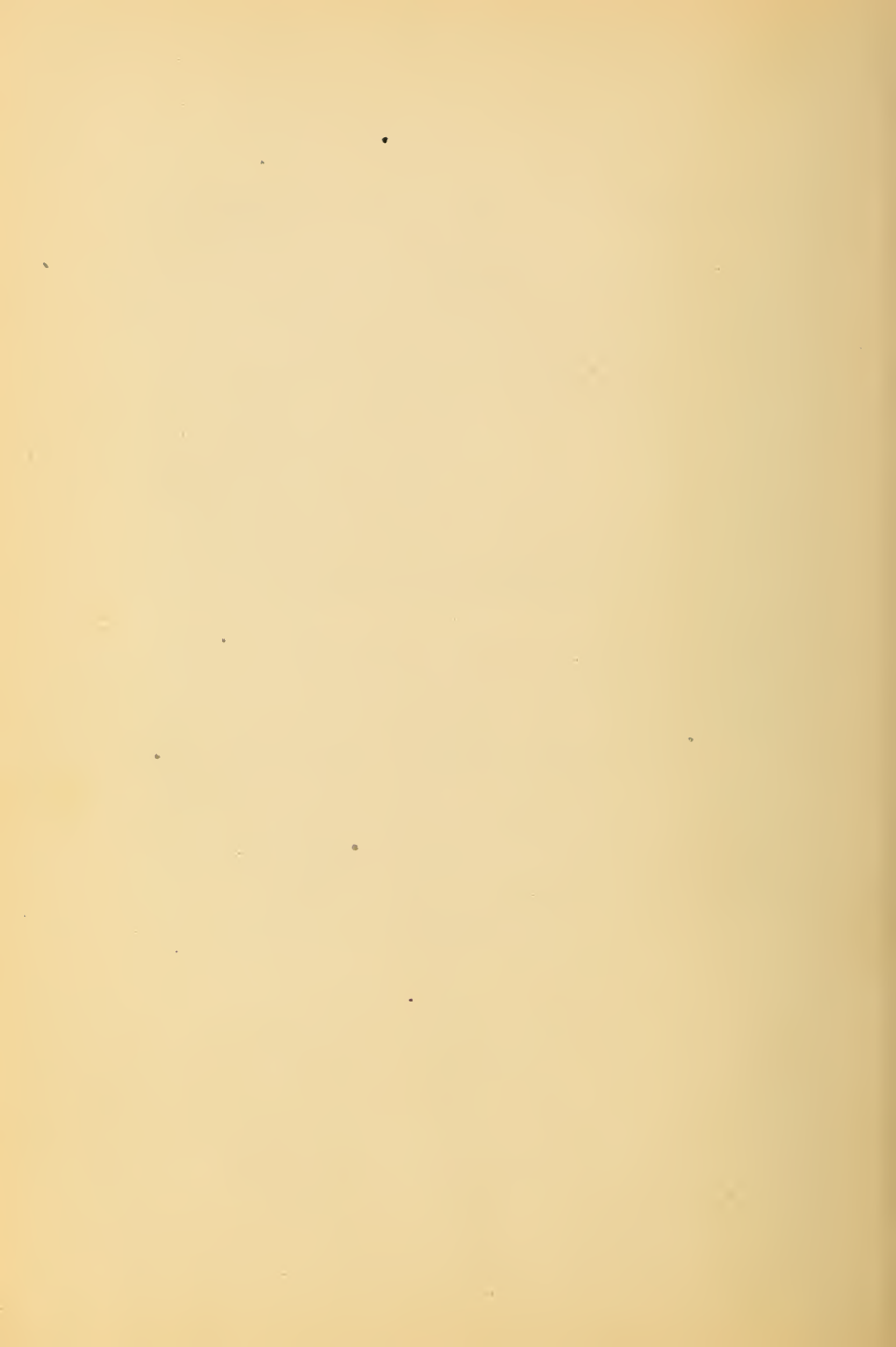
Then came the fateful morning of the Fourth of July, 1776.

The Continental Congress had assembled, the great question was about to be put. Suddenly there was a little stir at the door and there entered a man disordered and dust-covered. As Delaware was called in the roll of states, Caesar Rodney, still booted and spurred, rose in his place, and his voice rang clear as he said the words, "I vote for Independence!"

Captain January.

By LAURA E. RICHARDS.

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Captain January.

ONE morning, after a terrible storm, Captain January, the lighthouse keeper, found a little baby girl on the shore.

He adopted the child and brought her up, calling her Star. Their love deepened with each succeeding year. But when the little girl was about eight years old, an aunt and uncle of the child learned of her whereabouts and came to claim her; but Star, with flashing eyes, refused to listen to anything that would separate her from her beloved Captain January. At last Mrs. Morton turned to the old man with clasped hands, crying:

"Oh, Captain January! Speak to her! She will listen to you. Tell her that it is right for her to go; that you wish her to go!"

The old man's breathing was heavy and labored, but when he spoke, his voice was still soothing and cheerful, though his whole great frame was trembling like a withered leaf. "Star Bright," he said, "I always told ye, ye 'member, that ye was the child of gentlefolks. You've done your duty, and more than your duty by me. Now 'tis time ye did your duty by them as the Lord has sent to ye. You'll have—my—my respec'ful love and duty wherever you go, dear. And you'll not forget the old Cap'n, well I know, as will be very comf'table here—"

But here the child broke out with a wild, loud cry, which made all the others start to their feet. "Do you want me to go?" she cried. "Look at me, Daddy Captain! you *shall* look at me!" She snatched the cap from his hands and flung it into the fire, then faced him with blazing eyes and quivering lip. "Do you want me to go?" Are you tired of me?"

Heavier and heavier grew that weight on Captain January's chest. His eyes met the child's for a moment, then wavered and fell. "Why—honey—" he said slowly, "I am an old man now—I—I'm a very old man. And—and—an old man likes quiet, ye see; and—I'd be much quieter by myself, like; and—and so, honey, I—I'd like ye to go."

"*You lie!*" cried the child; and her voice rang like a silver trumpet in the startled ears of the listeners. "You lie to me, and you lie to God; and you *know* you lie!"

The next moment she had sprung on to the low window sill, then turned for an instant, her great eyes flashing fire that fell like a burning torch on every heart. Her hair fell like a glory about her vivid, shining face. A moment she stood there; then, like a flash, she vanished.

Captain January tottered to his old chair and sat down in it. "The child is right, Lady and Gentleman!" he said. "I lied! I lied to my God, and to the little child who loved me. May God and the child forgive me!" And he hid his face in his hands and silence fell for a moment.

Then Mr. Morton, who had walked hastily to the window, beckoned to his wife. "Isabel," he said, in a low tone, "I will not be a party to this. I—I—you are not the woman I took you for if you say another word to that old angel. Let him have the child, and send him one or two of your own into the bargain." But Isabel Morton, laughing through her tears, laid her hand over her husband's lips for a moment. Then going to the old man's chair, she knelt down by it and took his two hands in hers.

"Captain January!" she said, tenderly. "Dear, dear Captain January! the lie is forgiven; I am very, very sure it is forgiven in heaven, as it will be forgiven in the child's loving heart. And may God never pardon me, if ever word or look of mine come again between you and the child whom God gave you!" Then they went away, leaving Captain January alone beside the fire in his old arm-chair.

Suddenly, at the window, there was a gleam of yellow, a flitting shape, a look, a pause; then a great glad cry, and Star flitted like a ray of moonlight through the window, and fell on Captain January's breast.

"Daddy," she said, breaking the long, happy silence, "dear Daddy, I am sorry I burned your horrid old cap!"

Quietly passed the days, the weeks, the months in the lonely tower on the rock. But as winter came on, Captain January grew weaker. He realized that he had but a short time to live, and he arranged with Bob Peet of the Huntress that when all was well with him he would keep a signal flying night and day, but when he felt that the end was near he would lower the signal and Bob must come ashore, so that little Star should not be alone with him when the last great change should come.

At last there came a day when the Captain did not even go out to the porch. There was no pain now, only a strange numbness, a creeping coldness.

At this moment, through the open doorway, came the silver sound of Star's voice. Ah! the sweet childish prattle, but already it was growing faint upon the old man's ears.

"Star Bright!" he called; and the dancing shape came flying, and stood on tiptoe in the doorway. Steady, now, January! keep your voice steady, if there is any will left in you. Keep your head turned a little away, lest there be any change in your face, yet not turned enough to make her wonder. "Star Bright," said Captain January, "It's about—time—for the Huntress—to be along, isn't it?"

"Yes, Daddy," said the child; "she's just in sight now. Shall I go down and wave to Bob as he goes by?"

"Yes, Honeysuckle," said the old man. "And—wait to see if he comes ashore. I think—likely—Bob'll come ashore today. Good—by, Star—Bright."

"Dear Daddy! Good-by!" cried the child, and she sped away over the rocks.

If he might have looked once more, with those fast-darkening eyes, at the little blessed face which held all the world in it! If he could call her back now, and kiss her once more, and hold her little hand—No! no! steady, January! steady, now, and stand by!

Slowly the old man raises himself; feels for the wall, creeps along beside it. Here is the line. Is there any strength left in that benumbed arm? Yes! "For the child, dear Lord, and Thou helpin' me!"

Down comes the signal, and the old man creeps back to his chair again, and composes himself decently, with reverent, folded hands and head bowed in waiting. "He holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand. Amen! so be it!"

Wave, little Star! Wave your little blue apron from the rocks, and laugh and clap your hands for pleasure. Bend to your oar, Bob Peet, and send your little black boat flying over the water as she never flew before! For Captain January's last voyage is over, and he is already in heaven where he would be.

The One Thing Needful.

By DICKENS.

The One Thing Needful.

“NOW, what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts; nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle upon which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. In this life, we want nothing but Facts, sir; nothing but Facts.”

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a school-room, and the speaker, the school-master, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels here and there arranged in order, ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

Thomas Gradgrind was a man of realities, a man of facts and calculations, a man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, he was ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. Indeed, as Mr. Gradgrind eagerly sparkled at the children before him, he seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts, and prepared to blow them clean out of the regions of childhood at one discharge.

“Girl number twenty,” said Mr. Gradgrind, “I don’t know that girl. Who is that girl?”

“Sissy Jupe, Sir,” explained No. 20, blushing, standing up, and courtesying.

“Sissy is not a name. Don’t call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia.”

“It’s father as calls me Sissy, sir,” returned the young girl in a trembling voice and with another courtesy.

"Then he has no business to do it," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Tell him he mustn't. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

"He belongs to the horse-riding, if you please, sir."

Mr. Gradgrind frowned and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

"We don't want to know anything about that, here. You mustn't tell us about that here. Your father breaks horses, don't he?"

"If you please, sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir."

"You mustn't tell us about the ring, here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horse-breaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier and horse-breaker. Give me your definition of a horse."

(Sissy Jupe thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.)

"Girl No. 20 unable to define a horse. Girl No. 20 possessed of no facts, in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse. Bitzer, yours."

"Quadruped—graminivorous Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth and twelve incisors. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy places, sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth."

Thus (and much more) Bitzer.

"Now, girl No. 20," said Mr. Gradgrind, "you know what a horse is."

The third gentleman now stepped forth briskly, smiling and folding his arms—a mighty man at cutting and drying he was.

"Very well," said this gentleman, "that's a horse. Now, let me ask you, girls and boys, would you paper a room with representations of horses?"

After a pause, one-half the children cried in chorus: "Yes, sir." Upon which the other, seeing in the gentleman's face that yes was wrong, cried out in chorus, "No, sir."

"Of course, No. Why wouldn't you?"

A pause. One corpulent, slow boy ventured the answer, because he wouldn't paper a room at all, but would paint it.

"You *must* paper it," said the gentleman, rather warmly.

"You must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it, or not. Don't tell *us* you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean, boy?"

"I'll explain to you then," said the gentleman, after another and a dismal pause, "why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality—in fact? Do you?"

"Yes, sir," from one-half. "No, sir," from the other.

"Of course, no. Why, then, you are not to see anywhere what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere what you don't have in fact. What is called Taste, is only another name for Fact."

Thomas Gradgrind nodded his approbation.

"This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery," said the gentleman. "Now I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room. Would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?"

There being a general conviction by this time that "No, sir" was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of No was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said Yes; among them Sissy Jupe.

"Girl No. 20," said the gentleman.

Sissy blushed and stood up.

"So you would carpet your room or your husband's room, if you were a grown woman and had a husband, with representations of flowers, would you?"

"If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers."

"And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?"

"It wouldn't hurt them, sir. They wouldn't crush and wither if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy—"

"Ay, ay, ay! but you mustn't fancy. That's it, you are never to fancy. Fact, fact, fact, you are to be in all things regulated and governed by fact. We hope to have before long, a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. You must discard the word Fancy altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You are not to have in any object of use or ornament what would be a contradiction in fact. You don't walk

upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You don't find that foreign birds and flowers come and perch upon your crockery; you cannot be permitted to paint foreign birds and butterflies upon your crockery. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down walls. You must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use for all these purposes combinations and modifications of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste."

The girl courtesied and sat down. She was very young and she looked as if she were frightened by the matter-of-fact prospect the world afforded.

"Now if Mr. M— Choakumchild," said the gentleman, "will proceed to give his first lesson here, Mr. Gradgrind, I shall be happy, at your request, to observe his mode of procedure."

Mr. Gradgrind was much obliged.

"Mr. M— Choakumchild, we only wait for you."

“Green Grow the Rushes O”

By WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

“Green Grow the Rushes O!”

I.

WHEN I was 'bout eighteen years old
'Nd winter evenin's long and cold
Come round: 'nd sleighin' got real good,
My gal'd put on cloak and hood
'Nd I would hitch up our old Fan,
I'd ruther have her than the span
Because I wanted one arm free
Fer—fer—fer drivin,' don't yer see?
Then when I driv up to the gate
She'd say I was “a leetle late”
In sich a way as to let me see
She'd been awaitin' thar fer me.
'Nd then we'd dash away, away,
With chimin' bells in the old red sleigh,
Singin' a song out o'er the snow
About “Green Grow the Rushes O!”

II.

'Nd when we reached the house where they
Was havin' of a grand swaray,
Or soshyble, or dance, or sich,
We'd drive into the barn 'nd hitch,
Then carry to the house a pile
O' fodder that'd make y' smile.
A milk-pan full o' doughnuts and
Another full o' pickles, and
Another full o' chicken, and—
Well, never mind about that air—
We'd lug 'em in, then skip up-stair,
Throw off our wraps 'nd then we'd run
'Nd jine the young folks, cheek aglow, !
Singin' “Green Grow the Rushes O!”

III.

The old folks in another room
 Would sit as solemn as the tomb,
 The men about their crops 'd speak,
 The wimmen though'd slyly peek
 In through the door 'nd watch their boys
 'Nd gals, and laugh to hear the noise:
 For wimmen's hearts they don't grow old
 Like men's, likewise they don't grow cold,
 Though years may top their heads with snow—
 —I've had a mother 'nd I know—
 What fun we had, my gal 'nd I,
 As round inside the ring we'd fly;
 She'd make pretence to run away,
 But still I allers won the day
 'Nd got life's sweetest kiss I know
 Playin' "Green Grow the Rushes O!"

IV.

Then'd come the ride hum in the night,
 Under the stars all shinin' bright
 We didn't hurry on our way
 Because we—we had lots to say;
 'Nd we two nicely filled the seat,
 'Nd oh! how fair she was, how sweet!
 That face I never can forget;
 I shut my eyes 'nd see it yet—
 One evenin' when I driv' aroun'
 To take my sweetheart out tu town,
 The doctor's sleigh was thar, 'nd I
 Was told the gal I loved must die—
 My little sweetheart young and fair—
 No more I'd find her waitin' thar,
 Or hear her voice, so soft 'nd low,
 Singin' "Green Grow the Rushes O!"

V.

Well, that was sixty year ago,
 'Nd my head now is topped with snow,
 Been knocked from pillar round the post,
 'Nd got past feelin', too, almost,

But in the winter when the snow
Is coverin' all things below,
'Nd there's a swaray at my home
Tu which all the gals and fellers come,
I set in my big chair an' see
'Em frolickin' with youthful glee,
It's then my mind goes wandering back
Along my life's long, up-hill track,
'Nd tears come rolling fust I know
Tu hear, “Green Grow the Rushes O!”

VI.

There never was a heart I guess
Without one spot o' tenderness.
Now here I am so old and sot,
'Nd cross-grained as a hemlock knot,
With a house full o' girls and boys
Makin' an everlastin' noise;
But when I hear the sleigh-bells chink
I often shut my eyes 'nd think
Away back sixty year ago
Of that sweet gal I used to know;
I see her face 'nd hear her sing,
I hear her merry laughter ring;
Upon my lips I feel her kiss
So shy, so full o' tenderness,
And see through tears a grave I know,
Where still, “Green Grow the Rushes O!”

The Finish of Patsy Barnes.

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

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With the special permission of Paul Laurence Dunbar

The Finish of Patsy Barnes.

HIS name was Patsy Barnes, and he and his mother Eliza were denisons of Little Africa, whither Patsy's mother had found her way when they had come north from Kentucky. She was a hard-working, honest woman and day by day bent over her tub, scrubbing away to keep Patsy in shoes and jackets, that would wear out so much faster than they could be bought. But she never murmured, for she loved the boy with a deep affection.

She wanted him to go to school. But for him school had no charms; his school was the cool stalls in the big livery stable near at hand; the height of his ambition, to be a horseman. He learned strange things about horses, and fine, sonorous oaths that sounded eerie on his young lips, for he was only turned into his fourteenth year. He was not to be blamed for this, for first of all, he was born in Kentucky and had spent the very days of his infancy about the paddocks near Lexington, where his father had sacrificed his life on account of his love for horses. The little fellow had shed no tears when he looked at his father's bleeding body, bruised and broken by the fiery young two-year-old he was trying to subdue. Patsy did not sob or whimper, though his heart ached, for over all the feeling of his grief was a mad, burning desire to ride that horse.

His tears were shed, however, when, actuated by the idea that times would be easier up North, they moved to Dalesford. Then, when he learned that he must leave his old friends, the horses and their masters, whom he had known, he wept.

They had been living in Dalesford for a year nearly when hard work and exposure brought Eliza down to bed with pneumonia. They were very poor—too poor even to call in a doctor, so there was nothing to do but to call in the city physician.

Patsy's heart bled as he heard the doctor talking to his mother:

"Now, there can't be any foolishness about this," he said. "You've got to stay in bed and not get yourself damp."

"How long you think I got to lay hyeah, doctah?" she asked.

"I'm a doctor, not a fortune-teller," was the reply. "You'll lie there as long as the disease holds you."

"But I can't lay hyeah long, doctor, case I ain't got nuffin' to go on."

"Well, take your choice: the bed or the boneyard."

Eliza began to cry.

Patsy's eyes were full of tears that scorched him and would not fall. The memory of many beautiful and appropriate oaths came to him; but he dared not let his mother hear him swear. Oh! to have a stone—to be across the street from that man!

When the physician walked out, Patsy went to the bed and bent over shamefacedly to kiss his mother. He did not know that with that act the recording angel blotted out many a curious oath of his.

"Nevah min', honey," he said. "Nevah you min'. I can do somep'n, an' we'll have anothar doctah."

"La, listen at de chile; what kin you do?"

"I'm goin' down to McCarthy's stable and see if I kin git some horses to exercise."

A sad look came into Eliza's eyes as she said: "You'd bettah not go, Patsy; dem hosses'll kill you yit, des lak dey did yo' pappy."

But the boy was obdurate, and left the room. After this he helped at McCarthy's every day. As Patsy saw his mother growing worse, saw her gasping for breath and racked with pain, he became convinced that the city doctor was not helping her. She must have another. But the money?

That afternoon found him at the Fair grounds. The spring races were on, and he thought he might get a job warming up the horse of some independent jockey. He hung around the stables, listening to the talk of men he knew and some he had never seen before. Among the latter was a tall, lanky individual, holding forth to a group of men.

"No, suh," he was saying to them generally, "I'm goin' to withdraw my hoss, because thaih hain't nobody to ride him as he ought to be rode. I haven't brought a jockey along with me, so I've got to depend on pick-ups. Now, the talent's set agin my hoss, Black Boy, because he's been losin' regular, but that hoss has lost for the want of ridin', that's all. If I could ride myself, I'd show 'em."

Patsy was gazing into the stall at the horse.

"What are you doing there?" called the owner to him.

"Look hyeah, mister," said Patsy, "ain't that a bluegrass hoss?"

"Of co'se it is, one o' the fastest that evah grazed."

"I'll ride that hoss, mister."

"What do you know 'bout ridin'?"

"I used to gin'ally be 'roun' Mister Boone's paddock in Lexington, an'—"

"Aroun' Boone's paddock—what! Look here, little nigger, if you can ride that hoss to a winnin' I'll give you more money than you ever saw before."

"I'll ride him, sir."

Patsy's heart was beating very wildly beneath his jacket. He knew that glossy coat. He knew that raw-boned frame and those flashing nostrils. That black horse there owed something to Patsy, for it was he who killed his father.

Long before the time for the race Patsy went into the stall to become better acquainted with his horse. "He sholy is full o' ginger," he said to the owner, whose name he had found to be Brackett.

"He'll show 'em a thing or two," laughed Brackett.

When the bell sounded and Patsy went out to warm up, he felt as if he were riding on air. Some of the jockeys laughed at his get-up, but there was something in him—or under him, maybe—that made him scorn their derision. Then the bell called him back to the stand.

They did not get away at first, and back they trooped. A second trial was a failure. But at the third they were off in a line as straight as a chalk-mark. There were Essex and Firefly. Queen Bess and Mosquito, galloping away side by side, and Black Boy a neck ahead. Black Boy came of blood that would not be passed, and to this his rider trusted. At the eighth the line was hardly broken, but as the quarter was reached Black Boy had increased his lead, and Mosquito was at his flank. Then, like a flash, Essex shot out ahead under whip and spur.

The crowd in the stand screamed; but Patsy smiled as he lay low over his horse's neck. He saw that Essex had made his best spurt. His only fear was for Mosquito, who hugged and hugged his flank. They were nearing the three-quarter post, and he was tightening his grip on the black. Essex fell back;

his spurt was over. The whip fell unheeded on his sides. The spurs dug him in vain.

Another cheer from the stand, and again Patsy smiled as they turned into the stretch. Mosquito had gained a head. The colored boy flashes one glance at the horse and rider who are so surely gaining upon him. They are half-way down the stretch, and Mosquito's head is at the black's neck.

For a single moment Patsy thinks of the sick woman at home and what that race will mean to her, and then his knees close against the horse's sides with a firmer dig. The spurs shoot deeper into the steaming flanks. Black Boy shall win; he must win. The horse that killed his father shall save his mother. The horse leaps away like a flash, and goes under the wire—a length ahead.

Then the band thundered, and Patsy was off his horse, very warm and very happy, following his mount to the stable. There, a little later, Brackett found him. He rushed to him and flung his arms around him.

"You little devil," he cried, "you rode like you were related to that hoss! We've won! We've won!" And he began thrusting bank notes at the boy. At first Patsy's eyes bulged, and then he seized the money and rushed from the stable.

An hour later he walked into his mother's room with a very big doctor, the greatest the druggist could direct him to. The doctor left his medicines and his orders, and from that minute Eliza began to recover; but the doctor always said that it was Eliza's pride in Patsy and his great ride that started her on the road to recovery.

Thrush.

“Thrush.”

THERE was a paragraph in one of the New York papers when Thrush was knocked off the platform of a street car and under the wheels of a huge truck that crushed his legs and back. A paragraph—that was all. When Thrush was carried to the hospital, Ted and Jim went with him, running at the side of the ambulance. They would have followed Thrush into the operating room to give him the support of their presence, but their entrance was barred, and they were forced to wait outside. The following day they were allowed to see him. “He mustn’t talk,” the sweet-faced nurse said. They couldn’t bear the sight of Thrush’s colorless face at first, and Ted came near breaking down, but a scowl from Jim kept him in check. Jim wanted to know the extent of the damage.

“Lost ’em?” he inquired. Thrush moved his head up and down, and they understood that he meant “Yes.”

“Feels queer, don’t it?” Jim continued.

“Yes.”

“Ache, don’t yer?”

“Some.”

“I bet yer do! But yer all right, Thrush. If yer don’t hev the dandiest pair o’ crutches on the Row, my name ain’t Ted Haffey!”

“I’ll bet yer a nickle that I’ll beat limpy Dick when I git out, an’ him with one leg.”

The nurse said, “You must go away now, boys, but you can come again soon.”

“I’ll look after yer bizness till yer out,” said Ted as they went away.

One, two, three, yes, four weeks crept by, and Thrush was still a prisoner in the narrow cot. The doctor and the nurse looked grave when they spoke of him. Thrush never as much as hinted to Ted and Jim that he was ever blue. When they asked how he felt, he always said, “Better,” and they believed him. They came often to see him, bringing him cheerful

glimpses of the outside world—their world bounded by Newspaper Row, the alley in which they lived, the Bowery, and lower Broadway. On the occasion of their second visit they brought his crutches.

"The fellers chipped in with us," said Ted. "We fitted 'em to Limpy Dick; he's jest yer size."

There is no doubt but these were weary days for Thrush. He made a brave fight to keep up courage. Then he got acquainted with a little boy in the next cot, a dusky-faced little Hebrew, with eyes as soft as a seal's, and full of pain, named Jakie, and Thrush soon liked him immensely. They soon exchanged experiences and after that friendship followed fast. Jakie suffered great pain. One day Thrush asked Jakie what ailed him.

"My back ish broke," he replied.

"That's bad!" After that, Thrush exerted all his powers of entertainment in Jakie's behalf. He told him stories by day, and at night he would try to lie awake "to keep Jakie company," and Jakie loved him for it. One day, when the little Hebrew was tossing in pain from one side of his narrow couch to the other, Thrush thought of something that might make the pain a little easier.

"Do yer like singin', Jakie?"

"Yes."

"Can you sing?" asked the nurse, who was holding Jakie's hands.

"Well, I guess! That's why they call me Thrush—my real name is John."

To show what he could do, Thrush piped in a voice so sweet and clear that all the room was hushed. Then the boys broke into an uproar: "Go it, Thrush!" "Give us another!" "Sing it again."

"Can you bear it, dear?" said the nurse.

Jakie nodded. "It is de pest I efer heard," he said.

Thus encouraged, Thrush went through his songs. He gave a daily entertainment after that. If Thrush did not begin his concert at a certain hour in the morning, some weak voice was sure to pipe out: "When yer goin' ter tune up, Thrush?" Then Thrush would respond, and the concert would continue, with intermissions, throughout the day.

Jakie in particular could not have too much of it. When the pain was hardest, he would say, "Zing, Thrush." And Thrush would sing until the pale lids dropped over Jakie's dark eyes.

After two months of this hospital life, Jim and Ted became dissatisfied with Thrush's progress toward health. "That doctor is no good," said Jim as they were leaving the ward. "I don't think he knows his bizness."

Passing on, they met the doctor on the stairs. Jim said to him,

"Be yer goin' to save Thrush? Ef yer can't, wha's the use of yer bein' stuffed full of larnin'—eh?"

Jim went down stairs like a shot, closely followed by Ted. When they were on the sidewalk, Jim said threateningly, "Ef he isn't better by Chris'mus, we'll take him away, that's all. There mus' be some doctors as isn't fools."

At that time Christmas was but a few days distant, and when it came, Ted and Jim went to the hospital. It was close upon dusk when they entered the ward. Ted carried three stalks of white chrysanthemums. Jim carried nothing with him save a fixed determination "to have it out" with the doctor, and to take Thrush away at any cost, unless a speedy cure was guaranteed. The sweet-faced nurse came to meet them. "You may come in, boys, but you must be quiet," she said. "Jakie is very sick. Thrush is singing to him."

The boys crept through the room on their toes, stepping with such care that Thrush did not hear them until they were at his bedside. He signified his pleasure at their coming by weaving into his song this greeting:

"Hullo, fellers! Move the crut-crut-ches, an' set do-o-own on the bed. The kid's purty ba-a-d. I'm hel-el-pin' 'im off."

This somewhat florid treatment of his words was simply that Jakie might not notice a pause in the song. Poor Jakie. He was "purty bad!" His little dusky face was shrunken and old; his eyes were closed, but his ears were open to the song, for every now and then his lips would part with the old request, "Zing, Thrush."

The nurse came and stood beside him. "You have been singing a long time. You must be tired."

"A little," sang Thrush. "I can—I can rest to-to-morrer. He's mos'—mos'—off."

"He's singin' hisself away, an' they don't know it," said Jim.

It was not long before the great change came creeping over Jakie. His face grew gray, and his restless body ceased its turning.

"He cannot hear now," whispered the nurse. "Rest yourself, my boy." But Thrush shook his head.

"Mebbe he's where—where he ne-eds it more'n ever. I don' want him to—to—thi—think I went back o-o-n 'im."

There was a little stir behind Jim, but he did not turn his head. Had he done so, he would have seen an empty cot, the sheet drawn up over the pillow where Jakie's brown head had lain. Thrush's voice grew fainter and fainter, until it ceased.

"He is asleep," thought Jim. He turned his head quickly to see, then sprang to his feet and to Thrush's side.

"Thrush," he cried. "Thrush! what's the matter with ye? What makes yer look ser white?"

There was no answer. Thrush's eyes were open, but they were blue and rigid. Ted with wild eyes looked first at Thrush and then at Jim, and back again to Thrush; then he turned with a sob that echoed through the silent ward, and went away. But Jim staid. He took Thrush's hand. "Say somethin', Thrush! only say somethin'."

Thrush's lips parted. "I know—yer—Jim, but 'taint—no—use. My back—was—broke—too. I heard—him—tell—her—month 'go."

"An' yer never let on yer knew?"

"No—o."

"Oh, yer game, Thrush! I alwus knowed yer was. The best of 'em couldn't beat that!"

The end came soon, for just as the sun went down in the golden west, Thrush's silver voice was hushed, and his spirit passed on.

Elaine.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

Selection from Tennyson.

ELAINE the fair, Elaine the beautiful,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
High in her chamber, up a tower to the east,
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot.
He left it with her when he rode to tilt
For the great diamond in the diamond jousts
Which Arthur had ordained, and by that name
Had named them, since a diamond was the prize.
Now for the central diamond and the last
And largest, Arthur, holding then his court
Hard on the river nigh the place which now
Is this world's hugest, let proclaim a joust at Camelot.

Then got Sir Lancelot suddenly to horse
And there among the solitary downs
Full often lost in fancy, lost his way,
Till, fired from the west, far on a hill,
He saw the towers of Astolat.
And issuing, found the Lord of Astolat,
With two strong sons, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine,
Moving to meet him in the castle court,
And close behind them stept the lily maid Elaine, his daughter.

Then said Sir Lancelot:
"Known am I, and of Arthur's hall, and known
What I by mere mischance have brought—my shield.
But since I go to joust as one unknown
At Camelot for the diamond,
I pray you lend me one, if such you have,
Blank, or at least with some device not mine."
He spoke and ceased. The lily maid Elaine,
Won by the mellow voice before she looked,
Lifted her eyes and read his lineaments.
She lifted up her eyes and loved him,
With that love which was her doom.
Anon, she heard Sir Lancelot cry in the court:
"The shield, my friend, where is it?"

Suddenly flashed on her a wild desire
 That he should wear her favor at the tilt.
 She braved a riotous heart in asking for it.
 "Fair lord, whose name I know not, will you wear
 My favor at this tourney?"
 "Nay," said he, "fair lady, since I never yet have worn
 Favor of any lady in the lists.
 Such is my wont, as those who know me, know."
 "Yea, so," she answered, "then in wearing mine
 Needs must be lesser likelihood, noble lord,
 That those who know, should know you not."
 "True, my child. Well, I will wear it,
 Fetch it out to me. What is it?" and she told him—"a red
 sleeve
 Broidered with pearls"—and brought it. Then he bound
 Her token on his helmet, with a smile,
 Saying, "I never yet have done so much
 For any maiden living." And the blood
 Sprang to her face and filled her with delight.
 In silence, then, she watched their arms far off
 Sparkle, until they dipt below the downs,
 Then to her tower she climb'd and took his shield;
 There kept it, and so lived in fantasy.

* * * * *

The jousts were on. The trumpets blew, and then did either
 side
 Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly move, and meet in the
 midst.
 Lancelot bode a little, till he saw which were the weaker; then
 he hurled into it,
 Against the stronger. Little need to speak
 Of Lancelot in his glory: King, duke, earl,
 Count, baron,—whom he smote, he overthrew.
 Then the heralds blew
 Proclaiming his the prize who wore the sleeve
 Of scarlet, and the pearls. "Advance and take your prize, the
 diamond." But he answered
 "Diamond me no diamonds! for God's love a little air!
 Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death!"
 He spoke, and vanished suddenly with young Lavaine into the
 poplar grove.

Then came the hermit out and bare him to his cave,
There stanch'd his wound.
And her, the lily maid, Lavaine across the poplar grove
Led to the cave.
And never woman yet did kindlier unto man, till the hermit, skill-
ed in all the simples
And the science of the time,
Told him that her fine care had saved his life.
And the sick man would call her friend and sister, sweet Elaine.
But when Sir Lancelot's deadly hurt was whole
To Astolat returning rode the three.
And Lancelot ever pressed upon the maid
That she should ask some goodly gift of him "and do not shun
to speak the wish most dear to your true heart. Delay no
longer.
Speak your wish, seing I must go today."

Then suddenly and passionately she spoke:
"I have gone mad. I love you; let me die."
And Lancelot answered: "Had I chosen to wed,
I had been wedded earlier, sweet Elaine.
But now there never will be wife of mine."
But true you are and sweet
Beyond mine old belief in womanhood.
In all your quarrels will I be your knight.
This will I do, dear damsel, for your sake,
And more than this I cannot."
And then they bore her swooning to her tower,
While Lancelot, but sadly, rode away.
Then she besought Lavaine to write as she devised
A letter word for word, and then she said
"Oh! sweet father, deny me not, but lay the letter in my hand
A little ere I die, and close the hand upon it.
Then take the little bed on which I died and deck it like the
Queen's for richness and lay me on it,
And let a barge be ready on the river clothed in black.
I go in state to court, to meet the queen.
And let our dumb old man alone go with me.
He will guide to that palace, to the doors."

But ten slow mornings passed and on the eleventh she died.
And that day there was dole in Astolat.
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead
Steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down.
And that clear-featured face was lovely, for she did not seem as
dead,

But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled.
And the barge, on to the palace door-way sliding, paused,
And the King came, girt with knights,
And Arthur bade the meek Sir Percivale
And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid,
And reverently they bore her into hall.
But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,
Stooped, took, brake seal, and read it; this was all:

"Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
I, sometimes called the Maid of Astolat,
Come, for you left me taking no farewell,
Hither, to take my last farewell of you.
I loved you, and my love had no return,
And therefore my true love has been my death.
Pray for my soul, Sir Lancelot,
As thou art a knight peerless."

Then freely spoke Sir Lancelot to them all:
"My lord liege Arthur, and all ye that hear,
Know that for this most gentle maiden's death
Right weary am I: for good she was and true.
Yet to be loved makes not to love again.
I swear by truth and knighthood that I gave
No cause, not willingly, for such a love.
I tried to break her passion;
I left her and and I bade her no farewell;
More than this I could not,
Fair she was, my King,
Pure, as you ever wish your knights to be.
Pray for thy soul? Ay, that will I.
Farewell, too—now at last—
Farewell, fair lily."

And then they buried her, not as one unknown
Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies
And mass, and rolling music, like a Queen.

Hugh Wynne.

By S. WEIR MITCHELL.

With the permission of The Century Co. With the special permission of
S. Weir Mitchell.

Hugh Wynne.

HUGH Wynne, a captain in the patriot army, had personally known Major André, and had once received at his hands a great kindness, so it was with feelings of the deepest distress that he learned of André's capture and subsequent sentence of death.

He thus relates his last interview with the gallant Major André.

* * * * *

On the 30th his Excellency signed the death warrant, and, all hope being at an end, I determined to make an effort to see the man to whom I owed my life. I represented to the Marquis de Lafayette that Mr. André had here no one who could be called a friend, excepting only myself, and that to refuse me an interview were needlessly cruel.

About seven in the evening of the 1st, the marquis came in haste to find me. He had asked for my interview with Mr. André as a favour to himself, and His Excellency had granted the request. As I thanked him he gave me this order:

“To Major Tallmadge:

The bearer, Hugh Wynne, Esq., Captain, Second Company, Third Regiment of Pennsylvania foot, has herewith permission to visit Major André.

October 1, 1780.”

George Washington.

I went at once—it was now close to eight in the evening—to the small house of one Maby, where the prisoner was kept. Six sentries marched to and fro around it, and within the room two officers remained day and night with drawn swords.

I can see to-day the rising moon, the yellowish road, the long, gray stone farm-house of one story, with windows set in an irregular frame of brickwork. The door opens, and I find myself in a short hall, where two officers salute as I pass. My conductor says, “This way, Captain Wynne,” and I enter a long, cheerless-looking apartment, the sitting-room of a Dutch farm-

house. A huge log fire roared on the hearth, so lighting the room that I saw its glow catch the bayonet tips of the sentinels outside as they went and came.

In a high-backed chair sat a man with his face to the fire. It was André. He was tranquilly sketching. He did not turn or leave off drawing until Captain Tomlinson, one of the officers in charge, seeing me pause, said:

"Your pardon, major. Here is a gentleman come to visit you."

As he spoke the prisoner turned, and I was at once struck by the extreme pallor of his face even as seen in the red light of the fire. His death-like whiteness at this time brought out the regular beauty of his features as his usual ruddiness of color never did.

The captain did not present me, and for a moment I stood with a kind of choking in the throat, which came, I suppose, of the great shock André's appearance gave me. He was thus the first to speak:

"Pardon me," he said, as he rose, "the name escaped me."

"Mr. Hugh Wynne."

"Oh, Wynne!" he cried quite joyously; "I did not know you. How delightful to see a friend; how good of you to come! Sit down." Then he added:

"Well, Wynne, what can I do for you?" And then, smiling, "Pshaw! what a thing is habit! What can I do for you, or, indeed, my dear Wynne, for any one? But, Lord! I am as glad as a child."

It was all so sweet and natural that I was again quite overcome. "My God!" I cried, "I am so sorry, Mr. André. I came down from King's Ferry in haste when I heard of this, and have been three days getting leave to see you. I have never forgotten your great kindness at the Mischianza. If there be any service I can render you, I am come to offer it."

He smiled and said it would be a relief to him if he might speak to me out of ear-shot of the officers. I said as much to these gentlemen, and after a moment's hesitation they retired outside of the still open door-way of the room leaving us free to say what we pleased. He was quiet and, as always, courteous to a fault; but I did not fail to observe that at times, as we talked and he spoke a word of his mother, his eyes filled with tears.

He said: "Mr. Wynne, I have writ a letter, which I am allowed to send to General Washington. Will you see that he has it in person? It asks that I may die a soldier's death. All else is done. I must trust it to you to make sure that it does not fail to be considered. I shall never forget your kindness." Then he smiled and added, "My 'never' is a brief day for me, Wynne, unless God permits us to remember in the world where I shall be to-morrow."

I hardly recall what answer I made. I was ready to cry like a child. I promised to charge myself with his messages, and said at last that many officers desired me to express to him their sorrow at his unhappy situation, and that all men thought it hard that the life of an honest soldier was to be taken in place of that of a villain and coward who, if he had an atom of honour, would give himself up.

"May I beg of you, sir," he returned, "to thank these gentlemen of your army? 'Tis all I can do; and as to General Arnold—no, Wynne, he is not one to do that; I could not expect it."

As I was in act to leave, he took my hand and said: "There are no thanks a man about to die can give that I do not offer you, Mr. Wynne. Be assured your visit has helped me. It is much to see the face of a friend. All men have been good to me and kind, and none more so than his Excellency. If to-morrow I could see, as I go to death, one face I have known in happier hours—it is much to ask—I may count on you, I am sure. Ah, I see I can! And my letter—you will be sure to do your best?"

"Yes," I said, not trusting myself to speak further, and only adding, "Good-by," as I wrung his hand. Then I went out into the cold October starlight.

It was long after ten when I found Hamilton. I told him briefly of my interview, and asked if it would be possible for me to deliver in person to the General Mr. André's letter.

Hamilton shook his head. "Will you wait at my quarters? I will do my best for you."

The night was clear and beautiful; from the low hills far and near the camp bugle-calls filled the air. A hundred yards away was the house I had just left. There sat a gallant gentleman awaiting death. Here, in the house above me, was he in whose hands lay his fate. I pitied him too. At my

feet the little brook babbled in the night, while the camp noises slowly died away.

At last I saw Hamilton approaching me through the gloom. "Come," he said. "His Excellency will see you, but I fear it will be of no use."

I went with him past the sentinels around the old stone house and through a hall and into a large room, and in a moment was in the farther room and alone with the chief.

He looked up, and with quiet courtesy said, "Take a seat, Captain Wynne. Captain Wynne," he said, "I have refused to see several gentlemen in regard to this sad business, but I learn that Mr. André was your friend, and I am willing to listen to you. As to this unhappy gentleman, his fate is out of my hands. I have read the letter which Captain Hamilton gave me." As he spoke he took it from the table and deliberately read it again, while I watched him. Then he laid it down and looked up. I saw that his big, patient eyes were overfull as he spoke.

"I regret, sir, to have to refuse this most natural request; I have told Mr. Hamilton that it is not to be thought of. Ah, Mr. Wynne, there is nothing which can be done to save your friend, nor indeed to alter his fate; but if you desire to say more do not hesitate. You have suffered much for the cause which is dear to us both."

"My God! sir," I exclaimed, "and this traitor must live unpunished, and a man who did but what he believed to be his duty must suffer a death of shame!" Then, half scared, I looked up, feeling that I had said too much.

His face wore a look that was more solemn than any face of man I had ever yet seen in all my length of years.

"There is a God, Mr. Wynne," he said, "who punishes the traitor. Let us leave this man to the shame which every year must bring. I have no wish to conceal from you or from any gentleman what it has cost me to do that which, as God lives, I believe to be right. You, sir, have done your duty to your friend. And now may I ask of you not to prolong a too painful interview?"

I bowed, saying, "I cannot thank your Excellency too much for the kindness with which you have listened to a rash young man."

"You have said nothing, sir, which does not do you honour."

I bowed and went out, overcome with the kindness of this great and noble gentleman.

Of the horrible scene at noon on the 2d of October I shall say very little. A too early death never took from earth a more amiable and accomplished soldier. I asked and had leave to stand by the door as he came out. He paused, very white in his scarlet coat, smiled, and said, "Thank you, Wynne; God bless you!" and went on, recognising with a bow the members of the court, and so with a firm step to his ignoble death. As I had promised, I fell in behind the sad procession to the top of the hill. No fairer scene could a man look upon for his last of earth. The green range of the Piermont hills rose to north. On all sides, near and far, was the splendour of the autumn-tinted woods, and to west the land swept downward past the headquarters to where the cliffs rose above the Hudson. I can see it all now—the loveliness of nature, the waiting thousands, mute and pitiful. I shut my eyes and prayed for this passing soul. A deathful stillness came upon the assembled multitude. I heard Colonel Scammel read the sentence. Then there was the rumble of the cart, a low murmur broke forth, and the sound of moving steps was heard. It was over. The great assemblage of farmers and soldiers went away strangely silent, and many in tears.

Years afterward I was walking along the Strand in London, when, looking up, I saw a man and woman approaching. It was Arnold with his wife. His face was thin and wasted, a countenance writ over with gloom and disappointment. As I crossed the way, with no desire to meet him, I saw the woman look up at him. Her love was all that time had left him; poor, broken, shunned, insulted, he was fast going to his grave. Where now he lies I know not. Did he repent with bitter tears on that gentle breast? God only knows. I walked on through the crowded street, and thought of the words of my great chief, "There is a God who punishes the traitor."

Deepwater Politics.

By MAY McHENRY.

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Deepwater Politics.

IN the little village of Sweet Valley there was a great excitement over the election of a supervisor. The Valleyites had nominated John Penny Barton as their candidate, while the Hillers had nominated Samuel McNab, and feeling ran high in the community, even to such an extent that the engagement between Dolly Barton and Samuel McNab, Jr., had been broken off, while Dolly went about with her head high in air and her cheeks unusually flushed, and young Sam McNab's big bay horse, day and night, was to be seen on the roads, as that energetic young politician drove with his father over the township, visiting every voter.

Dolly, running up to the garret window, where she could look out over the bare apple-tree tops to the hill road, would go down stairs again then with a red spot on each cheek. She would go about her work singing so that the neighbors, hearing her, wagged their heads and their tongues. "Dolly isn't breaking *her* heart, anyway," they said.

One clear, cold day young Sam McNab was standing moodily in front of the blacksmith's shop in Sweet Valley, when Old Man Barton, Dolly's father, driving past in his sleigh, stopped and beckoned. Sam crossed the road slowly. He was greeted with affectionate geniality.

"Sammie, seems to me the bolt that holds the shaft on this side is loose," the Old Man said. "I wish you would be so good as to look at it for me."

As Sam stooped in front of the dash-board, the Old Man leaned forward and spoke, close to his ear, in a hoarse whisper:

"Dolly is going out to Dakota to her Uncle Cotner. Starts to-morrow morning. Her trunk was sent down to the Flowerville station this afternoon. Made up her mind all of a sudden, and none of us can stop her. Dakota is a long way off. No use of her going way out there; Philadelphia or Washington, D. C., would do better—for a wedding trip."

Sam stood up suddenly, with his face much redder than his labors over the bolt warranted. The Old Man was looking steadily at the weather-vane on Squire Yorkes' barn.

"The bolt is all right, is it, Sammie?" he observed casually. I'm obliged to you, sir. Good-by, my boy, good-by".

Shortly after dusk that evening young Sam, driving rapidly down the creek road, met Dolly's father and mother headed toward the village. The young man chuckled as he passed their sleigh. He fingered a neatly folded paper in his vest pocket. Since that far-off, happy time before his father entered upon the troublesome paths of politics, he had carried that marriage license in the same pocket with Dolly's rejected ring; now he intended to put them both into use.

There was no response to Sam's eager knock, and the young man walked boldly in.

"Dolly! Dolly"! he called imperiously.

There was no answer, no light form rustling to greet him. Perhaps the Old Man was mistaken, perhaps she had already gone. Overcome by a sudden sense of the emptiness of the house, of the village, of the universe, without Dolly, Sam bowed his head against the wall and groaned aloud.

"Dolly, I'll follow you to China", he cried in his longing.

"Not China; Dakota," Dolly prompted on the stairs, half laughing, half crying.

Sam bounded up two steps at a time to meet her, and—well, there was no politics between them then.

When Mr. and Mrs. John Penny Barton returned from town they found this remarkably explicit letter:

"Dear Father and Mother:

I have gone off to get married. I did not really want to go to Dakota, anyway. Now that we've made up, Sam does not want to wait, for fear we quarrel again. I hate to go without saying good-by to you. You will not be very mad, will you, *please?*

Your affectionate and dutiful daughter,
Dolly."

Across the bottom of the sheet was scrawled in a large, masculine hand:

"It's all right, father-in-law. We will have the supervisorship in the family, at any rate."

Ten days later Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McNab, Junior, returned from their wedding trip, and rode up from the Flowerville station in the Sweet Valley stage. Ben Lemon, the stage-driver, greeted them hilariously.

A mile or so outside of the town, two Deepwater men passed the stage in a sleigh, calling back something about "election" and a "clean sweep".

"As I'm a sinner, yesterday was election day!" exclaimed Sam. "I forgot it clean as a whistle, Dolly; didn't you"?

But Dolly only laughed, with her cheeks like red, red roses.

"Say, Ben, how did the election go off?" Sam called to the driver.

"Well", he drawled, "you folks are getting back just in time for the big celebration the Bartons are getting ready for at the Old Man's."

"Then my pa was elected!" exclaimed Dolly.

"No-o-pe, not John Penney."

"Then *my* pa was elected!" laughed Sam, squeezing Dolly's hand until she shrieked softly.

"No-o-pe, not your pop, either."

"Then who in thunder?—Excuse me, Dolly!"

The old stage-driver smacked his lips with enjoyment.

"Well, you see, there was dissatisfaction about John Penny havin' the office agin, and so both sides, Hillers and Valleyites, got together, and they all agreed to consolidate, as Old Man Barton called it, on a new man, and, gosh all, if he wasn't elected unanimous. Eh? Who? Well, his name is S. McNab, Junior, known as young Sam—son of one retired candidate, and son-in-law of t'other. *Gee up*, there, Fan!"

In the Matter of the Mission.

By BAYARD VEILLER.

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In the Matter of the Mission.

AROUND the church there were seated perhaps a dozen men and half as many women. The afternoon sun cast red and blue shadows from the stained glass windows, across the nave, and illuminated brilliantly the text, "Love One Another," at the base of a memorial window.

The regular Fall meeting of the Presbytery had been in session since early morning. No one was worried, no one uncomfortable, save one man, who was palpably suffering great mental distress. He was an old man—a Jew. He was dressed in the conventional frock coat and white tie. The coat was not new, nor was the tie clean. All day long the old Jew had been sitting with these men and women, yet apart. Occasionally his lips moved in a muttered prayer, and once he openly bowed his head upon the back of the pew in front of him, and prayed.

"We will now take up the unfinished business," finally announced the Moderator. "There is the matter of the Hebrew Mission which went over from the April meeting. I will read the resolution which was passed at the meeting in April:

"WHEREAS, The Presbytery is not satisfied with the work done by Brother Leczynski at the Mission to the Hebrews; be it *Resolved*, That unless a marked change for the better shall be shown before the next meeting, the work of the Mission shall be dropped."

There followed an awkward silence.

"I would like to know if there have been any tangible results? How many converts has Brother Leczynski obtained in the last eight months?" asked one of the younger men.

Then the Jew rose and walked slowly to the front. His voice was low and husky with emotion.

"My brothers, I am glad that this subject has come up for discussion. You ask if there have been any results from my labor. How can I tell? I know that I have labored faithfully; that I have planted the seed. Shall I live for the harvest? How many of us do? Let me tell you something of my work. I have much to be grateful for. The first year you allowed me four hundred dollars. Out of that I have paid the rent of the

Mission, I have secured Bibles, and in two years I have had printed two hundred and twenty thousand pages in Hebrew for my people. In the eight months which you have given me in which to show what I could do, not one of you took the time or gave the thought to come and see what my work was. I go among my people and try to show them Christ. It is not easy. There are no people in the world so hard to convert as my people. Oh, my brothers, if I could only bring them to see the truth! Once, about a month ago, a man told me that he had found Christ. He, a Jew, stood up in that room before them all and said that he knew Christ was God. That was the happiest hour of my life. I know this much. They are beginning to listen to me and I feel in my heart that my work is prospering and will in time bring forth fruit for the harvest. My brothers, do not let this work stop. I am willing to do anything, to make any sacrifice, if you will only let the work continue. In this city there are twenty thousand Chinese and forty thousand Jews. You have almost countless missions for the conversion of the Chinese. What have you for my people? One mission. I, alone and single-handed, am doing the work, and already you, after two years, have grown faint-hearted. Oh, Thou Father of all things, instill into our hearts a love for all men and grant us the wisdom to deal with this great problem in the way that shall be best for us all. Amen." Then in formal tones the Jew continued:

"Mr. Moderator, I move that the resolution of the previous meeting be dropped and the work of the mission to the Jews be continued as heretofore."

Then from a far-off corner came: "I second that motion", as the old pastor emeritus of the church rose and ambled to the front.

"Mr. Moderator," said one of the younger men, "I move that it be laid upon the table."

By this time the old man was close behind the Moderator's chair. Slowly he turned to the young preacher, his long, bony finger outstretched.

"Boy, boy, how dast you bring politics into the house of God? We will consider this matter now, with the heartfelt words of our brother ringing in our ears."

The old man was not used to modern methods, and before he

was quite aware of what had occurred the matter was under discussion and half the value of the Jew's appeal was lost to him.

"Aside from all matters of sentiment"—one of the younger men was speaking—"I am informed that there is no fund for this purpose. That should settle the matter, I think."

Then another member of the new element in the church rose. Modernity glistened upon him. He spoke in crisp, short sentences and seemed more of the business man than the preacher. "I am more sorry than I can tell, but it would not be right to go into debt for this work. It would not be honest. Mr. Moderator, I move you that the work of the mission to the Jews be discontinued for lack of funds."

"Second that motion."

"One minute, please," said the old pastor emeritus slowly. "Before that vote is cast there are a few words I want to say. I have listened to words in this church—in the church for which I have labored for nearly fifty years, that I never expected to hear in the house of God or from the lips of one of his servants. When I was a young man, we did God's work first, last, and all the time to the very uttermost of our strength, and we never counted the cost. We built churches to His honor and for His service, and we paid for them when we could. 'The Lord will provide,' we said, and we believed it, too, and the Lord did provide. I know that new ways are the ways of to-day, but I am an old man and so I must work in the old ways. The plea of this brother has moved me mightily, and I for one want to see the work he has undertaken succeed. In the eight months that we have been waiting not one of you has taken the time or thought to investigate the work of this Jew. How dare you, then, come here and pretend that it is not good?" The voice rang true and strong and the faded blue eyes flashed once more with the fire of an abiding faith.

"Six months ago I heard that Leczynski's children had stopped coming to Sabbath school. Those children stopped away from our Sabbath school because every day when they went they were stoned by the little boys and girls of their neighbors. John, were your children ever stoned for going to the house of God?"

"Later a business man, a rich man, came to me and said that many of his best customers were leaving him because he was aiding an apostate Jew and he begged me to drop the man. I

will not tell you what I said to that man, but he has not forgotten my words nor will he ever.

"There have been exactly ten charges made that he was not honest with us, and in justice to him I have investigated every one of those charges. They were all lies—lies. Have any of you served God under such persecution, and served Him silently and uncomplainingly?

"Once he was ill. I went to him. His face was swathed in bandages, his eyes cut and swollen. He had been hurt but he would not tell me how. I know now how he was hurt. His own mother, the mother whom he loves to-day, had hurled a heavy stone full in his face when he went to offer her his aid when she was in trouble.

"Mr. Harkness, have you served God at such cost as this?

"For the past three weeks this man and his family have lived literally and actually on nothing else. All the money has been spent for the work of God.

"Mr. Thomas, have you ever gone hungry and seen your loved ones go hungry in the service of God?"

"This, then, is what this man has given in his service to God. He has hungered, he has gone ill-clad and cold, he has seen his children attacked and injured, he has lost his mother, and what have you given him for all this? A pitiful fifty dollars each month, from which he has supported his mission, paid every dollar of expenses, and then eked out a living for himself and family as best he could.

"Not one of you has gone to him with aid, not one of you has given him a loving word, not one of you has ever taken the trouble to find out the terrible price he has paid for his right to serve God. And the young men stand there and talk of business methods. I am ashamed, I am astounded, and I am sick at heart."

"Mr. Moderator, I am now ready for that vote, and for the honor of the old church let there be no uncertainty in its casting."

"Mr. Moderator"—the voice was that of the young preacher—"I, too, am ashamed, utterly ashamed, and at myself. All my life long there must remain in my heart the lesson taught to-day. I move that the unanimous vote of this meeting be cast in favor of continuing the Mission to the Jews."

“Second that motion”—the words came from every voice in the church.

“And I want to be the first to offer my humble apologies to Brother Leczynski, my apologies and my love and my aid. Will he accept them?”

But the old Jew was praying.

Betty.

By CHARLOTTE SEDGWICK.

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With the special permission of Charlotte Sedgwick.

Betty.

“WELL, if you aren't a—!” The ready vocabulary of the average college man failed him as a small figure in a dripping white duck frock came running up the veranda steps and disappeared within the hall door.

“It ill becometh a senior to show curiosity,” said the lad in the hammock to himself, “but I fain would know what has gone amiss with my sweet sister. I sorely fear that she has been in the lake again! I will e'en go and see.” And a moment later he was pounding on her door, just at the top of the stairs.

“Betsey!” he called. She hated to be called Betsey, and he knew it. “Oh, I say, Betsey!”

“Run away, Bobby, there's a good boy!” came a voice from within. “I'm busy!”

“But Betty!” began he. “But Bobby!” mocked she.

“I just came up to inquire if that's the latest thing in bathing-suits. Come, Betty, dear,” he wheedled, “tell your own brother all about it! And say, Betty, I guess there's a box of caramels in my room, and if you will—what did you say?” He grinned wickedly as he heard her steps approaching the door.

“For a grave and reverend senior, I must say you show an astonishing amount of—of frivolly curiosity,” she observed.

“Frivolly's good!” said he, admiringly. “Continue, Miss Jennings.”

“Caramels first!” said Miss Jennings.

“Suspicious child! I'll give them to you after supper. Tell me how you”—

“Now, get them now!” she insisted. And Robert got them.

“Why, it was nothing at all,” she began, opening the door a crack to receive them. I went down to the landing to mail a letter, you know,—Have a caramel, Bobby?—and there was not a soul in the post-office or in the warehouse. I sat down on a box in the warehouse and waited. While I sat there, that French nurse—she's with those lovely people at the hotel, you know—came through the warehouse with that dear little boy and went out on the wharf. A few minutes later she gave an

awful scream. I ran out on the dock and found her pointing frantically at the water, crying, "*Vite! Vite! O mon Dieu!*" She had let that baby fall off the edge of the wharf, somehow! The water is frightfully deep there, and the only person in sight was a man in a boat, and he was too far away. There was no time to lose, so you see I just had to"—

"Fall in after him? Exactly. I see. Good for you! Who pulled you out?"

"Oh, the man in the boat got there in time for that. He lifted the child into the boat and towed me into shallow water. A lot of people were on the dock by that time, and I ran home as fast as I could. Now will you go and let me get off these wet things?"

Robert started down-stairs. Then he called: "Say, Betty, did the baby get wet, too?"

Betty was a patient worm, but sometimes she turned. Robert was only half-way down the stairs when a well-aimed duck skirt struck him squarely on the head, and unrolling, wrapped him in its dripping folds, while a jeering voice called:

"Say, Bobby, did you get wet, too?"

* * * * *

The six o'clock boat brought Mr. Jennings from his day in the town at the end of the lake, twelve miles away; and while the three had supper on the broad veranda, Bob gave his father a dramatic account of the rescue.

"It was thrilling!" he said. "A drama in one act. Scene, the wharf, with fair Keuka in the background; French maid walking up and down, holding the heir of millions by the hand—the papa must have a few millions or he couldn't afford a silly French nurse. The child escapes and falls into forty fathoms of lake; nurse howls *crescendo*; enter Betty, centre; enter papa, left centre; enter mamma, right centre; enter the hotel, all points of compass"—

"They didn't at all!" Betty interrupted. "Don't pay any attention to him, father. I'll tell you all about it after supper."

And when Hannah had taken the tea things away, Betty perched on the arm of her father's chair and told him the story of the afternoon.

"Well, Bettikin," said he, "it paid to know how to swim, aside from the mere pleasure of it, didn't it?" and he stroked

the curly head tenderly; and silence fell on the little group as they watched the sunset light glow over lake and hill and vineyard, and then fade softly, while katydids and crickets sang the day to sleep.

Now and then a sailboat glided by, looking ghostlike in the dusk. Sounds of a two-step came faintly from the hotel, and the moon came up across the lake, shooting shimmering beams over the water.

"Here comes some one!" exclaimed Bob, suddenly, as a boat grated on the beach. "I tell you, Betty, it must be papa and mamma coming to thank you. The scene will be touching! They'll fall on your neck and kiss you and weep, and maybe—Why, Betty, where are you going? Here, hold on!" And he made a grab for her skirts as she sprang up and dashed into the house.

"So shy!" murmured he. "Reminds me of me when I was young." And he followed her.

The stranger introduced himself as a Mr. Elliot, and asked to see Miss Jennings. His host went to find the runaway, while Mr. Elliot seated himself by one of the low parlor windows.

Luckless Betty! In her panic she had taken refuge in the parlor, forgetting the open window, through which the words of a lively discussion now reached the veranda.

"No, I don't want to go out!" a girlish voice was saying. "I can't! Oh, Bob, I don't want to be thanked for—for knowing how to swim! It's ridiculous!"

"But you'll have to see him, you know, Bettikin!" argued another voice. "It would be rude not to. And it won't be so bad. You won't have to say mnch. I'll stand behind and prompt you, and—here's father!"

Betty submitted gracefully, like the true little gentlewoman she was, putting out a shy hand to greet the dreaded stranger. If there was an amused twinkle in his eyes, she didn't see it. Then he sat down and began to talk as any chance caller might. After a while he arose and stood looking down at Betty, who got up quickly, thinking, with a return of shyness, that it was coming now.

"Miss Betty," he said, taking her hands, "you must let me tell you how grateful we are to you for—for knowing how to swim. Forgive me, but I overheard what you said in the house. Dear

child, good-by! God bless you!" and bending down, he kissed her forehead.

Before Betty could think what to say, he was half-way to his boat, escorted by her father and Bob.

One bright morning two weeks later, Betty was swaying back and forth in the hammock, eating harvest apples. Suddenly Bob appeared from the direction of the landing, and dropped down beside her, with "Move along a little, can't you, and give us an apple. Thanks. Nice girl!" and he gazed at her with mischievous eyes.

"Robert John, you know something!" she cried.

"Yes'm, I hope so," he said meekly. "When my papa sent me to Cornell, he"—

"Stop teasing, and tell me why you look so mysterious," she interrupted.

"Guess!" said he, beginning on his third apple.

"A letter? Give it to me."

"Nary, nary letter! Try again."

"Caramels?"

"Greedy little girl! No, not caramels; something much better. What'll you give me to tell?"

But her quick eyes had seen a boat pulling in, and now two men were lifting from it what looked like a large, flat box or crate.

"Not one thing!" she cried, jumping up. "Here it comes! Bob, I shall"—

"Spin, I imagine," said Bob. "Bring it up here, will you, please?"—this last to the men who were crossing the lawn.

When the three men had hastily knocked the crate off and a girl's wheel appeared, Betty was radiant.

"O Bob! Bob!" she cried. Is it really for me? Did father buy it?"

"Yes, it's for you," said Bob. "I don't ride this kind. And father didn't buy it—look here, you crazy child!" And he turned a card which was tied to the handle-bar, so that she could read: "For Miss Betty Jennings, with the love of Howard Knight Eliot, Jr."

"Howard Junior must be the rescued infant," replied Bob, "I tell you, though, Betty, you're in luck! It's the best wheel made. I'm proud to be your brother, Miss Jennings. Come to my arms!"

When he had freed himself from her ecstatic hug, he held her off at arm's length and said, with mock solemnity:

“Elizabeth, look me in the eye and don't fib. Did you—steady now!—did you push him in?”

Selection from Hypatia.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.



Selection from Hypatia.

(Hypatia, a beautiful woman and teacher of pagan philosophy, is greatly beloved by all her students. But she is feared and hated by a certain body of monks, a set of fanatics, who have resolved to slay her. Philammon, a young monk, who loves Hypatia for her beauty and goodness, determines to warn her of this plot and if possible to save her life. He is denied admission to her, but begs Raphael, a friend of Hypatia's, to warn her.)

* * * * *

"Go back and warn her! Oh, if you ever cared for her—if you ever felt for her a thousandth part of what I feel—go in and warn her not to stir from home!"

"Of what is she to be warned?"

"Of a plot against her among the monks and Parabolani. I know the hatred which they bear her, the crimes which they attribute to her. Will you take my message, or see her?"

Raphael hurried back into the house. 'Could he see Hypatia?' She had shut herself up in her private room, strictly commanding that no visitor should be admitted. He bribed a maid to take a message upstairs. At last the answer came down, in the old graceful, studied, self-conscious handwriting.

"I thank you, but I dread nothing. They will not dare. Fear not for me. I must follow my destiny. I must speak the words which I have to speak. Above all, I must let no Christian say that the philosopher dared less than the fanatic. If my Gods are Gods, then they will protect me: and if not, let your God prove His rule as seems to Him good."

Raphael tore the letter to fragments. It wanted half an hour of the time of her lecture, and turning suddenly, he darted out of the room and out of the house.

"Stay here and stop her!" cried he to Philammon—"make a last appeal! Drag the horses' heads down, if you can! I will be back in ten minutes." And he ran off for the nearest gate of the Museum gardens. It was fast, and barricaded firmly on the outside. Terrified, he ran on to the next; it was barred also. He beat upon it; but no one answered. He rushed on and tried

another. No one answered there. He was baffled, netted; there was a spell upon him. What was that roar below? A sea of weltering, yelling heads, thousands on thousands, down to the very beach; and from their innumerable throats one mighty war-cry.

Philammon saw Raphael rush across the street into the Museum gardens. His last words had been a command to stay where he was; and the boy obeyed him. There Philammon awaited a full half-hour. It seemed to him, days, years. What meant that black knot of men some two hundred yards off, hanging about the mouth of the side street, just opposite the door which led to her lecture-room? And yet, why should there not be a knot of monks there? What more common in every street of Alexandria? He tried to laugh away his own fears. More than once he looked out from his hiding-place—the knot of men were still there. If they found him, what would they not suspect? What did he care? He would die for her, if it came to that.

The sun rose higher and higher, and turned his whole blaze upon the corner where Philammon crouched, but he never heeded it. His whole heart, and sense, and sight, were riveted upon that well-known door, expecting it to open. At last a curricule, glittering with silver, rattled round the corner and stopped opposite him. She must be coming now. The crowd had vanished. No; there they were, peeping round the corner, close to the lecture-room—the hell-hounds! A slave brought out an embroidered cushion—and then Hypatia herself came forth, looking more glorious than ever; her lips set in a sad, firm smile; her eyes uplifted, as if her soul was far away aloft and face to face with God.

In a moment he sprang up to her, caught her robe convulsively, threw himself on his knees before her—

“Stop! Stay! You are going to destruction!”

Calmly she looked down upon him.

“Would you make of Theon’s daughter a traitor like yourself?”

He sprang up, stepped back, and stood stupefied with shame and despair.

The plumes of the horses were waving far down the street before he recovered himself and rushed after her, shouting he knew not what.

It was too late! A dark wave of men rushed from the ambuscade, surged up round the car * * * swept forward * * * she had disappeared! and as Philammon followed breathless, the horses galloped past him madly homeward with the empty carriage.

Whither were they dragging her? To the Caesareium, the Church of God Himself! Impossible! Why thither of all places of the earth?

She was upon the church steps before he caught them up, invisible among the crowd; but he could track her by the fragments of her dress. Cowards! he would save her! And he struggled in vain to pierce the dense mass of Parabolani and monks who leaped and yelled around their victim.

Yes. On into the church itself! Into the cool, dim shadow, with its fretted pillars, and lowering domes, and candles, and incense, and blazing altar, and great pictures looking from the walls athwart the gorgeous gloom. And right in front, above the altar, the colossal Christ watching unmoved from off the wall, His right hand raised to give a blessing—or a curse?

On, up the nave, fresh shreds of her dress strewing the holy pavement—up the chancel steps themselves—up to the altar—right underneath the great still Christ: and there even those hell-hounds paused.

She shook herself free from her tormentors, and springing back, rose for one moment to her full height, naked, snow-white against the dusky mass around—shame and indignation in those wide, clear eyes, but not a stain of fear. With one hand she clasped her golden locks around her; the other long white arm was stretched upward toward the great still Christ appealing—and who dare say, in vain?—from man to God. Her lips were opened to speak: but the words that should have come from them reached God's ear alone; for in an instant Peter struck her down, the dark mass closed over her again * * and then wail on wail, long, wild, ear-piercing, rang along the vaulted roofs and thrilled like the trumpet of avenging angels through Philammon's ears.

Crushed against a pillar, unable to move in the dense mass, Philammon pressed his hands over his ears. He could not shut out those shrieks! When would they end? What in the name of the God of mercy were they doing? Tearing her piecemeal?

Yes, and worse than that. And still the shrieks rang on, and still the great Christ looked down on Philammon with that calm, intolerable eye, and would not turn away. And over his head was written in the rainbow, 'I am the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever.' Philammon covered his face with his hands and longed to die.

It was over. The shrieks had died away into moans; the moans to silence. How long had he been there? An hour, or an eternity? Thank God it was over! For her sake—but for theirs? But they thought not of that as a new cry rose through the dome.

"To the Cinaron! Burn the bones to ashes! Scatter them into the sea!" And the mob poured past him again * * *

He turned to flee: but once outside the church he sank exhausted and lay upon the steps, watching with stupid horror the glaring of the fire and the mob who leaped and yelled like demons round their Moloch sacrifice.

A hand grasped his arm; he looked up; it was Eudaemon the porter.

"I did what I could to die with her!" said he.

"I did what I could to save her!" answered Philammon.

"She is with the Gods," said Eudaemon at last.

"No," answered Philammon, "she is with the God of Gods."

Selection from Lucile.

By OWEN MEREDITH.

Selection from Lucile.

EUGÈNE DE LUVOIS.

"Holy Sister! Your worth is well known
To the hearts of our soldiers; nor less to my own.
I have much wished to see you. I owe you some thanks;
In the name of all those you have saved to our ranks
I record them. Now then, your mission?

(Aside) Strange! strange!

Any face should so strongly remind me of *her*!
Fool! again the delirium, the dream! does it stir?
Does it move as of old? Psha!

Sister! I wait

Your answer, my time halts but hurriedly. State
The cause why you seek me."

SOEUR SERAPHINE.

"Eugène de Luvois,
The cause which recalls me again to your side,
Is a promise that rests unfulfill'd.
I come to fulfill it."

EUGÈNE DE LUVOIS.

"Lucile?

Thus we meet then? * * here? * * thus?"

SOEUR SERAPHINE.

"Soul to soul, ay, Eugène,
As I pledged you my word that we should meet again.
Dead, long dead! all that
Lived in our lives.
'Tis my soul seeks thine own.
To thy soul I would speak.
May I do so?"

EUGÈNE DE LUVOIS.

"Speak to me!"

SOEUR SERAPHINE.

"I come from the solemn bedside
Of a man that is dying. While we speak
A life is in jeopardy."

EUGÈNE DE LUVOIS.

"Quick then! you seek
Aid or medicine, or what?"

SOEUR SERAPHINE.

"Medicine? yes, for the mind! 'Tis a heart that needs aid!
You, Eugène de Luvois, you (and you only) can
Save the life of this man. Will you save it?"

EUGÈNE DE LUVOIS.

What man?

How? * * Where? * * Can you ask?"

SOEUR SERAPHINE.

"The young son
Of Matilda and Alfred."

EUGÈNE DE LUVOIS.

Hold! forbear!

"Tis to him, then,
That I owe these late greetings—for him you are here—
For his sake you seek me—for him, it is clear,
You have deign'd at the last to bethink you again
Of this long-forgotten existence!"

SOEUR SERAPHINE.

"Eugène!"

EUGÈNE DE LUVOIS.

"Ha! fool that I was! and just now,
While you spoke yet, my heart was beginning to grow
Almost boyish again, almost sure of *one* friend!
Yet this was the meaning of all—this the end!
Be it so! There's a sort of slow justice (admit!)
In this—that the word that man's finger hath writ
In fire on my heart, I return him at last.
Let him learn that word—Never!"

SOEUR SERAPHINE.

“Ah, still to the past
 Must the present be vassal? In the hour
 We last parted I urged you to put forth the power
 Which I felt to be yours, in the conquest of life.
 Yours, the promise to strive, mine—to watch o’er the strife.
 I foresaw you would conquer; you *have* conquer’d much,
 Much, indeed, that is noble! I hail it as such,
 And am here to record and applaud it. I saw
 Not the less in your nature, Eugène de Luvois,
 One peril—one point where I feared you would fail
 To subdue that worst foe which a man can assail,—
 Himself: and I promised that, if I should see
 My champion once falter, or bend the brave knee
 That moment is come! for that peril was pride,
 And you falter. I plead, soldier of France,
 For your own nobler nature—and plead for Constance!”

EUGÈNE DE LUVOIS.

“Constance! * * Ay, she entered my lone life
 When its sun was long set; and hung over its night
 Her own starry childhood. I have but that light,
 In the midst of much darkeess.”

SOEUR SERAPHINE.

The sun
 Is descending, life fleets while we talk thus! oh yet
 Let this day upon one final victory set,
 And complete a life’s conquest!”

EUGENE DE LUVOIS.

“Understand!
 If Constance wed the son of this man, by whose hand
 My heart hath been robb’d, she is lost to my life!
 Constance wed a Vargrave!—I cannot consent!”

SOEUR SERAPHINE.

“Eugène de Luvois, but for you,
 I might have been now—not this wandering nun,
 But a mother, a wife—pleading, not for the son
 Of another, but blessing some child of my own,
 His,—the man’s that I once loved. * * Hush! that which is
 done

I regret not. I breathe no reproaches. That's best
Which God sends. 'Twas his will: it is mine.

And the rest
Of that riddle I will not look back to. He reads
In your heart—He that judges of all thoughts and deeds.
With eyes, mine forestall not! This only I say:
You have not the right (read it, you, as you may!)
To say * * 'I am the wrong'd.'"

EUGÈNE DE LUVOIS.

"Have I wrong'd thee? wrong'd *thee*?
Lucile, ah, Lucile!"

SOEUR SERAPHINE.

"Nay, not me,
But man! The lone nun standing here
Has no claim upon earth, and is passed from the sphere
Of earth's wrongs and earth's reparations. But she,
The dead woman, Lucile, she whose grave is in me,
Demands from her grave reparation to man,
Reparation to God. Heed, O heed, while you can,
This voice from the grave!"

EUGÈNE DE LUVOIS.

"Hush, I obey
The Soeur Seraphine. There, Lucile, let this pay
Every debt that is due to that grave. Now lead on:
I follow you, Soeur Seraphine! * * * To the son
Of Lord Alfred Vargrave. This pays all. * * * Lead on!
I follow * * * forth, forth! where you lead."

At A Broadway Fire.

By ALFRED TRUMBLE.

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At a Broadway Fire.

KLANG-KLANG! Klang-klang-klang! Klang!
Over Broadway, packed with vehicles from curb to curb, comes a sudden, startled hush. Then the trucks and wagons and coaches scatter, the street-cars come to a stop, and the curb is lined with a wall of men and women with excited faces and eager eyes turned upon the roadway.

Klang-klang!

The two horses have their heads up and their eyes ablaze, like chargers going into battle. They beat a long train of sparks out of the frozen stones that mingle with a shower of embers that leaves a fiery trail along the pavement. The driver, strapped fast in his seat, is as firm and strong as the thing of steel and gleaming brass he directs.

Klang!

The gong comes to us through the cloud of black smoke the engine has coughed into our faces. There is a strange tremor in the air, and the earth shakes beneath our feet.

Klang-klang-klang!

It has whirled around the corner and passed us like a tempest; a long truck, loaded with ladders; again horses that gallop, and blow spume from their proud jaws like a challenge of battle; again a driver who might be made of steel, but also men who hang on here and there. The whole episode has come and gone so quickly that your head turns in the whirlwind its reverberating passage creates, and when the pretty girl in the silk raglan beside you clutches your arm, you quite feel for her as you bid her have no fear.

"It's not that," says the pretty girl, "but it makes my head swim. My! What was that?"

It looked like a red streak in the air. It was the crimson-bodied buggy of the fire chief tearing by, with the bay horse at a dead run and every muscle in his clean body working like an electrical engine.

The clangor of the gongs is now incessant. The street is a blockade. The police are marking out the fire lines, and the

mob presses them hard. A black fog hangs over the street. Out of the window of a big iron building flips a slender and vicious-looking tongue of flame. A roar breaks from the crowd, and the engines commence to hammer and thump, like giants in bondage striving to rend their chains. A white streak cuts the smoke-fog, like a long steel blade, and the crowd yells "Hurrah!"

As if the first touch of water maddened it, the fire bursts from a dozen windows, blowing a shower of broken glass before it. The air above the housetop begins to redden. The windows of adjoining houses take on a sullen and angry color, such as one may note at night in the eyes of a wild beast crouching in its cage. There is a heavy crash, and an eruption of fire spouts above the housetop and fans a cloud of sparks high into the air. The roof has been blown apart. The crowd catches its breath and says "Ah!"

Against the roaring blaze black figures are silhouetted, perched upon adjoining walls. One man, standing on the metal cornice, wields an axe with great, strong strokes. A stealthy streak of flame slinks up toward his feet, withdraws, slinks up again, and once more draws back. The axe falls steadily. In an instant there is a big, coiling leap of fire at him, the cornice crumbles under his feet like paper—and strong arms are hauling him up to safety, while he still clutches the axe.

A plump elderly gentleman, who has been forgetting all about his bank, where the board meeting is waiting for its president, throws up his hand and shouts "Hurrah!" The mob repeats the cry in a wild, gusty roar. The engines seem to take it up with their whirl and clatter lost in smoke, and even the crash of the falling cornice is almost lost in it. While it is still lingering among the noises of the scene, a shout of laughter buries it. The crowd opens into a circle, in the middle of which a bursted hose spouts a fountain of freezing water in half a dozen jets. No one has noticed how cold it is until now, yet the icicles hang in huge festoons among the flames and the spray of the mounting streams of water falls like hail.

"My!" says the pretty girl in the silk raglan, "I pity those poor fellows."

An excited young man comes running up and dodges under the policeman's warning arm. Before the menacing club can fall,

he shows, under the lapel of his coat, an embossed metal badge, at sight of which the officer lowers his staff, grumbling something to the effect that "you'se fellows is nuisances." Other reporters come up and plunge into the smoke. So do men who do not look like reporters, but who wear the same badges. Most of these the policeman salutes with great respect.

"'Tis a good fire, Mr. Moloney," says he.

"Well, Dennis," responds Mr. Maloney affably, out of his frieze ulster, "it's a good day for a good fire."

The crowd snickers at this original ebullition of Celtic wit, and you learn from your neighbor that this is the famous Mickey Moloney who is supposed to carry the whole Fourth Ward in his trousers' pocket. Mr. Moloney, who has no badge, or, at least shows none, marches unchallenged into the gloom, and the policeman wrangles for five minutes with a nervous little Tribune reporter, fresh from a country college, with a brand-new silver badge, who carries a note-book and pencil, and who gets so excited that he commences to cry, whereupon he is commanded to go in and drown the fire out, which order he proceeds, in part, at least, to obey, amid the jeers of the mob.

The engines are now fighting a wall of fire. The air is heavy with cinders, which sting our faces as they drive before the bitter blast. In the flooded streets you can see the ice growing in films. The bar-room, at our elbow, drives a tremendous trade. The counter is lined two deep. A fireman, who comes in dripping, with scales of ice all over his woolen shirt, and bleeding from a cut in his head, is immediately surrounded. If he had the capacity of a cask it might be taxed free of expense to himself.

"I'm obliged, gents," he says; "all I want is some whiskey and some hot bullyon."

When he gets these, he calmly drinks the bouillon and washes his wound with the spirits, and is off before the bibulous rabble has recovered from the shock.

Now we are in for it. Every breath is an effort. Our bodies freeze and our faces scorch. Smoke, smell, the tumult of clanking machinery, and the furious growling of the unseen conflagration put an embargo on words. The shouts we hear are dim and incoherent, as commands issued on the quarter-deck in a hurricane. The faces that flit by us are black, as with battle-

grime, and full of the frenzied excitement that marks those of soldiers in a charge. It only needs a charge of artillery to complete the illusion, and—

A wall down!

For a brief moment the windy eddy from the crashing stone and metal rips the fog apart. Then we see a man going up a ladder to a window within which the fire is seething with an awful splendor.

"Some one in there?"

"Yes," says the engineer.

"Who?"

"Can't you see the cat on the window ledge?"

Then the cloud closes in again, but we know by the mad acclamation of the invisible audience that poor puss is saved.

We tread a pavement inches deep in cinders, and strewn with broken bricks and fragments of stone. The plate-glass windows behind us split in the heat, with reports like pistol shots.

There is a tangle of telegraph wires all around in the gutters. A fiery snake hisses at our feet and a new commotion breaks out. The electric light wires are down, with white death spitting from their severed strands. The smoke-bank grows redder and commences to billow wavily, and then, with a roar like breakers bursting on a rocky shore, a great, hot blast blows the curtain away, and we save ourselves in a doorway, just in time to escape the avalanche of falling walls, which leave exposed a crater belching flame, sparks and steam.

The murky pall settles again, slowly and sullenly. The noises have taken a new aspect, and we hear voices shouting commands and the sounds of pick and shovel.

Klang-klang-klang-klang!

There is a sharper, keener and more nervous note to this gong than to the warning peal of the engine. The rattle of wheels is lighter, too. It is the ambulance that pulls up among the steaming ruins, where something is buried that moans and groans with human eloquence of misery, yet presents none of the semblance of a human being.

Yes, I think it is about time we kept that appointment down town.

His Mother's Sermon.

By IAN MACLAREN.

By Permission of Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers.

His Mother's Sermon.

HE was an ingenious lad, with the callow simplicity of a theological college still untouched, and had arrived on the preceding Monday at the Free Kirk manse with four cartloads of furniture and a maiden aunt. At last he shut himself up in his study to prepare the great sermon, and his aunt went about on tiptoe.

He explained casually that his own wish was to preach a simple sermon, and that he would have done so had he been a private individual, but as he had held the MacWhammell scholarship, a great deliverance was expected by the country.

While the minister was speaking in his boyish complacency, aunt's thoughts were in a room where they had both stood, five years before, by the death-bed of his mother.

He was broken that day, and his sobs shook the bed, for he was his mother's only son and fatherless, and his mother, brave and faithful to the last, was bidding him farewell.

"Dinna greet like that, John, nor break yir hert, for it's the will o' God, and that's aye best. Ye 'ill no forget me, John, I ken that weel, and I'll never forget you. I've loved ye here and I'll love ye yonder. Ye 'ill follow Christ, an' gin He offers ye His cross ye'll no refuse it, for He aye carries the heavy end Himsel'. He 'ill keep ye too, and, John, I've just one other wish. If God calls ye to the ministry, ye 'ill no refuse, an' the first day ye preach in yir ain kirk, speak a gude word for Jesus Christ, an', John, I'll hear ye that day, though ye'll no see me, and I'll be satisfied." A minute after she whispered, "Pray for me," and he cried, "Mother, my mother."

It was a full prayer, and left nothing unasked of Mary's Son.

"John," said his aunt, "your mother is with the Lord," and he saw death for the first time, but it was beautiful with the peace that passeth all understanding.

Five years had passed, crowded with thought and work, and his aunt wondered whether he remembered that last request, or indeed had heard it in his sorrow.

"What are you thinking about, aunt? Are you afraid of my theology?"

"No, John, it's not that, laddie."

"Go on, auntie, go on," he said. "Say all that's in yir mind."

"It's no for me tae advise ye, who am only a simple auld woman. But it's the fouk, John, a'm anxious aboot, the flock o' sheep the Lord has given ye tae feed for Him. Ye maun mind, laddie, that they're no clever and learned like ye are, but juist plain country fouk. They 'ill need a clear word tae comfort their herts and show them the way everlasting. Ye 'ill say what's richt, nae doot o' that, and a'boddy 'ill be pleased wi' ye, but, oh, laddie, be sure ye say a gude word for Jesus Christ."

The minister's face whitened, and his arm relaxed. He rose hastily and went to the door. The son had not forgotten his mother's request.

The manse garden lies toward the west and the sun was going down behind the Grampians. Black, massy clouds had begun to gather in the evening, and threatened to obscure the sunset. But the sun had beat back the clouds on either side, and shot them through with glory. The minister stood still before that spectacle, his face bathed in golden glory, and then before his eyes the gold deepened into an awful red, and the red passed into shades of violet and green. It seemed to him as if a victorious saint had entered through the gates into the city, washed in the blood of the Lamb, and the after-glow of his mother's life fell solemnly on his soul. The last trace of sunset had faded from the hills when the minister came in, and his face was of one who had seen a vision.

He looked at the sermon shining beneath the glare of the lamp and demanding judgment. He had finished its last page with honest pride that afternoon, and had declaimed it, facing the southern window, with a success that amazed himself. But now he felt that he could never deliver it again, for the audience had vanished, and left one careworn, but ever beautiful face, whose gentle eyes were waiting with a yearning look. Twice he crushed the sermon in his hands, and turned to the fire. What else could he say now to the people? And then in the stillness of the room he heard a voice, "Speak a gude word for Jesus Christ."

Next minute he was kneeling on the hearth and pressing the

magnum opus, that was to shake Drumtochty, into the heart of the red fire. As the last black flake fluttered out of sight, the face looked at him again, but this time the sweet brown eyes were full of peace.

The moon flooded his bedroom with silver light, and he felt the presence of his mother. He is a boy once more, and repeats the Lord's Prayer, then he cries again, "My mother! my mother!" and an indescribable contentment fills his heart.

When the bell began to ring, the minister rose from his knees and went to his aunt's room to be robed, for this was a covenant between them. When she had given the last touch, and he was ready to go, a sudden seriousness fell upon them.

"Kiss me, auntie."

"For your mother, and her God be with you," and then he went through the garden and underneath the honeysuckle and into the kirk, where every Free Churchman in Drumtochty that could get out of bed, and half the Established Kirk, were waiting in expectation.

I sat with his aunt in the minister's pew, and shall always be glad that I was at that service. I have been in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, where the people wept one minute and laughed the next; have heard Canon Liddon in St. Paul's, and the sound of that high, clear voice is still with me. But I never realized the unseen world as I did that day in the Free Kirk of Drumtochty.

Texts I can never remember, nor, for that matter, the words of sermons; but the subject was Jesus Christ, and before he had spoken five minutes I was convinced that Christ was present. The preacher faded before one's eyes, and there rose the figure of the Nazarene, stretching out his hands to the old folks and little children as He did, before his death in Galilee. His voice might be heard any moment, as I have imagined it in my lonely hours, by the winter fire, or on the solitary hills—soft, low and sweet, penetrating like music to the secret of the heart, "Come unto Me * * * and I will give you rest."

During a pause in the sermon, I glanced up the church, and saw the same spell held the people. The women were weeping quietly, and the rugged faces of our men were subdued and softened, as when the evening sun plays on the granite stone.

His aunt could only meet him in the study, and when he look

ed on her his lip quivered, for his heart was wrung with one wistful regret.

"Oh, auntie, if she had only been spared to see this day and her prayers answered!"

But his aunt flung her arms around his neck.

"Dinna be cast doon, laddie, nor be unbelivin.' Yir mither has heard every word, and is satisfied, for ye did it in remembrance o' her, and you was yir mither's sermon."

The Old Garden.

By MARY CLARKE HUNTINGTON.

With the permission of Warren F. Kellogg, Publisher of the New England Magazine. With the special permission of Mary Clarke Huntington.

The Old Garden.

THIS is the garden where Grandmamma walked,
Grandmamma, witching and dark, and small.
This is the bench where she sat and talked
'Neath rosebine arbor beside the wall;
While somebody's horse at the garden gate
Neighed impatience at somebody's wait.

Here is the spot where the heart's-ease grew,
And bachelor's buttons there were set
With larkspur—crimson and white and blue,
And fragrant patches of mignonette.
Yonder were lilies; coxcomb red,
And velvety pansies— bed on bed!

In dress of muslin, as white as snow,
With the briefest waist and the scantest skirt,
She chatted with gallant powdered beau,
For Grandmamma was an arrant flirt.
I know by the letters I have read,
Letters from lovers she would not wed.

For one she scorned, and at one she laughed,
And one a bachelor's button gave,
And coxcomb handed to one who quaffed
Her smile till he vowed himself her slave!
And then she would send them all away
And walk by herself in the dying day.

But somebody came—as somebody will
When Youth and Beauty are still unwed,
And Grandmamma's saucy laugh was still
When this tall somebody bent his head
To her lesser height, as they slowly walked
Tween stiff box borders, or sat and talked;

Sat and talked while the gloaming fell
And whinnies sounded beside the gate,
For when young Love has a tale to tell
Then somebody's horse perforce must wait:
And a heart's-ease sprig on somebody's vest
She pinned—but I will not tell the rest.

Rose petals drop on my head to-day,
As they dropped on those lovers' heads of yore;
And down the path, where the shadows play,
I fancy coming from open door
Grandmamma—such a charming bride!
With courtly Grandpapa at her side.

Tho' dead those lovers of long ago,
Dead tender bridegroom and winsome bride,
The garden's story will live, I trow,
Like scent of roses that Grandmamma dried—
A subtle sweetness, a rare perfume,
A bud of Arcady burst in bloom.

Laddie.

With the permission of E. P. Dutton & Co., Publishers.

Laddie.

JOHN Clement Carter, M. D., had come to London a poor boy, but his intelligence and honesty had interested influential people in him, and through his power and perseverance he was now recognized as being at the head of his profession and one of the foremost doctors in all London.

Life looked very pleasant to Dr. Carter as he sat in his beautiful home, surrounded by every luxury. He had just become engaged to Violet Meredith, a lovely and accomplished young lady and that night he was looking through rose-colored spectacles at a successful past, a satisfactory present, and a beautiful future.

At length his thoughts carried him back to springtime many years ago at Sunnybrook, and his mother—ah! she was always such a good mother! He could remember still the comforting feeling of mother's apron wiping away dirt and tears, and the sound of her gentle voice bidding him "Never mind, like a good little Laddie." His heart was very warm just then towards that mother of his, and he made up his mind that, cost what trouble it might, he would go down to Sunnybrook and see her before he was married, if it were only for an hour or two.

His conscience pricked him a little, as he remembered how year after year had slipped away without his going down. "Anyhow," he said to himself, "another month shall not pass by without my seeing my mother."

At this moment the deferential man servant knocked at the door and aroused Dr. Carter to the consciousness of how far his wandering thoughts had carried him.

"What is it, Hyder?"

"Please, sir, there's some one wishes to see you. I told as 'twas too late, and you was engaged very particular, but she wouldn't be put off nohow, sir."

"What sort of a person is she?"

"Beg your pardon, sir, she appears to be from the country, sir. Quite a countrified, homely old body, sir."

"Countrified, homely old body." Somehow the description

brought back to his mind his mother coming down the brick path at home, with the columbine tapping against her short petticoats. Even as he smiled to himself, the door was pushed open, and before him he saw—his mother, in her Sunday bonnet and with her patterns in her hand.

For the first moment, pleasure was the uppermost feeling in his mind. He just took hold of her trembling, hard-worked hands, and kissed her furrowed old cheek, wet with tears of unutterable joy, and cried, "Mother! why, mother!"

She was clinging to him, sobbing out, "Laddie, my boy, Laddie!" with eyes too dim to notice how tall and grand and handsome her boy had grown and what a gentleman.

"I must have a good look at you, Laddie, boy," she said.

And then her good angel must have spread his soft wings between the mother and son to keep her from seeing the look that was marring that son's face. All the pleasure was gone and embarrassment and disquiet had taken its place.

"Why didn't you write and say you were coming, mother?"

"Well, there! I thought as I'd give you a surprise, and you see I'm not such a helpless old body arter all, Laddie."

"And when must you go back?"

"Not till you get tired of me, Laddie."

The sight of her white, trembling old face touched her son's heart in spite of himself. "You are quite tired out, mother; you shall have some tea and go to bed."

"There, now! If I wasn't thinking as a dish of tea would be the nicest thing in the world! Ah! you remembers what your mother likes, bless you!"

Presently, when they had done tea, Dr. Carter drew his chair up near hers and prepared for his difficult task.

"Mother," he said, "mother, I wish you had written to me that you were coming."

"I knew as you would be pleased to see me, Laddie, come when I might or how I might."

And then he went on to explain how different London life was from that of Sunnybrook, and how she would never get used to it or feel happy there. How soon did she catch his meaning he hardly knew, for he could not bear to look into her face, and see the smile fade from her lips and the brightness from her eyes. He only felt her hand clasp his more tightly, and then she said slowly,

"I am weary, Laddie, too tired like for new plans,—and maybe, dearie, too old."

"Come, mother, think no more of it to-night, everything will look brighter to-morrow. I'll show you your bedroom." And he took her up-stairs.

"Now make haste to bed, there's a good old mother. My room is next to yours, if you need anything. I hope you'll be very comfortable. Good-night."

After he had left her, she stood for some minutes quite still, looking at the scene reflected in the glass before her, peering anxiously and attentively at it.

"And so Laddie is ashamed of his old mother, and it ain't no wonder."

Dr. Carter was just turning over to sleep when his door opened softly, and his mother came in. He started up.

"There, there, Laddie, lie down. 'Tis fifteen years and more since I tucked you up in bed and I thought as I'd like to do it for you once more. Good night, Laddie, good night."

And then she went away quickly, and did not hear him call, "Mother! O, mother!" after her, for the carefully tucked in clothes were flung off, and Laddie was out of bed, with his hand on the handle of the door and then—second thoughts being cooler, if not better,—"she had better sleep," Dr. Carter said and got back into bed.

But sleep would not come at his call, until after long and fierce debate he came to the conclusion: "Come what may, I'll keep my mother with me, let people say or think what they will."

And then he went to sleep, while his old mother stood outside his house, in the cold London street, murmuring: "I'll never be a shame to my boy, my Laddie. God bless him!"

* * * * *

Eighteen months passed away, and though Dr. Carter had made every effort, he could find no trace of his mother.

His wedding had been postponed, for Violet would say: "We must find her first, Laddie, and then we'll talk of the wedding."

But time rolled on, days, weeks and months, till at last they were forced to give up all hope.

One day, as Dr. Carter was passing through one of the hospitals a bunch of violets fell from his coat upon a bed where death was having an easy victory. The face of the patient was turned

toward the wall, and her wrinkled, hard-worked hands were stretched outside the bed-clothes.

The nurse explained, "She's not been conscious since they brought her in, knocked down by an omnibus. We don't know her name, but I fancy she's Scotch, for I have heard her say 'Laddie' several times."

And then, all at once, the doctor gave a great cry that startled all the patients in the ward.

"Mother!" he cried, "Mother, is it you?" Dr. Carter was kneeling by the bed, looking eagerly at the wan, white face. Was he mad? The nurse thought he must be, and this a sudden frenzy. And then he called again—

"Mother, mother, speak to me!"

The drawn mouth moved into the ghost of a smile, and she said, "Eh, Laddie, here I be." Then she sank back into unconsciousness.

Dr. Carter wrote a note to Violet with these words:—"I have found her; come!" As Violet entered, the old woman opened her eyes, looking first at Laddie and then at her.

"Who is it?" she asked.

And then Violet knelt down with her sweet face close to the old woman's, and said very softly, "Mother, I am Laddie's sweetheart."

"Laddie's sweetheart," she echoed, "he's been a good son, my dear, always kind to his old mother, and he'll make a good husband. And you'll make him a good wife, won't you? God bless you!"

And then her trembling hand was feeling for something, and Laddie guessed her wish, and put his hand and Violet's into it, two young hands full of life and health and pulsation under the old worn, hard-worked hand, growing cold and weak with death.

"God bless you dear, Laddie and his sweetheart. But I'm a bit tired just now." And she dozed again.

It was Laddie, he who had often seen death face to face, who gave way. "Oh, mother, mother, say you forgive me!" Did he not know that she forgave, if indeed she knew that she had aught to forgive. But she was "a bit tired."

Very tenderly did the Angel of Death do his work that night. Only a sigh and then, a sudden hush; for the night had come, when no man can work—the holy, star-lit night of death, with the silver streaks of the great dawn of the Resurrection shining in the east.

The Man Without a Country.

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

With the permission of the Publishers, Little, Brown, & Co., Boston.

The Man Without a Country.

“CURSE the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!”

The speaker was Philip Nolan, a young officer in the United States army. He had been implicated in the Aaron Burr conspiracy and was being tried in court when he uttered these words.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, Sept. 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country, for the sentence of the court was that he should be taken on board of one of the boats of the United States navy and transferred from boat to boat, so that he might spend his life on the high seas and never land in the United States; nor should he be allowed to see papers or books containing allusions to the United States, nor hold conversation with anyone regarding his native country, though in all other respects he was to be treated as a gentleman and ex-officer of the United States navy.

As years wore on, poor Nolan deeply repented his passionate exclamation and was filled with an intense longing to know of the progress of his really beloved country, but all such knowledge was denied him.

I first came to understand anything about “the man without a country” one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. There was no way of making these negroes understand that they were now free, and the captain was in despair.

“For God’s love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something?”

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese.

“Then tell them they are free,” said Vaughan. Tell them that I will take them all to Cape Palmas.” But this did not answer, and the drops stood on poor Nolan’s white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said:—

“They say, ‘Not Palmas.’ Take us home, take us to our own

country.' One says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months."

But he could not stand it any longer; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. Then he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy. And for your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. Never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!" Then, almost in a whisper, he added, "O, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his which afterward made us great friends; but from this time on he grew weaker and weaker, and it was at last painfully evident that he had but a short time to live. One day he said to me:—

"O Danforth, I know I am dying. Surely you will tell me something now? Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America,—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. But tell me,—tell me something,—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!"

"Mr. Nolan," said I, "I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?"

Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, "God bless you! Tell me their

names," he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag.

I tell you it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man, but I told him everything I could think of. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint.

Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place,—and so it did. And I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, "For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee."

"Danforth," said he, "I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years." And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, "Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone." And I went away.

In an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:—

"They desire a country, even a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city."

On this slip of paper he had written: "Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:—

In Memory of

PHILIP NOLAN

Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.

He loved his country as no other man
has loved her; but no man deserved less
at her hands."

Westward Ho.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

With the permission of Geo. Routledge Sons.

Westward Ho.

IT was in the year 1588. Amyas Leigh's brother had been put to the Inquisition by the Spaniards and finally burned to death at the stake, and when the tidings were brought to Amyas Leigh, at his English home, his whole soul was filled with a fierce longing for revenge. He patiently bided his time, knowing that before long Spain and England would be engaged in a bitter conflict. As he and his mother were talking one evening, Amyas burst out:

"The one thing I live for is hunting down Spaniards as I would adders or foxes. If it were not for you, mother, would God that the Armada would come! There is a fire burning me up, night and day, and nothing but Spanish blood will put it out."

"Or the grace of God, my poor wilful child! Who comes to the door,—so quickly, too?"

In another minute a serving-man entered with a letter.

"This to Capt. Amyas Leigh, with haste, haste!"

Amyas tore it open. "The Armada is coming! My wish has come true, mother!"

"God help us, it has! Go, my son, and may God bless you!"

And then began that great sea-fight which was to determine whether Popery or Protestantism should rule.

* * * * *

The fight is over and the great Armada vanquished. The remaining Spanish ships have fled and Amyas is following in close pursuit of the ship which Don Guzman, the Spaniard who took his brother's life, is commanding. It is now the sixteenth day of the chase.

The morning wore away without a sign of living thing. Was he to lose his prey after all? The thought made him shudder with rage and disappointment. It was intolerable; anything but that.

"No, God! let me but once feel this sword in his accursed heart, and then—strike me dead, if Thou wilt!" Then he looked across the sea and shouted: "There she is," and in an instant all were scrambling up the hatchway.

Yes. There she was! The cloud had lifted suddenly and there she lay rolling, some four or five miles to the eastward.

"The Spaniard is ours safely now. Safe as a fox in a trap. Satan himself cannot take him from us." As Amyas spoke, an angry growl of thunder from the westward heaven seemed to answer his wild words.

"The storm is coming, and the wind is in it," he cried.

After two hours more, the four miles diminished to one, while the lightning flashed nearer and nearer as the storm came up. The squall blew fiercer and fiercer, and the rain came down in blinding sheets. Where was the Spaniard?

"Hurrah! there she is, right on our larboard bow." There she was, indeed, staggering away with canvas split and flying.

"Range alongside," shouted Amyas, "if it blow live imps and witches. Pah! how this lightning dazzles." On they swept, gaining fast on the Spaniard. Suddenly, one of the men sprang back with a face white and wild.

"Land, right ahead! Port your helm, sir, for the love of God! port your helm."

Amyas, with the strength of a bull, jammed the helm down just in time. She swung round; the masts bent like whips. Within two hundred yards of them was the Spaniard, while in front of her and above her rose a huge dark bank. The Spaniard had seen her danger, and tried to broach-to. But her clumsy mass refused to obey the helm. The Spaniard gave a sudden jar and stopped. Then one long heave and bound, as if to free herself; and then her bows lighted clean upon the shutter.

An awful silence fell on every English soul. They heard not the roaring of wind and surge; they saw not the blinding flashes of the lightning; but they heard one long ear-piercing wail to every saint in heaven rise from five hundred human throats; they saw the mighty ship heel over from the wind, till she rolled clear over, and vanished forever and ever.

"Lost! lost! lost!—shame! To lose my right, my right, when it was in my very grasp. Unmerciful!"

A crack which rent the sky and made the granite quiver: a bright world of flame, and then a blank of utter darkness, against which stood out, glowing red-hot, every mast, and sail, and rock, all red-hot, transfigured into fire; and behind, the

black, black night. When Amyas regained consciousness, he heard a whisper and rustling close beside him.

"What is this? I must be asleep—what has happened? Where am I? And where is Yeo?"

"The same flash which struck you down, struck him dead."

"Dead? Lightning? Any more hurt? I must go and see. Why, what is this? It is all dark—dark, as I live! Oh, God! Oh, God! I am blind, blind, blind!"

For four days he raved constantly; then his raving ceased and a deep sigh escaped from him.

"I know it is all here—the dear old sea—where I would live and die. And my eyes feel for it! feel for it—and cannot find it; never, never will find it again forever. God's will be done! I have been a fiend, when I thought myself the grandest of men; yea, a very avenging angel out of heaven. But God has shown me my sin and His will be done."

Peter Patrick.

By SALLY PRATT McLEAN GREENE

With the author's special permission.

Peter Patrick.

PETER Patrick O'Rorke came down one November morning into a world short of jackets, short of trousers, short of bread and butter, short of everything, in fact, except boys.

Came into a world of crusts and gristle and bones, beatings and scoldings, and cuffings, cold and hunger and rags, and straightway set out to grow a robust inch every day of his life.

Then Nature tricked him out with such a redundant crop of light curling red hair. Mirth and mischief mixed in generously with the abuse showered upon him during the week; and then of a Sunday to stand up in the church at the head of all the choir-boys, rolling out praise and gratitude to God in a voice that hadn't a single husky or faltering note in it; so that the choir-master loved him as he listened, though he had to thrash him very often, at the rehearsals too.

But now of a week day morning, Peter Patrick, having already had a cuffing from old Peter and a rating from Mrs. O'Rorke, tied up the fast loosening sole of his shoe with a tow string, drew a brush through his hair, stuck what was left him of a cap jauntily off over one ear, thrust his hands in his pockets, and started off for school, with the air of a grand duke.

He stopped as usual before the house of the Hon. John Granville to turn somersaults for the delight of poor little Barney Granville who, unlike Peter Patrick, *didn't grow*.

"You'll be late at school again this morning, won't you, Peter Patrick?" said little Barney at last.

"Och, thin, wait till they onc't have me there airly! Faith, that 'ud be somethin' worth spakin' of, Misther Barney."

"And will you get punished again to-day?" Peter Patrick gave vent to a mirthful roar.

"An' do ye think it'll be only wan licking I'll be gettin' the day, Misther Barney? Faith, ye might hould up all the fingers o' yer two little white hands, an' ye wouldn't have enough to be namin' 'em. But don't let that be troublin' the darlin' heart o'

ye. My hide's that tough jist I don't fale 'em at all, at all. Sure, they roll off'n me like rain-water off a duck."

Then Peter Patrick nodded, stuck his cap over the other ear, and sauntered down the avenue.

It was his habit, when he reached the culvert, to leave the main thoroughfare and take a new route by a path along the cliff to the exposed trestle work of the railroad bridge. This morning he discovered, oh, bliss of the moment! some workmen planting new telegraph poles along the edge of the cliff, and there was Charley Granville, Barney's cousin and the great Judge Granville's son, with a written excuse in his pocket, with which he had started for school sometime about one hour or more ago.

Up to him sauntered Peter Patrick, gladsome as the daylight, though with no excuse at all in *his* pocket. Now Charley had been bragging in easy fashion to the workmen about his father's wealth, and his own scholarship, and he thought still more to distinguish himself by making sport of Peter Patrick; so he cried out:

"Fair and square, and the witness there,
Make you a bet, and I'll beat you yet.

Bet you, Peter Patrick, I'll be up one of those telegraph poles before you are."

Up in a flash, breathless, scrambling, tearing a few more generous rents, in his woful trousers, flew Peter Patrick. Surely he did look comical in that position, in his floating rags, to Charley, who had not stirred from his place, and now stood laughing insultingly.

"Well, what do you see up there, Red Top?"

"Och thin," said Patrick quietly, grasping the pole with his legs and folding his arms, "it's only a little woodchoock I see below there, I guess. Or maybe it's a little donkey. Faith, but I'm belavin' it's only a donkey after all."

Roar after roar went up from the group of workmen. Charley realized that both his wit and his company were at a discount.

"You'd better come down, all afire."

"Oh, I'm a-comin';" whereat Charley made no further question but took to his heels.

Peter Patrick overtook him and collared him. "Now I ain't

goin' to be givin' ye the lickin' ye deserve, for I'm jist that stronger than ye be; nor I don't bear ye no ill-will nayther, ye little lyin' deceiver, but I'm only goin' to give ye a little wallopin'-like, jist for the health of ye."

This Peter Patrick proceeded to do. And then on sped Charley to school, breathing vengeance. His excuse for a quarter of an hour's tardiness was of no use now anyway; he tore it in pieces with malicious intent.

As for Peter Patrick, he sauntered on at his usual gait.

"An hour and a half late, Peter Patrick!" exclaimed the schoolmaster.

"Is that so! Dade, sir, but me close'll be wore out on me 'afore night, the time flies so on me!" And having had his joke, he went up and took his whipping. But the schoolmaster still retained his hand.

"And more than that, sir, you threw down Mr. Charley Granville as he was hurrying on his way here, and beat him and stole from him the excuse for necessary tardiness which his mother had written me."

Then Peter Patrick straightened himself up, his lips curled, and I think it was a very fine look that came into his eyes of silent proud contempt, and he held his hand out without a word, without one sign of pain or shrinking, receiving stinging blow after blow; and when it was over, quietly turned without a word and took his seat.

It was the last winter of Peter Patrick's attempt at schooling and he was to go down to the iron-mills to work.

"Wait thin, and I'll be gittin' ye a new gownd, mither," said he.

"Ye'd better be gettin' yerself a new jacket," and it rankled in Mrs. O'Rorke's breast because an artist, spending his summer in Granville, had painted Peter Patrick down,—red head, ragged jacket, and all, and carried him off to a big town, and sold him there for a thousand dollars. It was pretty hard, she reflected, to have a boy "so comical that the very picture of 'im sold for a thousand dollars." And Mrs. O'Rorke would have stood speechless with astonishment if she could have heard what the artist actually said many times in describing the painting, that it was "the picture of an Irish lad, down at Granville's Mills, who had the most beautiful face he ever saw!"

Christmas holidays; and all the lads and lassies were out coasting with their new sleds, Charley Granville with a famous one. Laughing shouting up and down the hill they went, and merriest of all, Peter Patrick, on a *plank!* steering it on his feet, steering it on his knees, making wonderful manipulations with the crazy old board, riding down any way but the right way.

Then Charley Granville, in his excitement, chose a longer and steeper hill; it took in a railroad crossing, too! but it was a branch road, no trains due except at night and morning.

There, waving his cap, came Charley Granville, a load of little lads and lassies filling his sled, tucked in, wedged in, piled in anyhow.

And there! Oh, God!—around the bank came an “extra” train, its whistle belching out a shrill agony of warning. No use! Fate sat like death on that gilded little sled, with its swift-flying helpless load, and with a face like death Charley Granville threw himself off from the steerer’s seat behind—so that he might save himself.

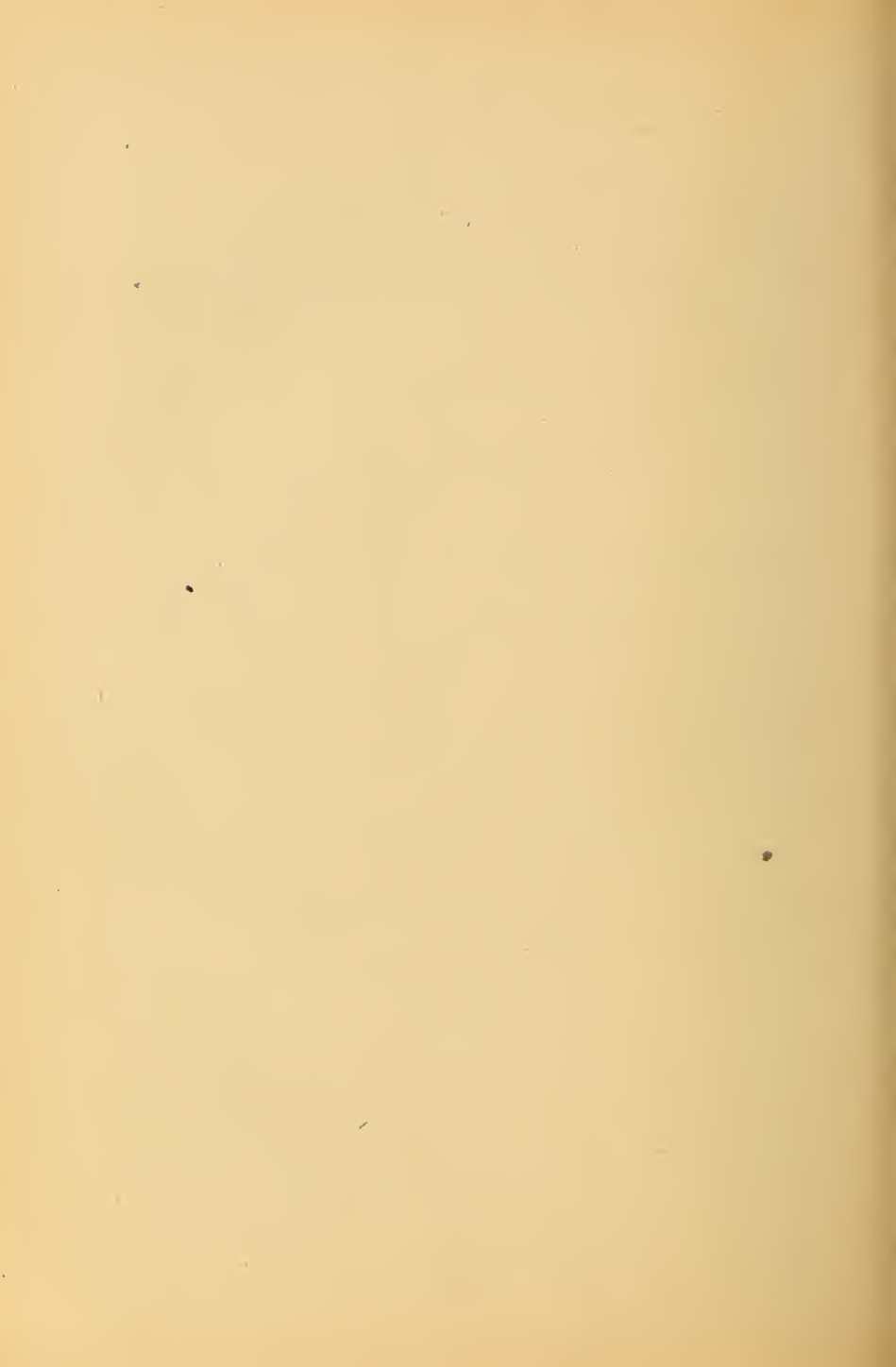
Peter Patrick, returning with his plank, had reached the crossing at the foot of the hill. In one brief instant he marked with his keen eye the slight level place just the other side, and saw what could be done. With outstretched arms the young giant rushed forward, leaped the track to await that precious helpless load! The iron swan-heads pierced his breast! but he received it, held it, barred it from death, with his broken arms, with his bleeding and unconscious breast.

Aye! they were saved; and Peter Patrick lay with quiet, up-turned face in the sunshine.

But when he lay with his arms folded in his white grave clothes, and his features so fine and peaceful in the clustering hair that had been growing dark of late, they began to see upon his face something of that beauty which the painter saw.

The Hon. John Granville and the honorable Judge Granville, brothers, agreed that it would be a worthy and appropriate act to put up a monument to the memory of Peter Patrick. But on account of a threatened depression in certain stocks, I am happy to say they “forgot” it. For on Peter Patrick’s neglected grave a slender alder and a sweet wild thorn bush have sprung up, and in the wild and windy night they lean against

each other, and it makes a cross, not of polished and chiselled marble indeed, but rugged, thorny, sharp, like the one Christ died on; and in the wild and windy night, when no foot passes, the infinite multitude of stars look down, and they behold it.



Paul and Virginia.

By B. DE SAINT PIERRE.

With the permission of George Routledge & Sons, Publishers.

Paul and Virginia.

PAUL and Virginia had fondly loved one another from childhood. Their first separation came when Virginia was sent to France to spend a year with her aunt. But now her return to the Island of Mauritius was daily expected, and Paul's rapture knew no bounds.

It was about ten o'clock at night and I was just going to retire to rest when I heard the voice of Paul calling me, crying:

"Come along, come along! Virginia is arrived. Let us go to the port: the vessel will anchor at break of day."

Scarcely had he uttered the words when we set off. We bent our course towards the northern part of the Island. The heat was suffocating. The moon had risen and was surrounded by three black circles. A frightful darkness shrouded the sky; but the frequent flashes of lightning discovered to us long rows of thick and gloomy clouds, hanging very low, and heaped together over the centre of the island, being driven in with great rapidity from the ocean, although not a breath of air was perceptible upon the land.

At midnight, by great exertion, we arrived at the sea-shore. The billows were breaking against the beach with a horrible noise. One of the standers-by related that late in the afternoon he had seen a vessel in the open sea driven towards the island by the currents; that the night had hidden it from his view; and that two hours after sunset he had heard the firing of signal-guns of distress, but that the surf was so high that it was impossible to launch a boat to go off to her. The ship, he thought, was in very great danger.

At about seven in the morning we heard the sound of drums in the woods: it announced the approach of the governor, Monsieur de la Bourdonnais. He drew up his soldiers upon the beach and ordered them to make a general discharge. This was no sooner done than we perceived a glimmering light upon the water, which was instantly followed by the report of a cannon.

We now discerned through the fog the hull and yards of a large vessel. We were so near to her that, notwithstanding the tumult of the waves, we could distinctly hear the shouts of the sailors, who cried out three times, VIVE LE ROI! this being the cry of the French in extreme danger as well as in exuberant joy.

One of the most aged planters, approaching the governor, said to him: "We have heard all night hollow noises in the mountain; in the woods the leaves of the trees are shaken, although there is no wind; the sea-birds seek refuge upon the land: it is certain that all these signs announce a hurricane."

Everything, indeed, presaged the near approach of the hurricane. The centre of the clouds in the zenith was of a dismal black, while their skirts were tinged with a copper-colored hue. The air resounded with the cries of tropic-birds. Towards nine in the morning we heard in the direction of the ocean the most terrific noise, like the sound of thunder mingled with that of torrents rushing down the steep slopes of lofty mountains. A general cry was heard of "There is the hurricane!" and the next moment a frightful gust of wind dispelled the fog.

The Saint-Geran then presented herself to our view, her deck crowded with people. She presented her head to the waves that rolled in from the open sea, and as each billow rushed into the narrow strait where she lay, her bow lifted to such a degree as to show her keel; and at the same moment her stern, plunging into the water, disappeared altogether from our sight, as if swallowed up by the surges. Every billow which broke upon the coast advanced roaring to the bottom of the bay.

The sea, swelled by the violence of the wind, rose higher every moment; and the whole channel was soon one vast sheet of white foam, full of yawning pits of black and deep billows. The appearance of the horizon portended a lasting tempest; the sky and water seemed blended together. Thick masses of clouds, of a frightful form, swept across the zenith with the swiftness of birds, while others appeared motionless as rocks.

From the violent rolling of the ship, what we all dreaded happened at last. The cables which held her bow were torn away; she then swung to a single hawser, and was instantly dashed upon the rocks. A general cry of horror issued from the spectators. Paul rushed forward to throw himself into the sea, crying, "Let me go to save her, or let me die!"

Domingo and I fastened a long cord round his waist, and held it fast by the end. Paul then precipitated himself towards the Saint-Geran, now swimming and now walking upon the rocks. Sometimes he had hopes of reaching the vessel, but suddenly the billows, returning with fresh fury, shrouded it beneath mountains of waters which then lifted it upright upon its keel. The breakers at the same moment threw the unfortunate Paul far upon the beach, his legs bathed in blood, his bosom wounded, and himself half-dead.

At this moment we beheld an object which wrung our hearts with grief and pity: a young lady appeared in the stern-gallery of the Saint-Geran, stretching out her arms towards him who was making so many efforts to join her. It was Virginia. With a firm and dignified mien, she waved her hand as if bidding us an eternal farewell.

All the sailors had flung themselves into the sea, except one, who still remained upon the deck and who was naked and strong as Hercules. This man approached Virginia; then we heard redoubled cries from the spectators, "Save her!—save her!—do not leave her!" But at that moment a mountain billow of enormous magnitude engulfed itself between the Isle of Amber and the coast and menaced the shattered vessel, towards which it rolled bellowing, with its black sides and foaming head. At this terrible sight the sailor flung himself into the sea, and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, crossed her hands upon her breast, and raising upwards her serene and beauteous eyes, seemed an angel prepared to take her flight to heaven.

Oh! day of horror! Alas! everything was swallowed up by the relentless billows. The surge threw far upon the beach the sailor who had endeavored to save her life. This man, who had escaped from almost certain death, kneeling on the sand, exclaimed: "Oh, my God! Thou hast saved my life, but I would have given it willingly for that excellent young lady."

On our return home some negroes informed us that the sea had thrown up many pieces of the wreck in the opposite bay. We descended towards it; and one of the first objects which struck my sight upon the beach was the corpse of Virginia. The body was half covered with sand and preserved the attitude in which we had seen her perish. One of her hands, which she held on her heart, was fast closed and so stiffened that it

was with difficulty I took from its grasp a small box. How great was my emotion when I saw it contained the picture of Paul, which she had promised him never to part with while she lived!

The Boogah Man.

By PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

With the special permission of the author.

The Boogah Man.

W'EN de evenin' shadders
Come a-glidin' down,
Fallin' black an' heavy
Ovah hill an' town,
Ef you listen keerful,
Keerful ez you kin,
So's you boun' to notice
Des a drappin' pin;
Den you'll hyeah a funny
Soun' ercross de lan';
Lay low; dat's de callin'
Of de Boogah Man!

Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Hyeah him ez he go erlong de way;
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Don' you wish de night 'ud tu'n to day?
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Hide yo' little peepers 'hind yo' han';
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Callin' of de Boogah Man.

W'en de win's a-shiverin'
Thoo de gloomy lane,
An' dey comes de patterin'
Of de evenin' rain,
W'en de owl's a-hootin',
Out daih in de wood,
Don' you wish, my honey,
Dat you had been good?
'Tain't no use to try to
Snuggle up to Dan;
Bless you, dat's de callin'
Of de Boogah Man!

Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Hyeah him ez he go erlong de way;

Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Don' you wish de night 'ud tu'n to day?

Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Hide yo' little peepers 'hind yo' han';

Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Calling of de Boogah Man.

Ef you loves yo' mammy,

An' you min's yo pap,

Ef you nevah wriggles

Outen Sukey's lap;

Ef you says yo' "Lay me"

Evah single night

Fo' dey tucks de kivers

An' puts out de light,

Den de rain kin pattah,

Win' blow lak a fan,

But you needn' botha

'Bout de Boogah Man!

Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Hyeah him ez he go erlong de way;

Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Don' you wish de night 'ud tu'n to day?

Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Hide yo' little peepers 'hind yo' han';

Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Callin' of de Boogah Man.

Selection from Glengarry School Days.

By RALPH CONNOR.

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Glengarry School Days.

The Crisis.

THE new teacher of the "Twentieth" school was not popular. There was more flogging done those first six days than during any six months of Archie Munro's rule. When the floggings fell upon the smaller boys, the girls would weep and the bigger boys would grind their teeth and swear. They were afraid the temptation to throw the master out would some day be more than they could bear. Little Jimmie Cameron precipitated the crisis. He could not always control his habit of giggling and he had finally been warned that upon his next outburst punishment would fall.

It was Friday afternoon that suddenly a snort of unusual violence burst upon the school. Immediately every eye was upon the master, for all had heard and had noted his threat to Jimmie "James, was that you, sir?"

There was no answer, except such as could be gathered from Jimmie's very red and very shamed face.

"James, stand up!"

"Now, James, you remember what I promised you? Come here, sir!"

Jimmie came slowly to the front, growing paler at each step, and stood, with a dazed look on his face, before the master. He had never been thrashed in all his life. At home the big brothers might cuff him good-naturedly, or his mother thump him on the head with her thimble, but a serious whipping was to him an unknown horror. The master drew forth his heavy black strap.

"James, hold out your hand!"

Jimmie promptly clutched his hand behind his back.

"Hold out your hand, sir, at once!" No answer.

"James, you must do as you are told. Your punishment for disobedience will be much severer than for laughing." But Jimmie stood pale and silent, with his hands tight clasped behind his back,

The master stepped forward, and grasping the little boy's arm, tried to pull his hand to the front; but Jimmie, with a roar like that of a young bull, threw himself flat on his face on the floor and put his hands under him. The school burst into a laugh of triumph, which increased the master's embarrassment and rage.

"Silence!" he said, "or it will be a worse matter for some of you than for James."

Then turning his attention to Jimmie, he lifted him from the floor and tried to pull out his hand. But Jimmie kept his arms folded tight across his breast, roaring vigorously the while, and saying over and over, "Go away from me! Go away from me, I tell you! I'm not taking anything to do with you."

The big boys were enjoying the thing immensely. The master's rage was deepening in proportion. He felt it would never do to be beaten. His whole authority was at stake.

"Now, James," he reasoned, "you see you are only making it worse for yourself. I cannot allow any disobedience in the school. You must hold out your hand."

But Jimmie, realizing that he had come off best in the first round, stood doggedly sniffing, his arms still folded tight.

"Now, James, I shall give you one more chance. Hold out your hand."

Jimmie remained like a statue.

Whack! came the heavy strap over his shoulders. At once Jimmie set up his refrain, "Go away from me, I tell you! I'm not taking anything to do with you!"

Whack! whack! whack! fell the strap with successive blows, each heavier than the last. There was no longer any laughing in the school. The affair was growing serious. The girls were beginning to sob, and the bigger boys to grow pale.

"Now, James, will you hold out your hand? You see how much worse you are making it for yourself."

But Jimmie only kept up his cry, now punctuated with sobs, "I'm-not-taking-anything-to-do-with-you."

"Well, then," said the master, suddenly, "you must take it," and lifting the strap, he laid it with such sharp emphasis over Jimmie's shoulders that Jimmie's voice rose in a wilder roar than usual, and the girls burst into audible weeping.

Suddenly, above all the hubbub, rose a voice, clear and sharp.

"Stop!" It was Thomas Finch, of all people, standing with face white and tense, and regarding the master with steady eyes.

The school gazed thunderstruck at the usually slow and stolid Thomas.

"What do you mean, sir?" said the master.

But Thomas stood silent, as much surprised as the master at his sudden exclamation.

He stood hesitating for a moment, and then said, "You can thrash me in his place. He's a little chap, and has never been thrashed."

The master misunderstood his hesitation for fear, pushed Jimmie aside, threw down his strap, and seized a birch rod.

"Come forward, sir! I'll put an end to your insubordination, at any rate. Hold out your hand!"

Thomas held out his hand till the master finished one birch rod.

"The other hand, sir!"

Another birch rod was used up, but Thomas neither uttered a sound nor made a move till the master had done, then he asked, in a strained voice, "Were you going to give Jimmie all that, sir?"

The master caught the biting sneer in the tone, and lost himself completely.

"Do you dare to answer me back?" he cried. He opened his desk, took out a rawhide, and without waiting to ask for his hand, began to lay the rawhide about Thomas's shoulders and legs, till he was out of breath.

"Now, perhaps you will learn your place, sir," he said.

"Thank you," said Thomas, looking him steadily in the eye.

"You are welcome. And I'll give you as much more whenever you show that you need it." The slight laugh with which he closed this brutal speech made Thomas wince as he had not during his whole terrible thrashing, but still he had not a word to say.

"Now, James, come here!" said the master, turning to Jimmie, "You see what happens when a boy is insubordinate." Jimmie came trembling.

"Hold out your hand!" Out came Jimmie's hand at once. Whack! fell the strap.

"The other!"

"Stop it!" roared Thomas. "I took his thrashing."

"The other!" said the master, ignoring Thomas.

With a curious savage snarl Thomas sprang at him. The master, however, was on the alert, and swinging round, met him with a straight facer between the eyes, and Thomas went to the floor.

"Aha! my boy! I'll teach you something you have yet to learn."

For answer came another cry, "Come on, boys!" It was Ranald MacDonald, coming over the seats, followed by Don Cameron, Billy Ross, and some smaller boys. The master turned to meet them.

"Come along!" he said, backing up to his desk. "But I warn you it's not a strap or a rawhide I shall use."

Ranald paid no attention to his words, but came straight toward him, and when at arm's length, sprung at him with the cry, "Horo, boys!"

But before he could lay his hands upon the master, he received a blow straight on the bridge of the nose that staggered him back, stunned and bleeding. By this time Thomas was up again, and rushing in was received in like manner, and fell back over a bench.

"How do you like it, boys?" smiled the master. "Come right along."

The boys obeyed his invitation, approaching him, but more warily, and awaiting their chance to rush. Suddenly Thomas, with a savage snarl, put his head down and rushed in beneath the master's guard, paid no attention to the heavy blow he received on the head, and locking his arms around the master's middle, buried his head close into his chest.

At once Ranald and Billy Ross threw themselves upon the struggling pair and carried them to the floor, the master underneath. There was a few moments of fierce struggling, and then the master lay still, with the four boys holding him down for dear life.

It was Thomas who assumed command.

"Don't choke him so, Ranald," he said. "And clear out of the way, all you girls and little chaps."

"What are you going to do, Thomas?"

"Tie him up," said Thomas. "Get me a sash."

At once two or three little boys rushed to the hooks and brought one or two of the knitted sashes that hung there, and Thomas proceeded to tie the master's legs.

While he was thus busily engaged, a shadow darkened the door, and a voice exclaimed, "What is all this about?" It was the minister, who had been driving past and had come upon the terrified, weeping children rushing home.

"Is that you, Thomas? And you, Don?"

The boys let go their hold and stood up, shamed but defiant.

Immediately the master was on his feet, and with a swift, fierce blow, caught Thomas on the chin. Thomas, taken off his guard, fell with a thud on the floor.

"Stop that, young man!" said the minister, catching his arm. "That's a coward's blow."

"Hands off!" said the master, shaking himself free and squaring up to him.

"Ye would, would ye?" said the minister, gripping him by the neck and shaking him as he might a child. "Lift ye're hand to me, would ye? I'll break you're back to ye, and that I will." So saying, the minister seized him by the arms and held him absolutely helpless. The master ceased to struggle, and put down his hands.

"Ay, ye'd better, my man," said the minister, giving him a fling backward.

"Now, then," said the minister to the boys, "what does all this mean?"

The boys were all silent, but the master spoke!

"It is a case of rank and impudent insubordination, sir, and I demand the expulsion of those impudent rascals."

"Well, sir, be sure there will be a thorough investigation, and I greatly misjudge the case if there are not faults on both sides. And for one thing, the man who can strike such a cowardly blow as you did a moment ago would not be unlikely to be guilty of injustice and cruelty."

"It's none of your business," said the master, insolently.

"You will find that I shall make it my business. And now boys, be off to your homes, and be here Monday morning at nine o'clock, when this matter shall be gone into."

Selection from Barabbas.

By MARIE CORELLI.

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With the special permission of Miss Marie Corelli.

Selection from Barabbas.

MEANTIME, around the holy sepulchre the guard kept vigilant watch. Behind it and on either side, armed men paced,—in front of it the fierce and martial *Galbus* stood.

“How they will laugh in Rome at this folly!” he said. “Did any one ever dream the like! I, Galbus, a man who hath seen war, set here to watch that a *corpse* escape not! By the gods! Well, well! The night will soon be gone and this crazy business finished; ’twill be as I say, matter for laughter in Rome when I tell them how I and fourteen picked men out of my hundred were forced to guard a poor dead body lest it should rise again.”

Lifting his helmet to cool his brows, he rubbed his eyes and yawned.

“By my soul! ’tis a night for peaceful slumber, yet I may not drowse, lest while I close my eyes, unheard-of powers disturb the air”—

“Galbus! Galbus! Hist! Galbus!”

“What now?” he answered sharply, as the soldier who had thus called him hurriedly approached—“Why leavest thou thy post, Maximus?”

“I called thee so that thou should’st listen.” “I pray thee hearken!—’tis some unknown bird that sings! Hush! It begins again!”

And before Galbus could utter another word, a silvery ripple of music floated toward him. All at once it ceased,—but its broken melody was taken up by a companion singer. This second bird warbled even more rapturously than the first.

Galbus started. “’Tis wondrous,—I will not deny it,” he murmured. “First it was one bird, and now it seems as if there were twenty. Never did I hear such singing in Palestine!”

The rippling notes seemed produced by some power unearthly.

Galbus flung himself back full length in the turfy hollow and lay staring up at the stars and the moon. How those birds sang! How sweetly the fragrant wind breathed through the

dried and faintly rustling grass! He stretched his arms out on either side of him with a sigh of lazy comfort. Involuntarily closing his fingers on a tuft of grass he suddenly felt that he had grasped something foreign to the soil, and looking to see what he held, he found he had pulled up a small bell-shaped blossom, pure white and delicately scented. He examined it attentively; he had never beheld its like before. But there was such a listless heaviness upon him that he had no desire to lift himself up and search for more such flowers,—had he done so he would have witnessed a fairy-like and strange spectacle. For, from base to summit of the hills around, the brown turf was rapidly being covered up out of sight by masses of snowy bloom, breaking upwards like white foam,—thousands and thousands of blossoms started from the trembling earth,—that earth which panted with the knowledge of a Divine Redemption, and yearned to pay its glorious Master homage. And the hidden birds sang on,—sweetly, passionately; triumphantly; and round the holy sepulchre the soldiers nodded on the benches within their tents, half sleeping, wholly dreaming, of love, of home, of kindred.

Only the young Maximus forced himself to keep wide awake though he longed to fling himself down upon the turf and rest a while, he resisted the oppression that lay heavy upon him, and rising, walked slowly to and fro. Dreamily pondering, he was all at once startled out of his reverie by a great light that fell in one keen, dazzling flash straight from the heavens. Amazed he looked up, and saw in the east a vivid rose-red radiance that widened out swiftly even as he gazed upon it. Shaking off the strange stupor that numbed his senses and held him for a moment inert, he sprang quickly to the side of Galbus who was all but fast asleep.

“Galbus! Galbus!” he shouted.

Galbus at once leaped fiercely erect.

Maximus, trembling, seized him by the arm, and half in terror, half in expectancy, pointed eastward.

“Galbus, the watch is ended! Lo,—the Dawn!”

Galbus stared wildly with dazzled eyes. “The dawn? . . . the dawn, sayest thou?” he muttered. “Nay, nay! . . . never did dawn break thus strangely! ’Tis fire! . . . or lightning! . . . Maximus,—Maximus,—my sight fails me . . . yonder glory hath a marvel in it! . . . ’tis blinding to the sight! . . . ye

gods,—look! . . . look there!” propping his lance, he stretched out both arms towards the sky, losing breath and utterance in the excess of his amazement and fear.

Then,—all at once, with a sudden sharp tremor the earth shook; and there came the impetuous rush and whirl of a mighty wind.

“Galbus, Galbus!” gasped Maximus—“Kneel!—kneel! for we must die! The gods descend! Behold them where they come!”

With straining eyeballs and panting breath, Galbus gave one upward frenzied stare. Two majestic Shapes floated meteor-like through space, and together silently descended at the closed tomb of the “Nazarene.” Together they stood, the fire of their white transparent wings quenching the silver reflex of the sinking moon,—their radiant faces turned towards the closed sepulchre wherein their Master slept.

Again the great wind rushed in resonant harp-like chords through heaven,—again the ground rocked and trembled, and again the thunder sounded its deep trump of wakening eloquence. And all the mystic voices of the air seemed whispering the great Truths about to be made manifest;—“Death is dead; Life is Eternal! God is Love!”

The dawn was near!—that Dawn which would be like no other dawn that ever heralded a day,—the dawn of all the hope, the joy, the faith, the love that waits upon the promised certainty of life immortal. And now a deep silence reigned. All the soldiers of the watch lay stretched on the ground unconscious, as though struck dead by lightning.

Then, . . . in the midst of the solemn hush, . . . the great stone that closed the tomb of the Crucified trembled, . . . and was suddenly thrust back like a door flung open in haste for the exit of a King, . . . and lo! . . . a Third great Angel joined the other two! . . . Sublimely beautiful He stood,—the Risen from the Dead! . . . gazing with loving eyes on all the swooning sleeping world of men; the same grand Countenance that had made a glory of the Cross of Death, now, with a smile of victory, gave poor Humanity the gift of everlasting Life! Nature exulted in the touch of things eternal,—and the dim pearly light of the gradually breaking morn fell on all things with a greater purity, a brighter blessedness than ever had invested it before.

Reverently bent were the radiant heads of the angelic Beings that had descended in full flight from Heaven; but He who stood erect between them, tall and majestically fair, looked upward once, then straight across the silent landscape and, stretching forth His hands, seemed by the tenderness of the gesture to place His benediction on the world.

And presently, across the deep stillness there came the far-off ringing of bells from the city,—then the faint stir and hum of wakening life;—the first Easter morn spread fully forth its golden blazon, and all aflame with wonder at the scene, the sun rose.

Selection from Glengarry School Days.

By RALPH CONNOR.

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Glengarry School Days.

“One That Ruleth Well His Own House.”

IT was at church on the Sabbath day that Donald Finch heard about his son's doings in the school the week before. The minister, in his sermon, thought fit to dwell upon the tendency of the rising generation to revolt against authority in all things, and solemnly laid upon parents the duty and responsibility of seeing to it that they ruled their households well.

Donald Finch not knowing to whom the minister referred was highly pleased with the sermon, and was enlarging upon it in the churchyard where the people gathered between the services, when Peter McRae said:

“And do you not think that the conduct of your son last week calls for any reproof? And is it you that will stand up and defend it in the face of the minister and his sermon upon it this day?”

“Thomas?” gasped Donald. “My Thomas?”

“You have not heard, then?” said Peter, and old Donald only shook his head.

“Then it's time you did, for such things are a disgrace to the community.”

From one and another the tale came forth with embellishments, till Donald Finch was reduced to such a state of voiceless rage and humiliation that he departed for his home, trembling, silent, amazed. How Thomas could have brought this disgrace upon him, he could not imagine. It was a terrible blow to his pride.

“It is the Lord's judgment upon me,” he said to himself, as he tramped his way through the woods. “It is the curse of Eli that is hanging over me and mine.”

It was in this spirit that he met his family at the supper-table. “What is this I hear about you, Thomas? What is this I hear about you, sir?”

Thomas remained silent.

"What is this that has become the talk of the countryside and the disgrace of my name?"

"No very great disgrace, surely," said Billy Jack.

"Be you silent, sir! I will ask for your opinion when I require it. You and others beside you in this house need to learn your places."

"I wonder at you, Thomas, after such a sermon as yon. I wonder you are able to sit there unconcerned at this table. I wonder you are not hiding your head in shame and confusion." The old man was lashing himself into a white rage, while Thomas sat looking stolidly before him, his slow tongue finding no words of defense.

"It is not often that Thomas has grieved you," ventured the mother, timidly, for, with all her courage, she feared her husband when he was in this mood.

"Woman, be silent! It is not for you to excuse his wickedness. But I vow unto the Lord I will put an end to it now, whatever. And I will give you to remember, sir, to the end of your days, this occasion. And now, hence from this table. Let me not see your face till the Sabbath is past, and then, if the Lord spares me, I will deal with you.

Thomas hesitated a moment as if he had not quite taken in his father's words, then, leaving his supper untouched, he rose slowly, and without a word, climbed the ladder to the loft.

Before going to her room the mother slipped up quietly to the loft and found Thomas lying in his bunk, dressed and awake. His conscience clearly condemned him for his fight with the master, and yet, somehow he could not regret having stood up for Jimmie and taken his punishment. Ever since the moment he had stood up and uttered his challenge to the master, he had felt himself to be different. That moment now seemed to belong to the distant years when he was a boy, and now he could not imagine himself submitting to a flogging from any man, and it seemed to him strange and almost impossible that even his father should lift his hand to him.

The mother sat silent beside him for a time, and then said, quietly, "You did not tell me, Thomas."

"No, mother, I didn't like. I wish now I had." And then Thomas told his mother all the tale, finishing his story with the words, "And I couldn't help it, mother, at all."

"No, Thomas, I know you couldn't help it, and I—I am not ashamed of you."

"Are you not, mother? Then I don't care. I couldn't make it out well."

"Never you mind, Thomas, it will be well," and she leaned over him and kissed him.

"Oh, mother, mother, I don't care now," he cried, his breath coming in great sobs. "I don't care at all." And he put his arms around his mother, clinging to her as if he had been a child.

"I know, laddie, I know," whispered his mother. "Never you fear, never you fear." And then, as if to herself, she added, "Thank the Lord you are not a coward, whatever."

Thomas found himself again without words, but he held his mother fast, his big body shaking with his sobs.

"And Thomas, your father—we must just be patient. And—and—he is a good man. It will be all right, Thomas. You go to sleep."

Thomas lay down, certain that all would be well. His mother had never failed him. The mother went down stairs with the purpose in her heart of having a talk with her husband, but Donald Finch knew that it would be impossible for him to persevere in his intention "to deal with" Thomas if he allowed his wife to have any talk with him.

The next morning he ate his breakfast in grim silence. "You will come to me in the room after breakfast," said his father, as Thomas rose to go to the stable.

"There's a meeting of the trustees at nine o'clock at the school-house at which Thomas must be present," interposed Billy Jack, in firm, steady tones.

"He may go when I have done with him, and meantime you will attend to your own business."

"Yes, sir, I will that!"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"What I say. I am going to attend to my own business, and that soon."

"Go to it, then."

"I am going, and I am going to take Thomas to that meeting at nine o'clock."

"I did not know that you had business there."

"Then you may know it now, for I am going. And as sure as I stand here, I will see that Thomas gets fair play there if he doesn't at home, if I have to lick every trustee in the section."

"Hold your peace, sir! Do not give me any impertinence, and do not accuse me of unfairness."

"Have you heard Thomas's side of the story?"

"I have heard enough and more than enough."

"You haven't heard both sides."

"I know the truth of it, whatever, the shameful and disgraceful truth of it. I know that the countryside is ringing with it. I know that in the house of God the minister held up my family to the scorn of the people. And I vowed to do my duty to my house."

In the pause that followed the old man's outburst the mother came to her son.

"Hush, William John! You are not to forget yourself, nor your duty to your father and to me. Thomas will receive full justice in this matter."

As they stood there looking at each other there came a knock at the back door. It was Long John Cameron. Long John came in, glanced shrewdly about, and greeted Mr. Finch with great heartiness.

"You were wanting to see me, Mr. Cameron? I have a business on hand which requires attention."

"Indeed, and so have I. For it is—"

"And indeed it is just as well you and all should know it, for my disgrace is well known."

"Disgrace!"

"Ay, disgrace. For is it not a disgrace to have the conduct of your family become the occasion of a sermon on the Lord's Day?"

"Indeed, I did not think much of yon sermon, whatever."

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Cameron. It was a powerful sermon, and it was only too sorely needed. But I hope it will not be without profit to myself. With the help of the Lord I will be doing my duty this morning."

"And I am very glad to hear that, for that is why I am come."

"And what may you have to do with it?"

"As to that, indeed, I am not yet quite sure. But if I might

ask without being too bold, what is the particular duty to which you are referring?"

"You may ask, and you and all have a right to know, for I am about to visit upon my son his sins and shame."

"And is it meaning to wheep him you are?"

"Ay."

"Indeed, then, you will just do no such thing this morning."

"And by what right do you interfere in my domestic affairs? Answer me that, Mr. Cameron?"

"Right or no right, before any man lays a finger on Thomas there, he will need to begin with myself. And there are not many in the country who would care for that job."

Old Donald Finch looked at his visitor in speechless amazement. At length Long John grew excited.

"Man alive! it's a quare father you are. You may be thinking it disgrace, but the section will be proud that there is a boy in it brave enough to stand up for the weak against a brute bully." And then he proceeded to tell the tale as he had heard it from Don with such strong passion and such rude vigor, that in spite of himself old Donald found his rage vanish, and his heart began to move within him toward his son.

"And it is for that, it is for that that you would punish your son. May God forgive me! but the man that lays a finger on Thomas yonder, will come into sore grief this day. Ay, lad," continued Long John, striding toward Thomas and gripping him by the shoulders with both hands, "you are a man, and you stood up for the weak yon day, and if you efer will be wanting a friend, remember John Cameron."

"Well, well, Mr. Cameron, it may be as you say. It may be the lad was not so mnch in the wrong."

"In the wrong? In the wrong? May my boys ever be in the wrong in such a way!"

"Well, we shall see about this. And if Thomas has suffered injustice it is not his father will refuse to see him righted." And soon they were all off to the meeting at the school-house.

Thomas was the last to leave the room. As usual, he had not been able to find a word, but stood white and trembling, but as he found himself alone with his mother, once more his stolid reserve broke down, and he burst into a strange and broken cry, "Oh, mother, mother."

"Never mind, laddie, you have borne yourself well, and your mother is proud of you."

At the investigation held in the school-house, it became clear that, though the insubordination of both Jimmie and Thomas was undeniable, the provocation by the master had been very great. And such was the rage of old Donald Finch and Long John Cameron that the upshot was that the master took his departure from the section, glad enough to escape with bones unbroken.

Vive L'Empereur.

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS.

By Special Permission of Author.

Vive L'Empereur.

IT is the year 1832. Louis Philippe is upon the throne of France, when Prince Talleyrand and Marshal Ney obtain possession of papers signed by Napoleon himself certifying that Norah, a charming young girl living at the home of Colonel Fitzgerald, an Irish gentleman, and supposed to be his daughter, is really the legitimate child of Napoleon, and they determine to place her upon the throne of France. They therefore go to Col. Fitzgerald's home, and Michael, a brave young Irish lad, who loves Norah and to whom she has given her whole heart, is sent to bring her before them.

"My little Norah," said Colonel Fitzgerald, "I have very great news to tell you to-night. These gentlemen are come, my darling, to bring you a great fortune—a great responsibility—and you must meet it and take it up like a brave lady, as you are. A nation needs my little girl, they tell me. France wants you, mavourneen, and France has the right, for you are the only child of Napoleon."

As the young girl stood there she seemed to these men everything that could be desired. She bore a likeness to the Emperor that would convince the nation at once. She herself was perfect. She had spirit, charm, intelligence, beauty—she would carry the impressionable Frenchmen—all France—by storm!

Then Prince Talleyrand spoke: "Permit an old man, your Highness, the honor to be the first, on this great day of your young life to offer my felicitations, my allegiance, my life, if need be, to your father's daughter," and taking the girl's hand he bowed low over it and kissed it. "There can be no question of your parentage, my Princess, the proofs are complete. If our hopes come true—and it is hardly possible they will not—you will be, by the grace of God, Empress of France."

The fire crackled, and a heavy log fell in the dead silence. Then Norah spoke.

"Gentlemen, it is a thing I must think over before I can give you an answer. It is no light matter to decide."

"To decide?" echoed Marshal Victor. "Her Highness do not understand we, or we does not understand her Gracious Highness's tongue. It is *nécessaire* to make part to her Highness what is *nécessaire*—more clear. Talleyrand, speak more clear the English then. Why not? I think well, it *must* be to tell her Highness we have the honor to place her on the throne of La France—to-morrow night."

"I will not go," said Norah, calmly.

At that there was consternation in the camp. "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" cried the Marshal, throwing up his hands in horror.

"I will not have her Highness scolded," said Talleyrand. "What, am I to see you attack our sovereign lady, and no champion to defend her but one lame old man? *Eh, bien*, so be it, then—it is not the first time I have fought against the world! And won! And won, your Highness!" He turned to her, and his eyes shone and his voice was like a sweet trumpet-call. "We will fight the world together, my lady, and we will win the battle. I—I have never failed, and you have never tried yet, but you cannot fail! The compact is made between us. Never fear, nothing can stand against us two," and he bent over again and kissed Norah's little hand.

But the girl, of all in the room, alone kept her thoughts steady.

"Prince, I think you must be the most fascinating man in all the world," she said, smiling up at him, "and you are very good to me; but there is no compact between us yet. Not till I understand."

Then the Marshal took up the wondrous tale.

"But see, your Highness, *ca m'étonne*. It is that *ce garçon-la, si bete*, he does not make you to comprehend. Ah, if it were I who had the youth and the English, so impossible. Ah! how then would I show you the picture of the beautiful young girl to lead the armies of France, who acclaim for her. The regiments cry, speak, squeal, shout—ah, yes, shout for the daughter of Napoleon! The old soldiers—the soldiers *de l'Empereur*—it is they who become mad of joy. It is the resemblance you have at the great Emperor that is *merveilleuse*. Your eyes then, they burn like the eyes of *le Grand Capitaine*. It is to be the adored of La France, your country to you! A few days of the anxiety, and then—AH!"

As he finished, Talleyrand's clear, quiet, incisive voice came as a relief to the over-strained girl.

"*Eh bien*, then, my little Princess, I shall not have you bullied. My comrade that is, my Empress that will be—I will not flatter you, but I will tell you that with you on the throne, the future of our country will be assured. France demands you. Reverence for your great father must bring you. You bear your name in trust for France. We will marry you to a great Prince and a fortunate, and the country will be secure. Come then across the sea, and rule over us, and France shall see bright days."

There was a long silence while all in the hall watched the two strong spirits gazing at each other, from the eyes of the girl of twenty-one, and the man of seventy-eight. Talleyrand was well pleased with her. This was no cheap school-girl personality, to forsake its position at a touch. She must weigh his words. She was indeed Napoleon's daughter. But of the end he had no glimmer of doubt. He *must triumph*, of course, he—the great Talleyrand—over a girl—*of course*.

Norah rose. Her great gray eyes swept the little circle calmly, all alike—her lover, and the two great Frenchmen.

"Gentlemen", she said, "it is now for me to make a little speech. You speak of France as my country and say it demands me and my name—which I never knew was my name till just now. You say reverence for my father should make me go. Listen, then. It is not France that has been a country to me—it is Ireland, gentlemen. And it is Ireland that I love, not France. It is Ireland that I would shed my heart's blood for. And the Emperor may be my father—you say you can prove that to me. But why should I give up home and life and all I love, to do his pleasure, after I'm grown and worth the while, when he would have none of me when I was small and helpless? Here is my real father." She bent and kissed Colonel Fitzgerald's forehead. "The Emperor is nothing to me. I care nothing for France."

No one spoke, but in the silence could be heard the waves that dashed up against the rock—Castle Rock—a hundred feet below; for this part of the old house of the Fitzgeralds had been built two hundred years before on the very edge of the great

rock wall beneath it. From window to ocean was one sheer, plumb line.

Meanwhile Talleyrand was thinking;—sugar, it seemed, did not tempt her. One must then try wholesome medicine. Yes! He must be decided, he must even be—alas! rough. There was a moment's grave stillness, and Norah placed her hand on the table, on the papers that were the only proofs of her strange history.

"Gentlemen, there is little to say. I have to tell you that cannot go with you. My decision is quite made."

Then the Marshal stood and thundered in his big voice that had the note of tragedy heard in most French voices.

"It is not that it can be thus, this. The nation, La France, it demands you. The armies of La France for their leader, for the blood of the great Emperor, wait; it must that you come. Rise, rise to the so great time! I, I, your soldier, your general, I, your army will protect you. There is not of danger. Child of Napoleon, advance! Seize your right! Fear not the danger! Look to the *gloire*! Have not of fear!"

Norah looked at him, her eyes burning dark.

"You do not understand me, Marshal. I am not afraid of anything." And they all felt, looking at her with a thrill of admiration, that it was the bare truth.

"One sees, then, it is the spirit of her father, that which one hoped for, the same is the rock we split," groaned the Marshal.

"Mademoiselle, your Highness," said Talleyrand. And at once every face, every eye was drawn toward that wonderful presence. "It is not often that high heaven forgets its dignity so far as to put a nation's safety into the hands of a young girl, and when it does, I should think that even high heaven," with a sneer, "must see the error. At this time it happens by an accident of birth that you have the power to do an enormous amount of harm. It seems difficult to make you understand that it is not your inclinations that concern us, interesting as those may be. Whether or not you care to be an Empress of France is immaterial. You are, with all respect, a figure-head—understand that. I, and others who know how, will rule France. But the figure-head is absolutely necessary. We *will* have it—you. Understand me, Mademoiselle. We *will* have

you. You may delay us a day—two days, but the end will be the same. You belong to us, *and we will have you*. Appreciate at once, and spare us further trouble, *that France and Talleyrand are stronger than you.*”

“Yes, have the courage, Mademoiselle, *votre Majeste*,” shouted the Marshal, “have the courage of your illustrious *pere*! Show now the will of Napoleon at us! Let not obstacles de-deflect. But let one see now that the power of the will of the mighty Emperor is—is in you!”

Norah’s clear, full tones fell like a sharp line of sunlight through a storm-cloud. “I will show it, M. le Marechal—M. le Prince. If I have the will of Napoleon, it is this way I will show it, that I will not be forced into doing what I choose not to do. I will not give up my home and the man I love for a country, a cause that is nothing to me. I will not be an empress. I care nothing at all for glory and ambition. My life is my own. I will keep both—or give them to whom I choose. I do not believe that I am necessary to France. France will do very well without poor Norah Fitzgerald. I have decided.”

Talleyrand, pale with exhaustion, stirred to a deeper anger than he had, perhaps ever known before, but still unable to believe his ears, to accept defeat, caught at one of the quick sentences that fell so rapidly upon each other.

“The man you love,” he quoted. “I might have guessed so much. *Cherchez l’homme* is true at times also, then. I gather the interesting news that there is then a man whom you love, Mademoiselle, better than an empire?”

“You are right. There is a man—whom I love better—than an empire.”

Then she seemed suddenly to feel the packet of papers under her fingers.

“It is these that are the proofs of my identity?”

The Prince, his blood chilling, thinking, planning fast, paid little attention to the question. “It is these, Mademoiselle,” he answered curtly, not looking at her.

“Without these you would be powerless to put me on the throne?” She asked it of the Marshal this time.

“But yes, your Highness,” the Marshal said, seeing no object in this side issue. “But yes, your Highness. Those papers there, so little, it is they that without what one could not make

your Highness the Emper—Imperatrice. It is impossible. It is that it is your throne you hold at the hand."

Quick as a flash Norah turned. The window-sill was low. In the stillness one could hear the waves dashing high, for the wind had risen, against the Rock. In a second, with one toss of her hand, the priceless papers were flying far out through the air into the ocean.

Then she turned back again, quietly, and faced them, her head high, her look calm.

"The throne of France is no longer held in my hand or in yours," she said.

Queen of Sheba.

By EDITH TATUM.

With special permission of the Author and Publishers—Good Housekeeping



Queen of Sheba.

QUEEN of Sheba sat on the cabin porch in a dejected little heap. Twilight had settled down over "the quarters," making long black shadows in the Big House orchard, and with it Queen of Sheba's sorrow returned even greater than before. It had lifted a little during the day; she had been so interested peeping through the orchard fence for an occasional glimpse of "young marster," his pretty wife or little girl.

The Big House was occupied for the first time in Queen of Sheba's short life, and two months ago she would have been so happy, but now—! The little black face quivered with the misery of her thoughts. Just a few weeks before Christmas she had gone to town with Unc' Big Jerry, perched way on the top of a bale of cotton. She had never been to town before and the wonderful sights and sounds filled her with speechless delight. But it was in the afternoon on their way home that she had seen It, and she had not been happy one minute since. "It" was a brilliant-cheeked, gayly-dressed doll hanging in the window of a toy store. Queen of Sheba caught her breath sharply. For just an instant she thought perhaps it was an angel or a real live white child, but a second glance told her what it was. She had seen a doll, once; the overseer's little girl had one, but it was cloth. She had thought it very beautiful, but this one was past her adjectives of description. The blue eyes and carmine lips seemed to smile at her invitingly, and Queen of Sheba longed for possession with all the strength of her starved soul.

That night the doll filled all her dreams and for days the thought of it never left her. She was a lonely, silent child, with the religious imaginative characteristics of her race intensified, and she would sit for hours on the cabin porch, her mind filled with the radiant vision, until Aun' Judy declared to Unc' Big Jerry that the child was "sholy conjured."

Then one Sunday Queen of Sheba heard the circuit rider preach and one thing he said made her sit up very straight with a sudden illuminating idea. He was explaining something he had read from the Bible, that whatever any one prayed for, be-

lieving they would get it, the Lord would surely give it to them. Like a ray of sunshine in a darkened room came the thought—the Lord would send her a doll! So from that time on until Christmas she would creep down behind the currant bushes by the orchard fence just after twilight and pray the best she could for the Lord to send her a doll at Christmas.

The disappointment and shock to her childish faith had been terrible. Christmas morning had come but brought no doll. All day she hoped and longed, but night came and still there was no doll. She had thrown herself down on the dry grass and cried out her grief to the cold earth and silent stars! She vowed she would pray no more. It was a lie about God caring for everybody and hearing them pray! After that her misery was measureless for several days. But when “young marster” moved back she had shared the common interest and excitement, now she was lonely, and she wanted a doll.

Queen of Sheba sat on the steps and looked up at the far-away stars.

“Hebben sho’ mus’ be er fur place,” she mused; “de angels comes er way down and takes de pra’rs, and dey is er sight er pra’rs; den hit would take de Lord er long time to answer ’em all; en er co’s e he’d haf ter answer de white chullen fust. Mebbe he jes ain’ hed time ter git ’round ter me. I sho’ do want er doll bad,” she concluded plaintively.

After a while as the twilight deepened she got up and went around the cabin down behind the bushes by the orchard fence. Dropping on her knees she began to pray aloud. Two figures pacing the orchard paths heard the sound of her voice, and drawing near, listened:

“Lord-er-Mighty,” the prayer began, “I knows yer is mighty busy, so I’s gwine ter give yer another chance. Lord, I sho’ does want er doll, en I knows you has er plenty of ’em up in hebben, so *please* jes drop me one down h’yer. Hit won’ matter ef it’s one de li’l’ angels been er playin’ wid; ef it’s got er arm er laig gone, I won’ min’, I’d love er *jes* as good. I know you would er sont it befo’ but you mus’ ter been busy sendin’ dolls ter the li’l’ white chullen. Lord-er-Mighty, I’ll ’scuse you fer dat ef you’ll *jes* hurry up an’ send it now. I promise I won’ be sassy er ’bout it, I’ll jes play lak she am meh li’l’ mistis en I’s her mammy, en I’ll tak good keer of her.”

"Queen-er-Sheby—You Jerry Ellen Queen er Sheby Fagie Lewis, come h'yer ter me dis instunce!" came in a shrill voice from the cabin.

"I got ter go now, Lord-er-Mighty; Aun' Judy's callin' me, but please don' fergit meh doll," and the little figure rose from its knees and sped like a black streak through the dusk.

On the other side of the orchard fence two people stood with clasped hands looking into each other's eyes, and one pair of eyes had tears in their brown depths. The next morning soon after daylight Queen of Sheba was aroused from slumber by Aunt Judy's voice raised in shrill exclamation:

"Now, people, what yer reckon this h'yer doll is er setting on my front po'ch fer?" At the word doll, Queen of Sheba's heart began to beat almost to suffocation. So her prayer had been answered at last! She dressed herself with trembling fingers and pushed her way through the excited group on the porch. There, lying in a little carriage, was an exquisite baby doll, asleep. Golden curls peeped out from under the close-fitting lace cap, and the dainty long clothes were covered with a profusion of lace. Queen of Sheba's black face shone; she had never dreamed of owning anything half so beautiful.

"Now what yer reckon this doll am er settin' h'yer fer?" Aunt Judy demanded again.

"Hit's mine," Queen of Sheba essayed timidly.

"Yourn! Now h'yer dat, won't yer? An' how come it yourn I'd lak ter know?"

"De-de-de Lord sont it ter me." The voice was even more timid than before.

"*De Lord?* Big Jerry, you come right h'yer! Did you h'yer dis chile? She say *de Lord* sont her dis doll. Ain' I been er tellin' yer de chile wuz conjured? You jes better go rat now an' git de hoo-doo doctor.

"Queen-er-Sheby," she continued, turning to the trembling figure by the doll's carriage, "honey, dot doll sholy do belong ter young marster's li'l' gal. De Lord ner nobody else ain' gwine er send you black nigger no doll."

"Judy, chile," Big Jerry interposed mildly, "h'yer's a cyard tied to the contraption's arm which mought 'splanify 'bout it."

The card was tied to the doll's wrist and there was something written on it. Aunt Judy bent down and examined it carefully.

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“H’yer you, Jerry Mazilow Nockerman Gritter, you run down an’ tell Halie Marindy ter come up h’yer jes as quick as she kin and read dis cyard.”

It seemed an age to Queen of Sheba before Halie Marinda arrived upon the scene, and she held her breath while the card was untied and handed over. Halie Marinda spelled it out to herself, then looked from one to the other in blank amazement.

“Well, dis do beat all!” she gasped. “Dis h’yer writin’ say ‘Fer de Queen-ob-Sheby fum de Lord!’ ”

The assembled multitude stood in awed silence, but the Queen of Sheba with a delighted cry snatched the doll from its carriage and held it close to her heart.

“Nebber min’, mammy’s li’l’ lamb! Mammy gwine tek her baby away fum dese big mouf, wall-eyed niggers. Dere now, nebber min’, bress hits li’l’ heart!” and she marched majestically down the steps, around the corner of the cabin, and disappeared behind the currant bushes by the orchard fence.

The Heart of Eric.

By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE.

(By special permission of the Author and Publishers—McClure's Magazine.)

The Heart of Eric.

TUBERCULOSIS of the hip, the doctor said, was the little fellow's trouble. One of his legs was shrunken and useless. Yet he got about between a pair of crutches with astonishing speed and sure-footedness. He could play nearly all the games that the other boys played. In fact, he was a ringleader in the matter of sports; and the Ashley House, the shabby, third-rate hotel of which his father was proprietor and his mother cook, was headquarters for the youth of that end of the village.

But he did not always choose to play with the boys, even when he was well; and he was very, very often not well. Sometimes he chose instead to bask in the sun on the steps of the porch. What thoughts went trooping through his queer little brain as he sat there so still, hour after hour, with his thin, wasted hand on the back of his faithful dog? The young Congregational minister, looking out of his study window, across the street, often asked himself the question. Sad thoughts, surely, for often slow tears would roll down his cheek. If no one was near, he would let them roll unheeded; but if any one approached, even his mother, he would fiercely dash the tell-tale drops away, call his dog, and hobble swiftly down the street.

It was difficult, of course, to offer him sympathy. Indeed, no one but Mr. Barnes, the young minister, had ever attempted it; and he only after a long, patient and cautious approach, like a besieging army's, to the citadel of Eric's confidence.

"Won't you tell me what the trouble is, Eric?"

The child's face was still streaked with dried tears, but he answered in a cold little voice: "I ain't in no trouble."

"I fear you are. You seem to have been crying. Trouble is nothing to be ashamed of. It comes to all of us, and it usually brings tears with it. I shouldn't care much for the man or boy who didn't cry sometimes. The very greatest men that I know of have their troubles. And they cry, too."

"Not the President of the United States?"

"Yes, even the President of the United States. So won't you please tell me what your trouble is?"

Eric sat very still for a moment. His fingers gradually tightened over the hair on Watch's back.

"You'd laugh!"

"My dear little boy, I never laughed at any one in trouble in my life."

"Mine ain't real trouble, I guess. But I—I git to thinkin' about the birds—and the sunshine—and the trees. I wonder where the wind comes from—and where the flowers go when they die—and if God kin hear prayers that ain't said in churches—and if dogs go to heaven—and if crippled boys kin fly as fast, when they git to be angels, as if—as if their legs was straight."

As best he could, Mr. Barnes cleared away the unconscious little philosopher's perplexities—which, after all, were but the eternal problems of humanity stated in their simplest form.

Eric loved to sit in the dingy hotel office and hear the boarders—mostly rough laborers—tell stories over their evening pipes. He joyed above all, though, in the tales of Swan Swanson, who for half a lifetime, had sailed before the mast and seen strange sights in many lands. No bed for Eric until Swan rose and knocked the ashes from his pipe. One night, after Swan had fairly outdone himself, Eric could not sleep at all. At last, with hot face and throbbing pulse, he reached for his crutches, slipped to the floor, and lit a candle. Watch, who always slept across the foot of the bed, needed no invitation to follow, for the two were inseparable. Stealthily they climbed the stairs and traversed the bare hall above as far as Swan Swanson's door, which they entered.

"Say, Swan, could a crippled man that was handy on his crutches git a job on one of them whalin' ships?"

"Well, I don't know."

"Do they allow dogs on them ships, Swan?" he asked hesitatingly.

"Yes—a good dog. But you wasn't thinkin' of taking Watch, was you? By the time you are a man, lad, Watch will be plumb played out with old age."

The child gave the man a quick, startled glance.

"Why, don't dogs live as long as people?"

"Well, come to think of it, they do—sometimes—as long as some people. Didn't you ever hear people say, they hadn't seen somebody for a dog's age? If you did, you know they meant a mighty long time.

"And you think Watch will live as long as me?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if he did. No, I shouldn't be at all surprised. Now run back to bed, lad, or you'll ketch cold."

"I want to take him along, Swan, because him and me understand each other so good. And if a whale should smash a boat with his tail, and throw me into the water, like it did you, Watch would swim out and git me, and fight the sharks off."

When Eric, on the morning of his ninth birthday, awoke and reached for his crutches, his hand paused in mid air. For there in the corner stood, in place of the old ones, a brand-new, brightly-varnished, nickel-mounted pair. Nothing else in the dull room could compare with their glittering splendor, and the boy gazed at them long and lovingly.

"Watch," cried Eric ecstatically, "them's new crutches and they cost a lot of money, you can bet! You and me'll go down to the post-office the first thing to show 'em off."

He was still further pleased to learn at breakfast that the crutches were a birthday gift from Mr. Barnes. Eric liked the young minister, in spite of his good clothes and soft, white hands. He couldn't measure up with Swan Swanson, of course; no one could.

Eric had soon collected a train of admiring youth, whom he led to their favorite rendezvous—the back yard of the hotel. Here, among ash-heaps and garbage-barrels, they were allowed to handle the new crutches, and in some instances to try them, after being warned not to scratch the varnish.

"What do you suppose they cost?" asked one boy, enviously.

"Oh, ten dollars."

Whew! Do you suppose them plates is solid silver?"

Eric gave him a withering look.

"Do you suppose they would put anything but solid silver on crutches?" he demanded, scornfully.

"Just the same, I'd sooner have a pair of good legs."

Eric winced, for he was very sensitive about his deformity; but he had not become captain of this wild crew by chance, and he well knew how to quell any mutiny.

"That shows *your* sense," said he quickly. Anybody kin have a good pair of legs. I could myself. I could have my leg fixed for five dollars by a doctor—and I've got the five, too," he added, with unblushing mendacity. "But I wouldn't do it. I'd sooner have crutches. I kin do more things on 'em. I kin go up stairs six different ways. Besides," he added, conclusively, "the greatest general that ever lived used to have crutches, and he had a million soldiers in his army, and none of 'em was as good a fighter as he was."

"What was his name, Eric?" asked Reddy Maginnis, in a hushed voice.

"I'll tell you some time, Red, when we're alone," answered Eric, darkly.

On Sunday it happened that Eric was sick. Sickness was nothing unusual with him. He spent, perhaps, a fourth of his days in bed; so that often, when the boys came whistling and trilling around the old hotel for their chieftain, of a morning, Mr. Ericson would step to the door and say, "Eric ees sick to-day, boys."

The insidious disease did not release Eric as soon as usual this time. It was a week before his wan face and limp body appeared in the sunshine on the porch steps again. In the meantime some one had sent him a wagon—a little beauty, painted bright red, with steel spokes and rubber tires and real shafts to fit a dog or goat. It was a sight to gladden any boy's heart, and for two or three days, while still too weak to play, Eric would sit and look at it by the hour.

But Eric craved a four-footed-steed—and of course the lot fell to Watch. Watch was not an amiable animal. At Eric he had never even growled, from puppyhood, and he now stood as docile as a lamb while the boy, with infinite pains, harnessed him with odds and ends of rope into the new wagon.

Nevertheless, Watch had no mind to learn new tricks, even for Eric's sake; and when he grew tired of the sport he wriggled out of the flimsy harness. At the same time he quite unintentionally overturned the wagon, bringing his driver into rough contact with the cinder path. Eric, still weak and irritable, lost his temper; and then it was that, for the first time in his little boy's life, he raised his crutch and struck his beloved dog.

Watch, yelping more from astonishment than from pain, went

flying through the gate and down the street. Eric, overwhelmed by the enormity of his act, stood rooted to the spot, with bloodless cheeks. Then, with an inarticulate cry of remorse, he too hurried through the gate.

The dog was not in sight. With crutches sharply thumping the board sidewalks, Eric hastened from one of the dog's haunts to another, while his shrill, anxious "Hyuh, Watch! hyuh, Watch!" was lifted at every corner and lane. But no Watch with wagging tail and glad eyes came bounding toward him. For the twentieth time the boy's lips quivered, tears stood in his eyes, and his little breast ached with the pain which is as old as humanity itself. He was now in the outskirts of the village. Some boys—among whom he recognized Reddy Maginnis—were playing ball in a field near by.

"Boys, Watch is lost!" said he, huskily. "Help me find him."

Few things so delight the heart of a boy as a hunt, and the erstwhile boy players were off with a shout. But fast as they ran, the little cripple kept up with them, although his heart felt as if it would burst. Not even a barbed-wire fence on which he tore his clothes and lacerated his hand and dug a deep gash in one of his beautiful crutches, detained him much longer than it did the others.

At last, however, the band concluded that it would be better for them to separate and take different routes. Thus, left alone, and sick in body as well as soul, Eric dragged himself homeward. Watch had not yet returned, or he would have been lying on the steps waiting for his little master. For a moment the child lost heart; then, struck with a new thought, he quickly crossed the street and rang the parsonage bell.

"Mr. Barnes, Watch is lost. Do you think you could help me find him? I hate to ast you, but Swan Swanson is at work in the brick-yard, and I don't know what else to do."

The dusty, drooping little figure, with its flushed face and weary eyes, and the tremulous, appealing voice, went straight to the young man's heart.

"Indeed I will help you. But you must go home and rest. You are all tired out now. Don't worry any more. Even if we don't find Watch at once, I haven't a doubt he will come back all right. He loves you too much to stay away from you long."

"Mr. Barnes, he'll never come back!" the child burst out tragically. "I struck him! And he loved me the best of anybody on earth. Oh, I wish't I was dead!"

His heart poured out its long-repressed grief in pitiful, wrenching sobs. But they brought relief after a little; and, leaving Eric on the hotel steps, the minister hastened off on his search. For an hour he tramped about the village, making inquiries here and there. He met several of Eric's scouts, but learned nothing from them until, on one of the outlying streets, Reddy Maginnis came flying down the dusty road, with his hat in his hand and his red hair streaming wildly out behind. Something about him made Barnes halt, with a sense of uneasiness.

"Mr. Barnes," shouted the lad, "Watch is dead! That man that just moved into Hitchcock's house—from the country—caught him suckin' eggs, and—shot him."

"Dead!" said Barnes, with a sickness creeping over him.

"Yes sir—and layin' right in the road, with his head full of buck-shot."

It was true. When Barnes reached the scene a group of eager little boys had gathered round the dead dog.

"Boys," said the minister gravely, "this will be a sad day for Eric, and I don't want any of you to tell him of this. I want to tell him myself. If you see him before I do, send him to me at my study."

"Oh, say, Mr. Barnes—*look!*" excitedly cried one of the boys.

Barnes turned with the others. Minister of the gospel that he was, familiar with grief and death, he felt for the moment like shirking his duty and flying. For, far down the street, a grotesque little figure between crutches was coming rapidly toward them.

Barnes did not attempt to stop and prepare Eric, for it was plain from his agitated manner that he already knew all. As he came up, gasping for breath and reeling from fatigue, the circle sympathetically opened for him, and the next moment he stood in the presence of his beloved dead. He did not speak or move. His eyes simply glazed in inexpressible horror; a deadly pallor spread over his face; his little scrawny throat worked spasmodically; the fingers on the cross-pieces of the crutches twitched and relaxed their hold; and then he fell, senseless, across the dog's body.

Sorrowfully, they carried him home and put him to bed. But he did not rally as he should have. For days he lay in a stupor—a merciful stupor. Some spring within him had snapped; the incentive to live was gone. Watch's death, the doctor said, had merely hastened the inevitable. One afternoon when he was brighter than usual, Eric said:

"Do you remember, Mr. Barnes, what you said oncet about dogs goin' to heaven?"

"Yes."

"Are you still sure that they go?"

"Yes."

Eric gazed at the ceiling with an illuminated face, as if he were even then looking into heaven and saw his dear dog.

"Do you think Watch knows now, sir, how sorry I am that I struck him?"

"I haven't a doubt of it, my boy."

"Oh, I'm so glad, so glad!" exclaimed the little fellow, with a seraphic smile. "Will it be long, do you think, before I go?"

"To heaven, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"I hope it will be. You are too young to die. You don't want to go yet, do you?"

"Yes. I want to see Watch."

"But do you want to leave the rest of us behind—your playmates, and father and mother, and me?"

"No. I wish't you could all go 'long. Me and Watch would like it better with you all there. Mebbe I'd stay here longer, but Watch might git tired of waitin' for me, and think that I wasn't sorry that I hit him."

He closed his eyes for a moment, for even talking wearied him. Then he went on: "If a boy had told some lies just a little while before he died, do you think the angels would let him into heaven?"

"What ones have you told?"

"I told the boys I could git my leg fixed for five dollars, and that I'd sooner be lame than to have good legs. And I told 'em I knew a general that was lame, and had a million soldiers—but I don't."

"I don't think that will keep you out of heaven, especially if you are sorry," answered Mr. Barnes, with moist eyes.

"I am sorry," said Eric, dreamily.

He soon fell asleep and the minister slipped away. The next morning as he crossed the street to make his usual inquiry, he saw a pale-haired, weeping woman fastening some white crepe to the front door of the hotel.

The Trembling Brave.

By LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN.

(Special Permission of Author and Publishers—Everybody's Magazine.

The Trembling Brave.

GORDON Keen was entertaining a house party at his bungalow on the top of a mountain. Keen was a motor enthusiast, with nerves of whip-cord. His great delight was to send his motor car down the mountain road at break-neck speed. This was extremely dangerous, for on one hand was the mountain wall, and on the other a sheer drop into the cañon below.

Among the house party were Caroline Fore and Martin Reeve, whose engagement had recently been announced. Gordon Keen was also in love with Caroline. He considered Martin Reeve as lacking in nerve, and it was with a certain grim determination in his mind that he invited Caroline Fore and Martin Reeve to ride down the mountain with him in his motor car, on their way to the station the following morning.

The practical topic of conversation among the guests was the race which was to occur a few days later at Monterey and in which most of the men were to take part. The guests trooped out of the dining-room, chatting and laughing, leaving Caroline alone with her host. "She tremendously admired Keen and everything Keen stood for. Above all, she admired his love of danger."

"How like you it is to live on a mountain and have a motor to go up and down with," she said. "Do be nice, if we are to go down in your car to-morrow."

He looked at her hard a moment. Then—"If I *am* nice, shall I wear your ribbons at the track?"

"No, you goose, of course not; they belong somewhere else."

"Where?"

"Martin."

"But he doesn't enter."

"Why are you so exasperating? The machine is at Monterey. You know it. It is already on the books."

"The machine, of course. But Reeve doesn't drive it."

"Who told you?"

"Why, everyone knows. I supposed, of course—at least it is odd you didn't—" he hesitated.

"That I didn't hear?" "Oh, no! I'm not curious about Martin's personal affairs. I'm sorry he isn't going to enter; but if

he is not, I am sure he has a good reason. And what more is there to want to know?"

"Well, some of your more curious, or less trustful sisters, would like to know what Reeve's good reason is. They've been giving some pretty tall guesses, too, along that line. You see we're a simple-minded pack of people, and to us the only two reasons for not entering a race are a broken neck or—the fear of breaking it."

Caroline was burning within. The palms of her hands felt like flame. She wanted to strike him. Then she sank down in her chair again as if her knees were suddenly too weak to support her. Martin Reeve had opened the door and come into the room.

"Hullo," said Keen, "a rescuing party?"

"Something of that sort."

The two men looked at each other disagreeably. Caroline rose and moved toward the door.

"Just a moment, Caro," Keen said. "Don't go, for I am going myself." He nodded to Reeve and walked away across the room as if he had meant to in the first place.

Martin Reeve looked after him until the door had closed upon him. Then he took Caroline by the chin, and looked intently into her troubled face. "Confound his impertinence! What has that Johnny been saying to you?"

"Martin, he has been saying you weren't going to drive your own machine in the races."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"True as the Gospel."

"Why can't you enter, Martin?"

"Why, I can't tell you, Caro."

"Why not? I would tell you anything."

"You are a different person altogether. You know I would do anything in the world for your sake—if it were possible."

"But it isn't for my sake. Martin, you don't know, you can't imagine what they're saying about you! They are saying that—that—they are saying that you are afraid."

He blushed as if she had struck him. The fine muscles around his mouth quivered; but for a long moment he neither spoke nor moved, nor looked at her.

"Keen told you that?"

"Oh, yes, I know he is jealous; but he didn't mean to lie, Martin. He believes it, and it isn't Keen alone. I've seen looks myself, and heard allusions that I haven't understood, until he spoke. They are *all* talking—"

"They say—what say they?—let them say!"

"But you can't, you must not let them."

"What do you want me to do?"

"The race," she insisted.

His fixed smile, that had never left his face, widened, growing slowly dreadful.

"I can't, Caro, because what they say is true. I'm afraid, afraid—do you hear?"

"You mean you're afraid you won't win?"

"No, no, no! Afraid of the races! Afraid of breaking my neck—or some other man's! Afraid as I always am, and always will be—only this time I can't go through with it!"

"Martin, you don't know what you're saying."

"Don't I? I've lived all my life with it. It's you who don't know what you're saying, child; for you don't know what fear is. And yet, it isn't such an unusual thing as you seem to think."

"It's horrible, horrible!" she said passionately.

"Good God! you don't suppose I'm proud of it! I've dreaded that you should know this; and yet I knew you would have to hear some day; for it's part of me."

"It isn't! Don't say it—I won't hear it!"

"We can't dodge it. At least I can't. And I know it too well to make any mistake. I've had it at school, in the football and the fights; I've had it on the hunting field with every fence and ditch. In times and places where you and the rest knew nothing but pleasure, I knew fear. I've made myself go through with things because, God knows, I've wanted to be like all the rest of 'em! But these last—these cursed machine races! I thought I could stand them; but I can't! I can't!"

It seemed she must be listening to the horror of a dream, must be looking at a stranger, and not the man she loved. Oh, anything to wipe away that dreadful look, and bring back the old, brave eyes!

"But, Martin, there is no—danger!"

"Danger? What do you know about danger, you and these

others? Why, you live on it! You're drugged with it! Danger! There is more danger in an instant of those races than in a normal man's whole life! And that's why you're all so excited, why you've talked of nothing else all the week. You're so eager to see men killed. Ugh! They're eager to kill themselves. They love it—that speed that keeps your nerves on the rack. Have you ever felt it? Can you dream what it's like—that top speed when the car begins to rock, and your throat closes, and your eyes swim, and you know a pebble in the course will kill you! That awful speed splitting into eternity!"

"Martin!"

"Ah, but it is true, child—every word of it."

"Even if it is, a man must go through with it."

"A man must do what he can, Caro; and what you ask is impossible."

"But if you only wouldn't think about it, and imagine it, but just do it!"

"Do what? Kill some decent fellow who likes to live as much as I do—or kill myself?"

"Yes, I would rather you did that, than—the other."

"Well, child, I wouldn't. And I won't. You don't know what you are asking."

She made a gesture of despair. "But if you don't, what *will* become of us—now that I know! How can we ever go on, as we have? How can anything ever be the same with us—with this awful thing between us! I can't bear this thing should separate us, and yet it will! I can't help feeling as I do!—that a man must be brave before he is anything else."

"It's awful to me to think of losing you. If you're ashamed of me, I can't ask to keep you. But think, think, Caro. There's a deal more in life than this one thing. If you would give me the chance I might take as good care of you as a braver man."

She heard the hall door close upon him, leaving her alone.

The groaning of the oak branches awakened her in the morning. The autumn sky was hard and brilliant. There came a great knock at her door, and Keen's voice proclaiming the hour as seven, and the rate of a touring-car on a mountain road as thirty miles an hour. She and Martin were going down the mountain with Keen, they three together. And all the way, for

thirty miles, she would have those two men together before her. It was too late for any one of them to back out now, or how the tongues would clack. She could hear the chuff, chuff, chuffing of the waiting motor.

"All ready," said Keen.

She had meant to get into the back seat with Martin, but, without a word, he handed her into the front, and she was passive.

"Train at eight-fifty," said Keen, "and it's now seven-thirty-five. Fifteen minutes to shake off the dust at the station. Enough time?" Then they were off.

"Do you often meet teams?" Caroline shouted.

"You never can tell. There's something now." The horn gave hoarse warning. A buggy sidled into the ditch, and the motor passed with a thread between its outer wheel and the cañon.

She thrilled, elated by the hairbreadth danger, but Martin Reeve winced. Keen glanced at him.

"Sharp work," said Keen, "but, good Lord, there are always chances! They can hear us coming for ten miles. And we're all right as long as the car sticks together."

Suddenly, Martin spoke. "What's the matter with your car?"

"Nothing, unless it's too fast for you."

Caroline cried indignantly: "No. Gordon, he's right. There is something queer. Listen! Something's rattling."

The brakes went back. The speed went down and down. Keen, listening, grunted.

"You've a fine ear!" and he clambered out.

"Chain link gone to glory—almost. Lucky we didn't try a turn with it." He disappeared head and shoulders beneath the car.

Caroline looked at Martin. He sat forward on the edge of his seat, as if he were ready at a moment's notice to spring out,

Keen, underneath the car, swore mightily.

"What's the matter?" Caroline called.

"Confounded knife! Scratched myself!"

Then Keen crawled out again, dusty and scowling. "Link's all right. I only broke my good knife off short, and scratched myself. Confound it! I'd rather have my throat cut than be

scratched." He whipped on gloves and goggles, and clambered back again. "Only ten minutes to shake the dust off," he said. The scowl was still upon his forehead, and she knew something more than a broken knife was vexing Gordon Keen. And yet where was the trouble? The machine had lost its spring, and went with a sick, uncertain motion. She felt Keen's calm, nerveless poise stiffening beside her. He did not answer when she spoke to him. It was as if he did not hear. If there was something the matter with the car, why did he go on driving it like this? She felt helpless, frightened. Instinctively her eyes went back for help to Martin. He was leaning forward on his seat, as if he was ready at an instant's notice to spring up. Gordon Keen had settled low as if he braced himself for something. She felt him gathering himself together as if for some terrible effort. He shot the wheel around with both his hands, and a sound escaped his lips that was like a groan.

Then Caroline screamed. A crushing weight had fallen on her shoulder—the dead weight of a man's body. She seized the wheel; the brakes shrieked; the car slid groaning, and came to a halt in a cloud of dust and steam. She cried: He's dead! Martin, take him off me! There's blood!"

Martin was already in the seat beside her. There was blood on Caroline's white blouse; blood on Martin's coat; blood on the bright handles of the steering-gear. Martin ran his hand down Keen's sleeve, and that was soaked; then drew off his gauntlet. It was full like a cup.

"God!" said Martin. He looked so white she thought for a moment he was going to faint, but he threw the glove into the road, and cut away the scarlet rag around the wrist.

"It's an artery! Take my silk handkerchief and help me here." His face was still as white as chalk; and as he knotted the silk where the red rag had been, she saw his hands were trembling. He took a light steel tool from the kit bag, and thrust it through the knot, and twisted, twisted, twisted it until the flesh sprang up on either side the silk, and the thick red line paled and ran languidly in drops. He stooped and put his ear to Keen's lips and felt his heart. "He's just alive now. Get me the whiskey out of my pocket. Hold his arm—up straight—now—there!" For Keen had swallowed, stirred a little, and groaned. The great circle of mountains was all around them,

empty of help as the sky. Caroline looked up the long road behind them, and whispered, "We can never get him there alive."

"Up? Good Lord, no! There's no doctor. We must get him down."

"Twenty miles!" she cried out.

"It'll be quickest. We must put him in the back seat. Help me, Caro. Take his feet."

She was obeying him instinctively, though all her sense cried out that he was mad. "Martin, it's too far! We never can!"

He answered, "Hold his arm up whatever happens—and hold fast."

He ran around to the front of the machine. She saw him stoop and pick up and put on Keen's bloody glove which, with such horror, he had flung away. The car began to sigh and quiver beneath her, and then move slowly forward along the grade again; the speed moved up from first to second. The dust began to stream up in a long white funnel behind them. The note of speed was rising. The fire on the sky-line, the thicket beside the road went flashing past faster, faster. The grade was swimming away beneath them faster, faster. It was speed by which Martin meant to bridge that distance—she understood at last—not speed in spurts, over level reaches—but speed continuous, on dangerous descents, and rocky turns, and narrow bridges, wherever the road led. She saw the first turn, just below them, sharp as a whip. She leaned in, and braced for what was coming, and round they went, an inch from the blue lip of the cañon. They were speeding on the down grade again. She was kneeling on the floor of the car with her hand on the heart of a dying man. The car was roaring through the great mountain silence, shrieking, trembling on the turns, but sticking to the mountain road as if some will had overridden destiny. But the girl now dared not look on either side of her. She looked at the pale head lying in her lap, and wondered how much longer life would stay in it. And then the horn began. Her mind flew back to the danger she had forgotten. It did not seem to her that chance *could* be so cruel as to throw an obstacle in their path. And yet the horn was roaring against the streaming wind, and the mountain walls took up the long note of warning and flung it down the cañon, warning, warning human obstacles, somewhere miles below, that speed held the road. Then her

heart was in her throat, for something like a short black snake was crawling into sight around the bend of the bluff. It crawled slowly in the middle of the road. The horn of the motor seemed suddenly gone mad; the machine abated not a notch of speed; but the short black snake moved neither right nor left, but crawled on, stubborn and dumb. It was growing larger, it was filling up all the road. For a moment it seemed as if the motor would not slacken. Then all the brakes went down. It shrieked, slid, skidded with a dreadful sideways motion, and stopped.

She saw Martin, risen waist-high above the seat, gesticulating passionately with trembling hands. His voice rose high.

"A dying man, a dying man!"

She heard the words repeated in many voices. She looked down at the head upon her knees. She looked up at the team that towered over them; she wanted to shriek to Martin to push it over into the cañon and go on. But then she saw he had got out of the motor, and heard men arguing together: "Can't do it. Can't drive perpendicular!" Then Martin's voice again: "Give me the outside—I'll show you!"

Then a man was at the mules' heads, and another at the wheel hub. The wood team began to creak forward, to tilt up, up, as the wheel climbed the embankment. Then Martin's face, gray with dust, for an instant looking down at her. "Sit left, and hold fast," he said; and she saw he was in the car again, and the car was moving back up the road. She knew what was coming then; she put her arms around Gordon Keen, and fixed her eyes on that white space of road between the wood team and the cañon. It grew narrower, narrower, until it danced before her like a thread. They paused. She closed her eyes—then, with a swoop, down they went again. She heard avalanches of earth and stones pitching into the cañon below; white hills and round tree tops rolled away beneath her—and they were out on the long broad road that streamed away into the valley. The wind began to rise and shriek in her ear. The hoarse hoo-hooing of the horn grew into one prolonged voice of terror. The car began to rock, to rock; and she knew this was the awful speed that Martin had spoken of, but couldn't remember where he had said it went. Then something snatched her breath out of her lips, and put it back, and snatched it out. Color vanished.

Sight and touch were gone. She did not know if she were on earth or air, and all sound ran into one, roaring, roaring, roaring.

It came to her that this speed led to eternity. Then that one sound broke into many, and she saw a broad, harsh light, and shut her eyes, and something stopped. She thought it was her life. She opened her eyes, and saw a long white line of steps. People were coming down those steps. Faces were all around her. A heavy weight was lifted from her lap. Then she herself was lifted from the tonneau to the white steps, but she would not let them lead her through the door. For the man in the motor had risen, trembling like a creature spent; had taken a wavering step from the car to the ground, and stood there with his dark head drooping forward. She did not see the whispering circle around them. She put her arms around him. She sobbed. "Oh, you can talk! You can talk! What does it matter as long as you've done this!"

The doctor, coming out on the veranda, said: "Tell them, as soon as they are disengaged, that I think we'll pull him through."

The Bishop's Candlesticks.

By VICTOR HUGO

From *Les Misérables*,

The Bishop's Candlesticks

FOR stealing a loaf of bread to save his sister from starvation Jean Valjean was sentenced to prison. For trying to escape he was resented, and after spending nineteen years in the prison he is at last liberated. He entered the prison in despair; he came out of it gloomy.

About an hour before sunset a man travelling on foot entered the little town of D. It was Jean Valjean. The man must have been walking all day, for he seemed very tired. He proceeded to the inn which was the best in the town and entered the kitchen, but his ill-fame had preceded him and the landlord bade him "Be off." He tried another inn, but with the same result. At length he applied to the jailer of the town for a night's lodging, but was refused even there. Worn out with fatigue, and hopeless, he sat down on a stone-bench in the square. Here a good woman saw him and advised him to go to the Bishop of D's house and ask for supper and a bed.

On this evening the Bishop of D. had finished his work and gone into the dining-room, where his sister and Madame Magloire, their house-keeper, were preparing supper. The two women were chatting together. It appears that while going to purchase something for supper, Madame Magloire had heard that an ill-looking fellow, a suspicious vagabond, had arrived in the town, and that it would be well for people to close their houses and lock their doors. Turning to the Bishop his sister said: "Brother, do you hear what Madame Magloire is saying?"

"I vaguely heard something, well, what is it? are we in any great danger?"

Then Madame Magloire told her story over again, ending triumphantly, "Yes Monseigneur, it is so, and some misfortune will occur in the town this night; every body says so."

At this moment there was a rather loud rap at the front door. "Come in," said the Bishop.

The door was thrown wide open and a man entered. He had his knapsack on his shoulder, his stick in his hand, and a rough bold expression in his eyes. The firelight fell on him and he was

hideous. He leaned both hands on his stick, looked in turn at the two aged females, and the old man and then said in a loud voice, "Look here: My name is Jean Valjean, I am a galley-slave and have spent nineteen years in the bagne. I was liberated four days ago, and started for Pontarlier, which is my destination. This evening in coming into the town I went to the inn but was sent away in consequence of my yellow passport; I went to another inn and the landlord said to me 'Be off.' It was the same everywhere and no one would have any dealings with me. I went to the prison but the jailer would not take me in. I got into a dog's kennel but the dog bit me and drove me off as if it had been a man; it seemed to know who I was. I went into the fields to sleep in the starlight, but there were no stars. I thought it would rain, and as there was no God to prevent it from raining I came back to the town to sleep in a doorway; I was lying down on a stone in the square when a good woman pointed to your house and said: 'Go and knock there.' What sort of a house is this? Do you keep an inn? I have money, I will pay. I am very tired and frightfully hungry—will you let me stay here?"

"Madame Magloire," said the Bishop "you will lay another knife and fork."

The man advanced three paces; "Wait a minute, that will not do. Did you not hear me say that I was a galley-slave—a convict—and have just come from the prison? Here is my pass-port which turns me out wherever I go. This is what is written in it 'Jean Valjean, a liberated convict, has remained nineteen years at the galleys. The man is very dangerous.' All the world has turned me out and are you willing to receive me?"

"Madame Magloire," said the Bishop, "You will put clean sheets on the bed in the alcove." Then he turned to the man, "Sit down and warm yourself, sir; we shall sup directly and your bed will be got ready while we are supping." The man understood this at once. He began stammering, "Is it true? What? You will let me stay, you will not turn me out? a convict? You call me 'sir.' I shall have supper; a bed with mattresses and sheets like everybody else? For nineteen years I have not slept in a bed; you really mean that I am to stay? Besides I have money and will pay. You keep an inn, do you not?"

"I am," said the Bishop, "a priest living in this house." "A priest, oh yes what an ass I am; I did not notice your cassock."

While he was speaking, Madame Magloire came in with the two silver candle-sticks which she placed on the table, ready lighted.

"Monsieur le Cure," said the man, "You are good and do not despise me; you receive me as a friend and light your wax-candles for me, and yet I have not hidden from you whence I came and that I am an unfortunate fellow." The Bishop gently touched his hand. "You need not have told me who you were: this is not my house, but the house of Christ. This door does not ask a man who enters whether he has a name, but if he has a sorrow. Why do I want to know your name? Besides before you told it to me you had one which I knew."

"Is that true? you know my name?"

"Yes," the Bishop answered, "you are my brother."

"Monsieur le Cure, I was very hungry when I came in, but you are so kind that I do not know at present what I feel: it has passed over."

The Bishop looked at him and said, "You have suffered greatly?" "Oh, the red jacket, the cannon ball on your foot, a plank to sleep on, the blows, the dungeon and the chain-gang; the very dogs are happier." "Yes," said the Bishop, "you have come from a place of sorrow. Listen to me; there will be more joy in heaven over the tearful face of a repentant sinner than over the white robes of one hundred just men. If you leave that mournful place with thoughts of hatred and anger against your fellow-men you are worthy of pity; if you leave it with thoughts of kindness, gentleness and peace, you are worth more than any of us."

The Bishop's face suddenly assumed the expression of gayety peculiar to hospitable natures. "To table" he said eagerly as he was wont to do when any stranger supped with him, and he bade the man sit down on his right hand. The Bishop said grace and then served the soup himself according to his wont.

The man ate with frightful voracity; after supper the Bishop engaged him in conversation for an hour or so, and then taking up one of the silver candle-sticks he said, "I will lead you to your room, sir."

As they passed through the Bishop's room Madame Magloire

was putting away the silver in the cup-board over the bed-head.

"I trust you will pass a good night" said the Bishop; "tomorrow before starting you will drink a glass of milk fresh from our cows."

The man suddenly turned to the Bishop and exclaimed hoarsely, "What, you really lodge me so close to you as that? have you reflected fully? who tells you that I am not a murderer?"

The Bishop answered, "That concerns God." Then he stretched out two fingers of his right hand and blessed the man and returned to his bed-room.

Toward the middle of the night Jean Valjean awoke. As he could not go to sleep again, he began thinking. Many thoughts occurred to him, but there was one which expelled all the rest. The thought of the silver overwhelmed him. It was there, a few yards from him. When three o'clock struck he rose, hesitated for a moment and listened. Then he rose, opened his knapsack and took from it something which resembled a short iron bar. He took the bar in his right hand and walked towards the door of the Bishop's room. The door was ajar—the Bishop had not shut it. Jean Valjean heard from the end of the room the calm and regular breathing of the sleeping Bishop and a moon-beam passing through the tall window suddenly illumined the Bishop's face. He was sleeping peacefully, his entire face was lit up by a vague expression, it was more than a smile, it was almost a radiance. There was almost a divinity about him. Jean Valjean was standing in the shadow with his crow-bar in his hand. It seemed as if he were hesitating between two abysses—the one that saves—and the one that destroys,—he was ready to dash out the Bishop's brains or to kiss his hand. All at once Jean Valjean walked rapidly along by the bed without looking at the Bishop and went straight to the cup-board. He took out the silver, put it in his knapsack, leaped through the window into the garden—bounded over the wall like a tiger and fled.

The next morning as the Bishop was descending the stairs Madame Magloire came running in crying, "The silver! the silver! Good Lord! it is stolen and that man who came last night is the robber."

Just then there was a knock at the door. "Come in" said the Bishop. The door opened and a strange and violent group ap-

peared on the threshold,—three men were holding a fourth by the collar. The three men were gendarmes; the fourth was Jean Valjean. The Bishop advanced rapidly toward them. “Ah, there you are!” he said to Jean Valjean, “I am glad to see you again. Why, I gave you the candle-sticks too, which are also silver and will fetch you two hundred francs; why did you not take them away with the plate?”

Jean Valjean opened his eyes and looked at the Bishop with an expression which no human language could render.

“Monseigneur,” said the corporal, “What this man told us was true then? We met him and as he looked as if he were running away we arrested him. He had this silver—”

“And he told you that it was given to him by an old priest at whose house he passed the night? I see it all—and you brought him back here? That is a mistake.”

“In that case we can let him go?”

“Of course.” Jean Valjean tottered back—“Is it true that I am at liberty?”

“Yes you are let go—don’t you understand?”

“My friend,” said the Bishop, “before you go take your candle-sticks.” Jean Valjean was trembling in every limb. “Now,” said the Bishop, “go in peace.” Then turning to the gendarmes he said, “Gentlemen, you can retire. They did so. Jean Valjean looked as if he were on the point of fainting. The Bishop walked up to him and said in a low voice—“Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition and give it to God.”

* * * * *

Very early the next morning when the mail carrier was passing through the street where the Bishop’s house stood, he saw a man in the attitude of prayer kneeling on the pavement in front of the Bishop’s house. It was Jean Valjean.

The First Quarrel.

TENNYSON.

The First Quarrel.

WHEN Harry and I were children, he called me his own little wife;

I was happy when I was with him, an' sorry when he was away,

An' when we played together, I loved him better than play.
He workt me the daisy chain, he made the cow-slip ball,
He fought the boys that were rude, an' I loved him better than all.

Passionate girl tho' I was, an' often at home in disgrace,
I never could quarrel with Harry, I had but to look in his face.

There was a farmer in Dorset of Harry's kin, that had need
Of a good stout lad at his farm; he sent and the father agreed:
So Harry was bound to the Dorsetshire farm for years an' for years;

I walked with him down to the quay, poor lad, an' we parted in tears.

The boat was beginning to move, we heard them a' ringing the bell,

"I'll never love any but you, God bless you, my own little Nell."

And years went over till I that was little had grown so tall,
The men would say of the maids, "Our Nelly's the flower of 'em all,"

I didn't take heed o' *them*, but I taught myself all I could
To make a good wife for Harry when Harry came home for good.

Often I seemed unhappy, and often as happy too,
For I heard it abroad in the fields "I'll never love any but you,"
"I'll never love any but you," the morning song of the lark,
"I'll never love any but you," the nightingale's hymn in the dark.

And Harry came home at last, but he looked at me sidelong and shy,

Vexed me a bit, till he told me that so many years had gone by,
I had grown so handsome and tall that I might ha' forgot him
somehow—

For he thought—there were other lads—he was feared to look
at me now.

Hard was the frost in the field, we were married o' Christmas
day,

Married among the red berries, an' all as merry as May;—
Those were the pleasant times—my house an' my man were my
pride,

We seemed like ships in the channel a' sailing with wind and
tide.

But work was scant in the Isle, tho' he tried the villages round,
So Harry went over the Solent to see if work could be found;
And he wrote "I ha' six weeks' work, little wife, so far as I
know;

I'll come for an hour tomorrow, an' kiss you before I go."

So I set to righting the house, for wasn't he coming that day?
An' I hit on an old deal box that was pushed in a corner away.
It was full of old odds and ends, an' a letter along with the rest,—
I had better ha' put my hand in a hornet's nest.

"Sweetheart," this was the letter—this was the letter I read—
"You promised to find me work near you, an' I wish I was
dead—

Didn't you kiss me an' promise? you haven't done it my lad,
An' I almost died o' your going away, an' I wish that I had."

I too wish that I had—in the pleasant times that had past,—
Before I quarreled with Harry—my quarrel—the first—and the
last.

For Harry came in, an' I flung him the letter that drove me
wild,—

An' he told it me all at once, as simple as any child;

"What can it matter my lass, what I did wi' my single life?

I ha' been as true to you as ever a man to his wife."

Then he patted my hand in his gentle way, "Let by-gones be."

"By-gones! you kept yours hushed when you married me."

"Ah Harry, my man, you had better ha' beaten me black and
blue

Than ha' spoken as kind as you did, when I was so crazy wi' spite,

"Wait a little my lass, I am sure it will all come right."

An' he took three turns in the rain, an' I watched him an' when he came in,

I felt that my heart was hard, he was all wet through to the skin,

An' I never said "Off with the wet," I never said, "On with the dry"

So I knew my heart was hard when he came to bid me good-by:

"You said that you hated me, Ellen, but that isn't true you know,

I'm going to leave you a bit—you'll kiss me before I go?"

"I had sooner be cursed than kissed," I didn't know well what I meant,

But I turned my face from him an' he turned his face an' he went.

And then he sent me a letter, "I've gotten work to do,
You wouldn't kiss me my lass, an' I never loved any but you,
I am sorry for all the quarrel an' sorry for what she wrote,
I ha' six weeks' in Jersey an' I go tonight by the boat."

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea,
An' I felt I had been to blame, as he was always kind to me,
"Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it will all come right," * * *
An' the boat went down that night—the boat went down that night.

Glengarry School Days.

By RALPH CONNOR.

By special permission of the Author.

Glengarry School Days.

THE two years of Archibald Munro's regime were the golden age of the school; and now his last examination day had come, and the whole Section was stirred with enthusiasm for their master, and with grief at his departure. It was a day of delightful excitement.

The school opened an hour later than ordinarily, and the children came all in their Sunday clothes, the boys feeling stiff and uncomfortable, and the girls with hair in marvelous frizzes and shiny ringlets. Soon after ten the sleighloads began to arrive. Within an hour the little school-house was packed. On the platform were old Peter MacRae, the young minister and his wife, and the school-teacher from the "Sixteenth."

First came the wee tots. Then up through the Readers till the Fifth was reached. "Fifth class!" In due order the class marched up to the chalk line on the floor. By an evil fortune, the reading for the day was the dramatic "Marco Bozarris." The master shivered as he thought of the possibility of Thomas Finch, with his stolidly monotonous voice, being called upon to read the thrilling lines recording the panic-stricken death-cry of the Turk: "To arms! They come! The Greek! The Greek!"

"Will you take this class, Mr. MacRae?" said the master, handing him the book. The dominie was not interested in the art of reading.

"Well, Ranald, let us hear you," he rather growled.

"Page 187, Marco Bozarris."

"At midnight in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power."

And so on steadily to the end of his verse.

"Next!"

The next was "Betsy Dan." Now, Betsy Dan was very red in hair and face, very shy and very nervous, and always on the point of giggles. It was a trial to her to read on ordinary days,

but to-day it was almost more than she could bear. To make matters worse, sitting immediately behind her, and sheltered from the eye of the master, sat Jimmie Cameron. Jimmie was always on the alert for mischief, and ever ready to go off into fits of laughter. Just now he was busy pulling at the strings of Betsy Dan's apron.

Very red in the face, Betsy Dan began her verse.

"At midnight in the forest shades,

Bozarris—"

Pause, while Betsy Dan clutched behind her.

"—Bozarris ranged—"

(Tchik! tchik!)" a snicker from Jimmie in the rear.

"—his Suliote band,

True as the steel of—"

("im-im,") Betsy Dan struggled with her giggles.

"Elizabeth!" The master's voice is stern and sharp.

Betsy Dan bridles up, while Jimmie is momentarily sobered by the master's tone.

"True as the steel of their tried blades,

Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persian thousands stood—"

(Tchik! tchik! tchik!)" It is becoming too much for poor Betsy Dan, whose lips begin to twitch.

"There—"

("im-im, thit-tit-tit")

"—had the glad earth (tchik!) drunk their blood,

On old Pl-a-a-t-t-e-a-'s day."

Whack! whack!

"Elizabeth Campbell!" The master's tone was quite terrible.

"I don't care! He won't leave me alone. He's just-just (sob) pu-pulling at me (sob) all the time."

By this time Betsy's apron was up to her eyes, and her sobs were quite tempestuous.

"James, stand up!" Jimmie slowly rose, red with laughter, and covered with confusion.

"I-I-I di-dn't touch her! I-I-I was only just doing that," and Jimmie touched gingerly with the point of his finger the bows of Betsy Dan's apron-strings.

"Oh, I see. Do you think that was very nice? Now, then,"

continued the master, facing Jimmie round in front of Betsy Dan, "tell Elizabeth you are sorry."

Jimmie stood in an agony of silent awkwardness.

"Are you sorry?"

"Y-e-e-s."

"Well, tell her so."

Jimmie drew a long breath and braced himself for the ordeal. He stood for a moment or two, working his eyes up shyly from Betsy Dan's shoes to her face, caught her glancing at him from behind her apron, and began, "I-I-I'm (tchik! tchik!) sorry," (tchik), Betsy Dan's look was too much for the little chap's gravity.

A roar swept over the school house. Even the grim dominie's face relaxed.

"Go to your seat and behave yourself," said the master, giving Jimmie a slight cuff. "Now let us go on."

"Ay! and I would wish very much that Mrs. Murray would conduct this class."

Mrs. Murray, seeing that it would please the dominie, took the book, with a spot of color coming in her delicate, high-bred face.

"You must all do your best now, to help me," she said, with a smile that brought an answering smile flashing along the line. Even Thomas Finch allowed his stolid face a gleam of intelligent sympathy.

"Now, Thomas," said the minister's wife, sweetly, and Thomas plunged heavily.

"They fought like brave men, long—"

"Oh, Thomas, I think we will try that man's verse again, with the cries of battle in it, you know. I am sure you can do that well."

It was all the same to Thomas. So, with an extra knitting of his eyebrows, he set forth doggedly.

"An-hour-passed-on-the-Turk-awoke- that-bright-dream-was-his-last."

"He-woke-to-hear-his-sentries-shriek-to-arms- they-come-the-Greek-the-Greek-he-woke—"

"But Thomas, wait a minute. You see you must speak these words, 'To arms! They come!' differently from the others.

These words were shrieked by the sentries, and you must show that in your reading."

"Speak them out, man," said the minister sharply.

"Now, Thomas," said Mrs. Murray, "try again. And remember the sentries shrieked these words, 'To arms!' and so on."

Thomas squared his shoulders, spread his feet apart, added a wrinkle to his frown, and a deeper note of desperation to his tone, and began again.

"An-hour-passed-on-the-Turk-awoke-that bright-dream-was—"

The master shuddered.

"Now, Thomas, excuse me. That's better, but we can improve that yet." Mrs. Murray was not to be beaten. "See," she went on, "each phrase by itself. 'An hour passed on: the Turk awoke.' Now, try that far."

Again Thomas tried, this time with complete success. The visitors applauded.

"Ah, that's it, Thomas. I was sure you could do it."

"Now we will get that 'sentries shriek.' See, Thomas, like this a little," and she read the words with fine expression.

"You must put more pith, more force into those words, Thomas. Speak out, man!" interjected the minister, who was wishing it was all over.

"Now, Thomas, I think this will be the last time. You have done very well, but I feel sure you can do better."

The minister's wife looked at Thomas as she said this, with so fascinating a smile that the frown on Thomas' face deepened into a hideous scowl, and he planted himself with a do-or-die expression in every angle of his solid frame. Realizing the extreme necessity of the moment, he pitched his voice several tones higher than ever before in his life inside a house and before people, and made his final attempt.

"An-hour-passed-on: the-Turk-awoke:

That-bright-dream-WAS-his-last."

And now, feeling that the crisis was upon him, and confusing speed with intensity, and sound with passion, he rushed his words, with ever-increasing speed, into a wild yell.

"He-woke-to-hear-his sentries- shriek-to-arms-they-come-the-Greek THE-GREEK!"

There was a moment of startled stillness, then, "tchik! tchik!" It was Jimmie again, in a vain effort to control a paroxysm of snickers at Thomas' unusual outburst.

It was like a match to powder. Again the whole school burst into a roar of uncontrollable laughter. Even the minister, the master, and the dominie, could not resist. The only faces unmoved were those of Thomas Finch and the minister's wife. He had tried his best, and it was to please her, and she knew it.

A swift, shamed glance round, and his eyes rested on her face. That face was sweet and grave as she leaned toward him, and said: "Thank you, Thomas. That was well done. And if you always try your best like that, Thomas, you will be a great and good man some day."

Her voice was low and soft, but in the sudden silence that followed the laughter it thrilled to every heart in the room, and in Thomas' face, stolid and heavy, a new expression was struggling for utterance. "Here, take me," it said; "all that I have is thine," and later days brought the opportunity to prove it.

Wallace Forever.

By JANE PORTER.

From The Scottish Chiefs.

Wallace Forever.

IT was the summer of 1296. The war which had devastated Scotland was then at an end. Certain Scottish noblemen had signed the bond of submission to a ruthless conqueror, purchasing life at the price of all that makes life estimable—liberty and honor. But the spirit of one brave man remained unsubdued, and Sir William Wallace, with his beautiful bride, withdrew from the world and sought refuge in the tower of Ellerslie.

But on one fatal night Wallace in defence of a friend slew the nephew of the governor of Lanark, and was obliged to flee for his life. He left Marion, his bride, in the care of Halbert, a faithful old servant. But a large party of English soldiers headed by the Governor of Lanark, arrived early one morning, at Ellerslie. The great hall door was burst open by a band of soldiers, and in a moment afterwards they appeared, with shouts, bringing in the trembling Marion.

"Woman!" cried the leader, "I am the governor of Lanark, and on the peril of your life, I command you to answer me this question. Where is Sir William Wallace, the murderer of my nephew? Answer me, on your life."

Lady Wallace remained silent.

"Speak, woman! If you persist to refuse, you die."

"Then I die," replied she.

"What! Speak once for all! Declare where Wallace is concealed, or dread my vengeance."

The horrid steel gleamed across the eyes of the unhappy Marion; unable to sustain herself, she sunk on the ground.

"Kneel not to me for mercy! I grant none, unless you confess your husband's hiding-place."

A momentary strength darted from the heart of Lady Wallace to her voice. "I kneel to Heaven alone, and may it ever preserve my Wallace from the fangs of Edward and his tyrants!"

"Blasphemous wretch!" cried the infuriate Heselrigge; and

in that moment he plunged his sword into her defenceless breast.

She opened her dying eyes and articulated: "My Wallace—to God—" and with the last unfinished sentence her pure soul took its flight to regions of eternal peace.

A terrific stillness was now in the hall. Not a man spoke, a stern horror marking each pale countenance. Heselrigge, dropping his blood-stained sword on the ground, perceived that he had gone too far, and he addressed the soldiers in an unusual accent of condescension:— "My friends, we will now return to Lanark to-morrow you may come back, for I reward your services of this night with the plunder of Ellerslie."

"May a curse light on him who carries a stick from its grounds!" exclaimed a veteran. "Amen!" murmured all the soldiers, with one consent; and, falling back, they disappeared, one by one, leaving Heselrigge alone; while the faithful Halbert fled to the mountains to bear the terrible tidings to his master. Sir William Wallace embraced him and eagerly demanded:

"What of my wife, Halbert? She whose safety and remembrance are now my sole comfort!"

"Oh, my dear lord! she remembers you where best her prayers can be heard. She kneels for her beloved Wallace, before the throne of God!"

"Halbert! what would you say? My Marion—speak! tell me in one word, she lives!"

"In heaven! 'My Wallace' were the last words her angel spirit uttered as it issued from her bleeding wounds."

The cry that burst from the heart of Wallace, as he started on his feet at this horrible disclosure, seemed to pierce through all the recesses of the glen, and was re-echoed from rock to rock.

Wallace looked around with a wild countenance. "Halbert, tell me," he cried, "who had the heart to aim a blow at that angel's life?"

"The governor of Lanark," replied Halbert. "He came at the head of a band of ruffians, and seizing my lady, commanded her on the peril of her life, to declare where you were concealed. My lady persisted to refuse him information, and in a deadly rage he plunged his sword into her breast."

"Great God!" exclaimed Wallace, "dost thou hear this mur-

der? Give me power, Almighty Judge! to assert thy justice!"

"My gracious master," cried Halbert, "here is the fatal sword; the blood on it is sacred, and I brought it to you."

Wallace took it in his hand and murmured, "Marion! Marion!" Then looking up with a terrific smile, "Beloved of my soul! never shall this sword leave my hand till it has drunk the life-blood of thy murderer!"

"What is it you intend, my lord?" cried Halbert. "What can you do? Your single arm—"

"I am not single—God is with me. I am his avenger. Now tremble, tyranny! I come to hurl thee down!"

He sprang on a high cliff projecting over the mountain valley, and blowing his bugle with a few notes of the well-known pibroch of Lanarkshire, was answered by the reverberations of a thousand echoes! At the loved sounds which had not dared to visit their ears since the Scottish standard was lowered to Edward, the hills seemed teeming with life. Men rushed from their fastnesses, and women eagerly followed, to see whence sprung a summons so dear to every Scottish heart. Wallace stood on the cliff, like the newly aroused genius of his country: his long plaid floated afar, and his glittering hair, streaming on the blast, seemed to mingle with the golden fires which shot from the heavens.

"Scotsmen!" cried Wallace, waving the fatal sword, which blazed in the glare of the northern lights, like a flaming brand, "behold how the heavens cry aloud to you! I come to call you to vengeance. I come in the name of all ye hold dear, to tell you the poniard of England is unsheathed. With this sword, last night, did Heselrigge, the English tyrant of Lanark, break into my house, and murder my wife!"

The shriek of horror that burst from every mouth, interrupted Wallace. "Vengeance! vengeance!" was the cry.

Wallace sprang from the cliff into the midst of his brave countrymen. "Follow me, then, to strike the mortal blow."

"Lead on!" cried a vigorous old man. "I drew this stout claymore last in the battle of Largs. *Life and Alexander* was then the word of victory: now, ye accursed Southrons, ye shall meet the slogan of *Death and Lady Marion*."

"Death and Lady Marion!" was the pealing answer that echoed from the hills.

Wallace again sprang on the cliffs. His brave peasants followed him; and taking their rapid march by a near cut, they started for Lanark Castle, the home of the Heselrigge.

Here slept the governor, and with a shout of death, in which the tremendous slogan of his men now joined, Wallace rushed upon the guard that held the northern gate. He reached the door of the governor. All the mighty vengeance of Wallace blazed in his face and seemed to surround his figure with a terrible splendor. With one stroke of his foot he drove the door from its hinges, and rushed into the room.

What a sight for the now awakened and guilty Heselrigge. It was the husband of the defenceless woman he had murdered, come with uplifted arm and vengeance in his eyes!

"Marion! Marion!" cried Wallace, as he threw himself towards the bed and buried the sword, yet red with her blood, deep into the heart of her murderer. A fiend-like yell from the slain Heselrigge told him his work was done. "Vengeance is satisfied," cried Wallace, and as he spoke he snapped the sword in twain.

The men, with a shout of triumph exclaimed, "So fall the enemies of Sir William Wallace!"

"Rather so fall the enemies of Scotland!" cried he: "from this hour Wallace has neither love nor resentment but for her. Heaven has heard me devote myself to work our country's freedom or to die. Who will follow me in so just a cause?"

"All!—with Wallace forever!"

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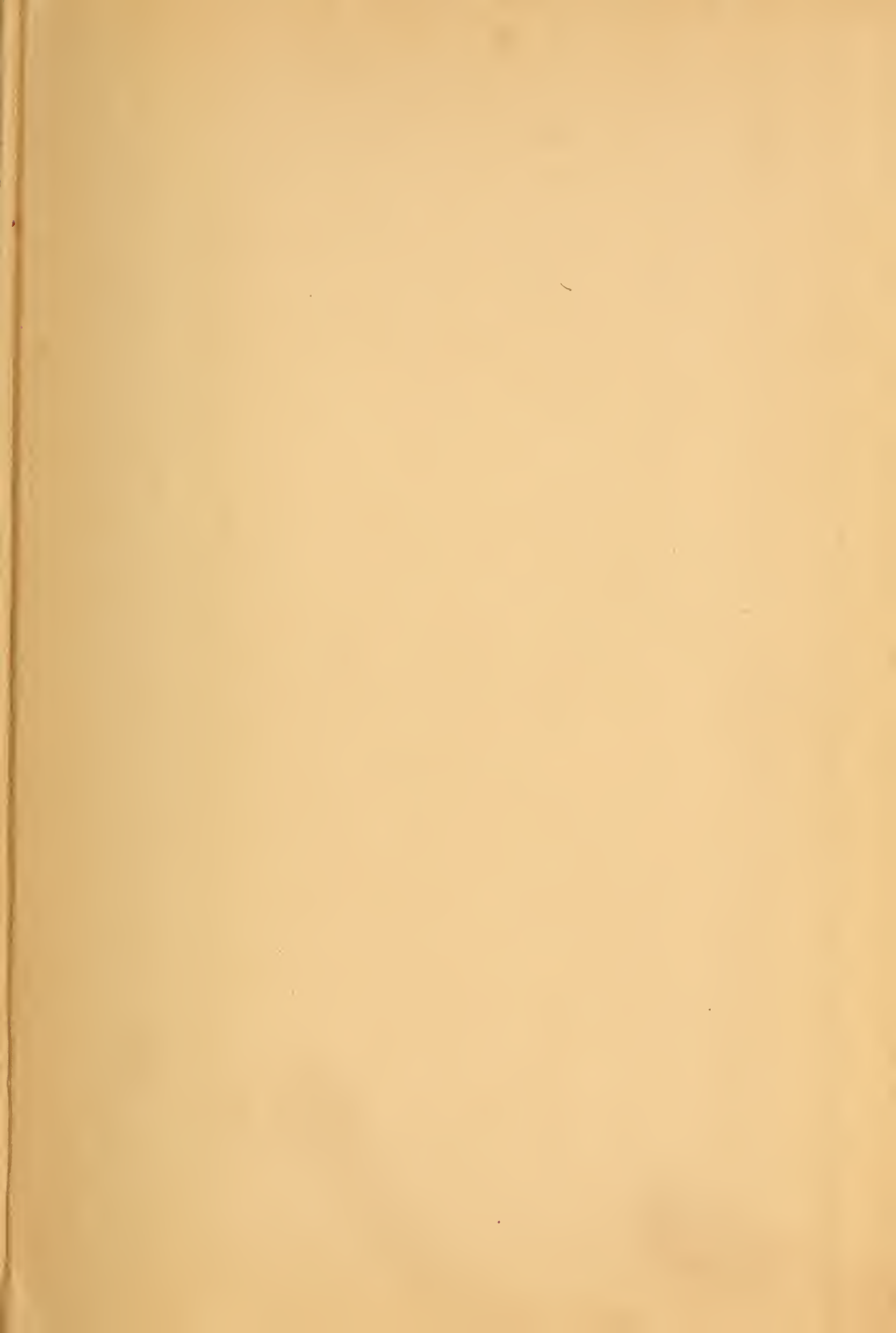
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